WALT DISNEY'S COMICS AND STORIES

OCTOBER
Vol. 1 No. 1

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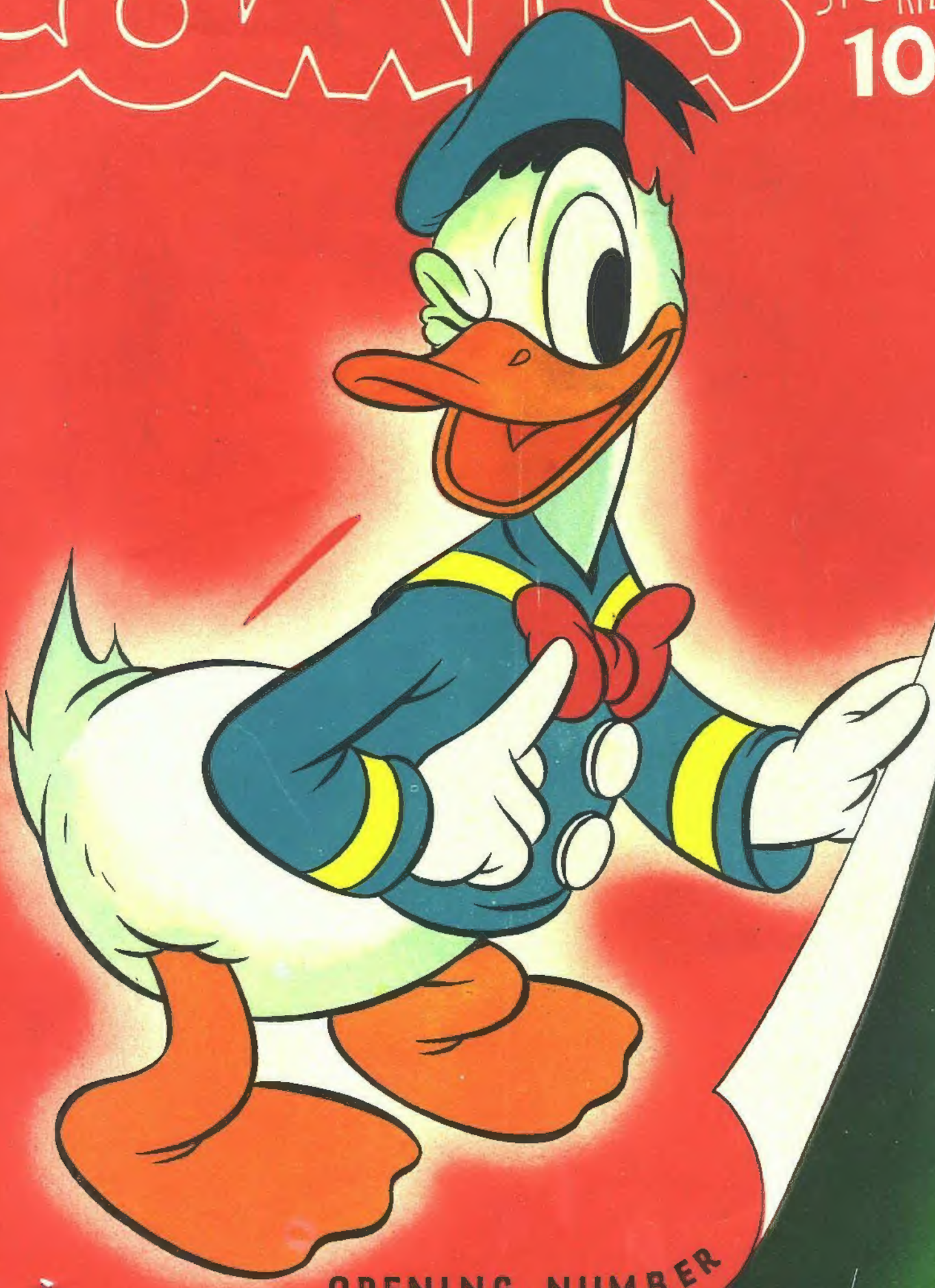

OPENING NUMBER

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Published monthly by arrangement with Walt Disney Productions

Subscription price in the U. S. A., $1 per year, in Canada, $1.25 per year; elsewhere $2 per year; 10 cents per copy. Application for second class matter pending at the Post Office at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.
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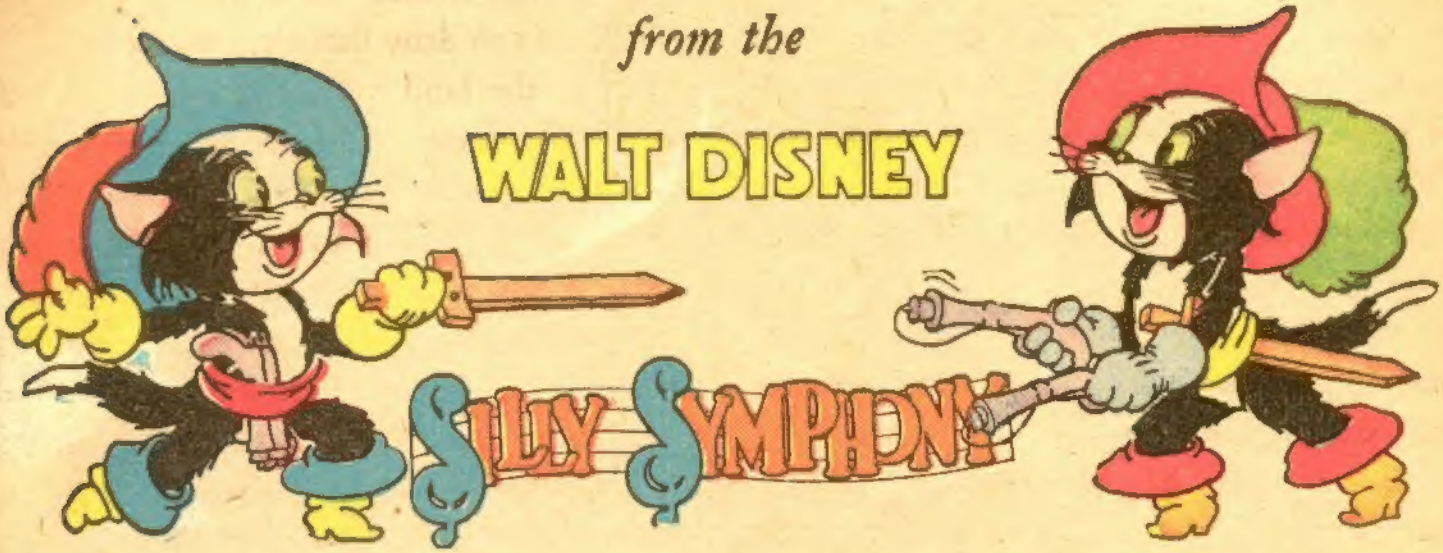
The Robber Kitten

from the



A little kitten, riding a broomstick horse, dashed through the woods, singing in his small, shrill voice, "Beware! Beware! A robber bold am I! Your gold I'll take. So cringe and shake. All men I do defy!"

The little kitten wore a jaunty hat with a gay scarlet plume which waved in the breeze as he galloped along the path. On his feet were high leather boots. In the crimson sash, which he had tied around his waist, were thrust two toy guns and a long wooden sword.

On and on he ran, guiding his broomstick horse deeper and deeper into the green woods, pretending that he was a fearless, daring highwayman astride a high prancing steed.

"A robber's life is the life for me. Brave and bold and free I'll be. I'll rob the rich and give to the poor, as Robin Hood did in the days of yore!" he sang, his gay little voice ringing in the quiet air and startling the birds in the thick green branches above his head.

Suddenly there was a rustling in the underbrush beside the path. The frightened little kitten forgot that he was a brave, bold robber. He pulled his broomstick horse to a stop and quickly dropped it to the ground.

"Who's there?" he called in a quavering voice, peering anxiously about him. He could feel his heart beating fast.

Out from the bushes stepped the most terrifying creature the little kitten had ever seen. Huge, yellow teeth jutted from his ugly, scowling face. On his head he wore a pointed cap, decorated with a black-tipped feather. His clothes were torn and patched and dirty. A sharp, jagged-edged knife and a powder-blackened gun were thrust into his belt.

"I'm Dirty Bill, the robber dog," the creature growled in a hoarse voice. "Who are you?"

The little kitten shivered in his high boots as he stared at the fierce and wicked Dirty Bill.

Then he suddenly remembered that he, too, was a brave and fearless robber with a mighty sword and two trusty guns thrust into his sash.

He straightened his small shoulders, took a deep breath and said in his loudest, bravest voice, "I am Fearless Frank, the robber cat. Men shake with terror when I appear. Little children run, screaming, into their houses when they hear my name."

"Fearless Frank, the robber cat!" the robber dog exclaimed, looking in amazement at the little kitten.

Quickly the kitten drew his wooden sword and brandished it threateningly in the air.

"With this sword I have fought and won twenty duels in the last twelve months," the little kitten cried, waving his sword before the staring eyes of the robber dog. "My trusty blade conquers all foes. Only last week I vanquished the mighty Captain Cornelius Cat, the greatest swordsman of all time!"

"You defeated the great Captain Cornelius Cat!" the robber dog exclaimed, backing away from the waving sword of the bold kitten. "Not *the* great Captain Cornelius Cat!"

"Yes," the little kitten answered, swaggering up and down the path before the bulging eyes of the astonished robber dog. "And Captain Cornelius Cat is only one of the many famous swordsmen who have fallen under my blade. Neither cat nor dog, be he big or small, can face my sword and live!"

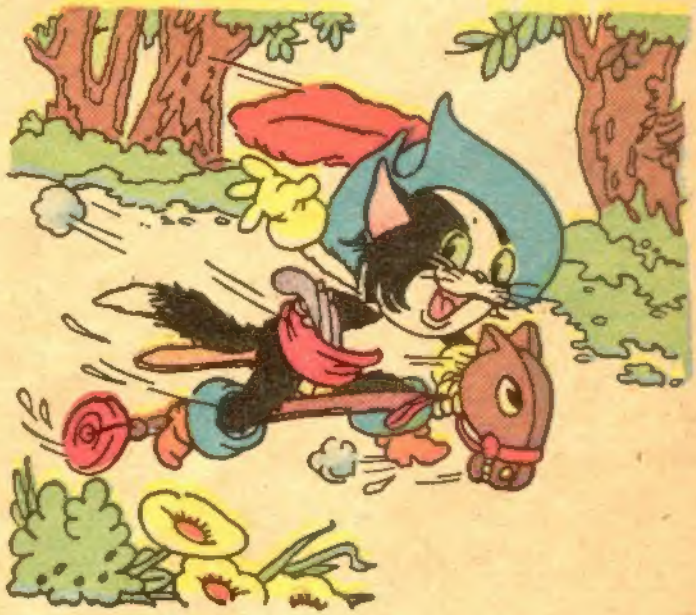
With a flourish the little kitten thrust his wooden sword into his sash and drew forth his two toy guns, with their cork bullets in their muzzles.

"My faithful guns serve me as well as does my sword," the kitten boasted, moving a few steps toward the amazed robber dog. "No one can deny that I am the best marksman in the land. No dog or cat can beat me to the draw. All men cringe and shiver when I appear. Single-handed, I robbed Tom Tabby's Tavern of all its gold and silver. With only my guns as companions, I burst through the front door and held fifty men at bay, while I robbed them of their valuables and looted the safe. Foolhardy Tom Tabby dared to oppose me. With my left hand I shot his gun from his fingers and escaped without a scratch."

"You looted Tom Tabby's Tavern and escaped without a scratch?" the robber dog growled admiringly.

"Without a scratch," the kitten repeated with boasting bluster. "Half a hundred men pursued me into the woods. But my horse is faster than any steed in the country. I escaped with the gold and booty, leaving my pursuers wounded on the ground behind me."

The robber dog gasped with astonished



admiration. The little kitten, encouraged by Dirty Bill's belief in his stories of imagined braveries and daring deeds, talked on and on. He strode up and down the path, telling story after story of fancied robberies and duels and fearless feats.

"Only two days ago I entered the castle of Lord Calvert Collie and robbed him of his gold and jewels," the kitten said finally. "It was a dark and stormy night. I tied my horse to a sapling outside the castle walls and climbed from the saddle to the top of the high wall. Then I leaped down into the garden and crept noiselessly toward the castle, avoiding the guards. I scaled the walls, using the ivy vines as a ladder, and slipped through a window. Where do you suppose I found myself? In Lord Collie's bedroom!"

The little kitten stopped for a moment and looked at Dirty Bill. The fierce bandit waited breathlessly for the rest of the story.

"He wakened. But, before he could utter a sound, I covered him with my guns and forced him to lead me to the hiding place of his treasures," the little kitten continued. "I filled two bags with gold and jewels, slung them across my shoulders, bound Lord Collie in his bed and climbed down the ivy.

"But bad luck was with me. As I neared the ground, the ivy vine broke and I fell with a loud thud and jangling of golden coins. Instantly the castle blazed with lights and a hundred strong guards rushed into the garden. I was surrounded, with my back against the castle wall.

"Was I afraid? Not I! I had been in far more perilous spots before. I drew my guns and faced the onrush. Six captains of the guard dashed toward me with drawn guns and swords. Six times I fired and they fell to the ground.

"'Stand back if you value your lives! I am Fearless Frank, the robber kitten! Woe be unto the first one who moves!' I shouted and the guards stopped their rush. They stood, frozen with fear."

"Gee!" the robber dog breathed.

"Only one foolish fellow dared to move. He was merely a blur in the rain and the darkness. His gun blazed, the bullet striking the stone wall above my head. Instantly I fired toward the blaze of his gun. My bullet found its mark and he fell to the ground, howling with pain.

"Then, covering the cowering, trembling guards with my guns, I made my way to the garden wall, vaulted to the top and dropped into the saddle of my waiting horse. I sped away toward my hiding place in the woods, carrying Lord Collie's treasure."

The little kitten paused, waiting for an admiring exclamation from the fierce robber dog.

For a moment Dirty Bill stood still, staring down at the little kitten. Then, suddenly, the huge robber dog pulled his jagged knife from his belt and sprang toward the kitten.

"Gimme the gold you stole! Lead me to your hiding place! I'll have your money or your life!" the robber dog cried, his cruel eyes blazing and one large paw grasping the kitten's shoulder.

The terrified kitten screamed with fright, struggling in the clutches of the wicked dog. Desperately he fought, trying to free himself from Dirty Bill's grasp.

At last the kitten managed to wriggle free and, yelling with fear, he fled through the woods.

Dirty Bill leaped after him. But the little kitten could run faster than the clumsy robber dog and fright gave speed to his small, flying legs.

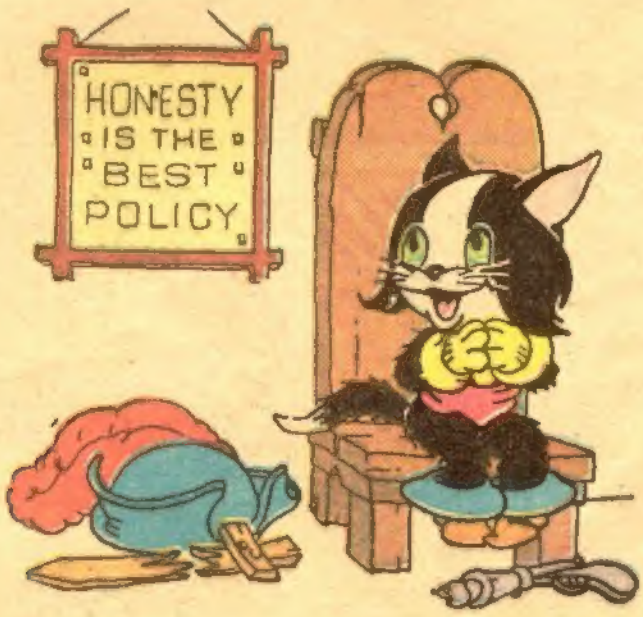
On and on he ran. It seemed as though he would never reach home. His little legs ached and his heart pounded fast.

Finally, gasping for breath, he reached the safety of his own little home, leaving the robber dog far behind him in the woods.

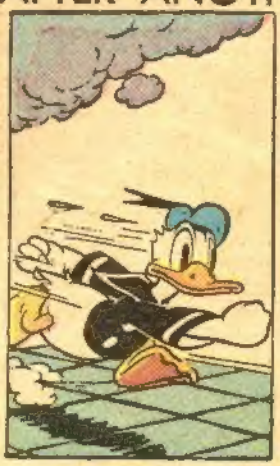
Exhausted, the little kitten sank into a chair. He flung his plumed hat on the floor beside him. He pulled his wooden sword from his sash, broke it into two pieces and flung them down beside the hat. In his wild flight he had lost one of his toy guns. The other he pulled out and dropped on the floor at his feet.

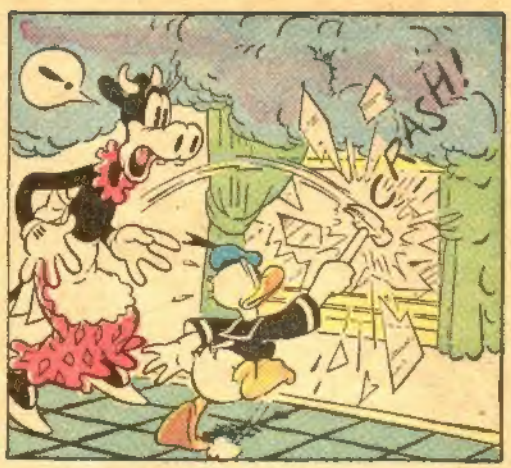
"I'll never pretend to be a bold, bad robber again," he promised himself. "Never again will I tell lies about my duels and shootings and daring deeds. A little kitten I am and a little kitten I will be, from now on."

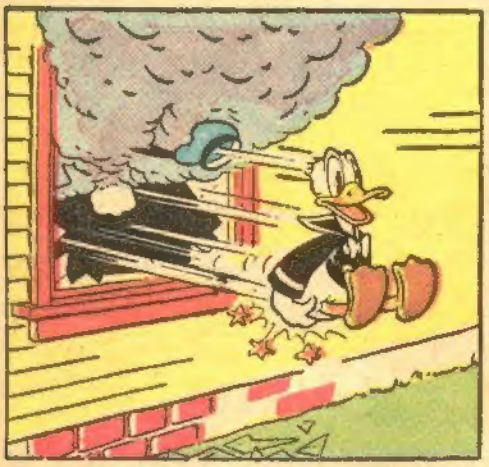
Then the little kitten felt better, so he curled up and went to sleep.

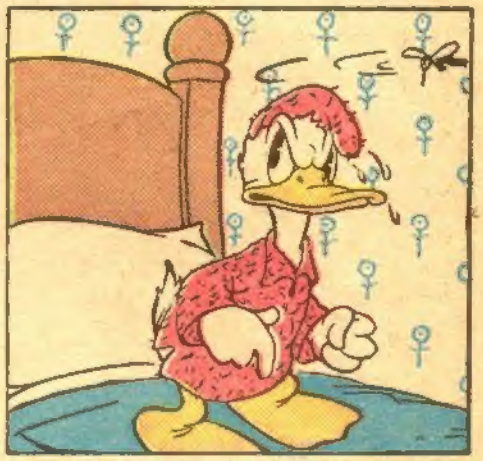


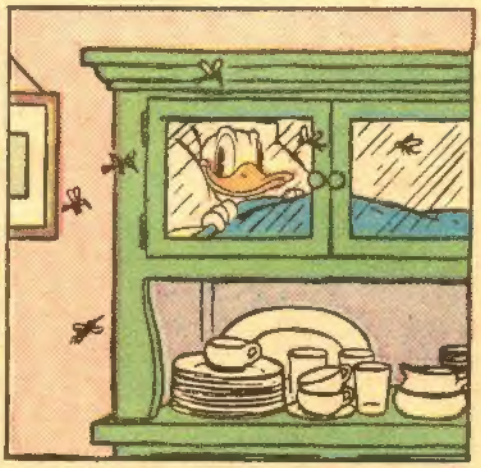
JUST ONE THING AFTER ANOTHER

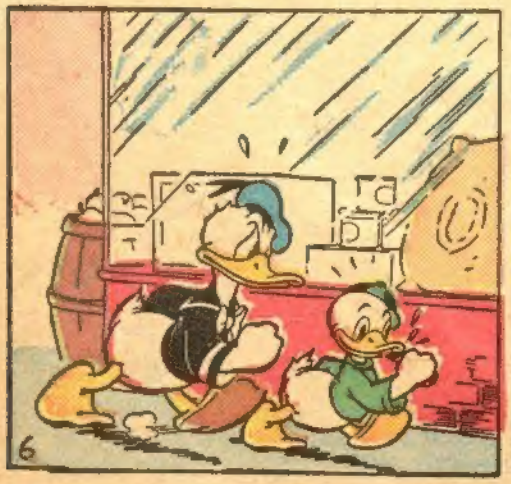


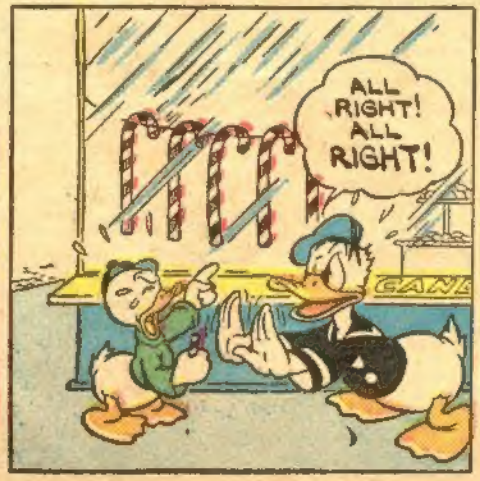




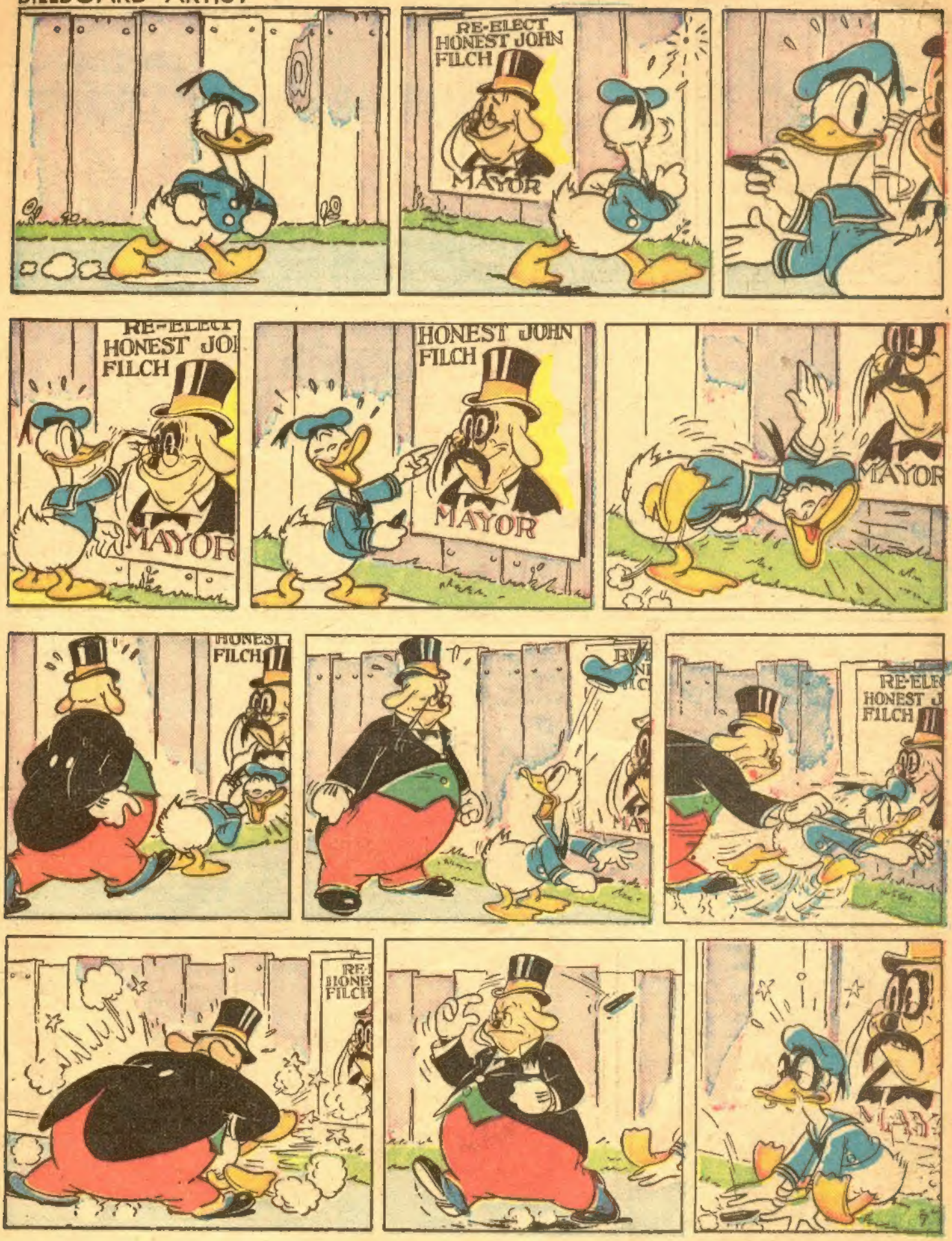




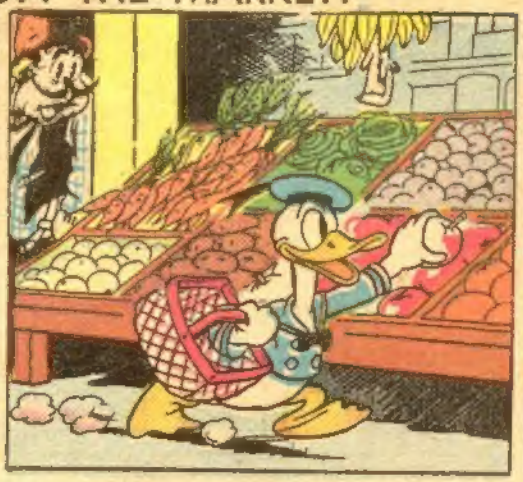


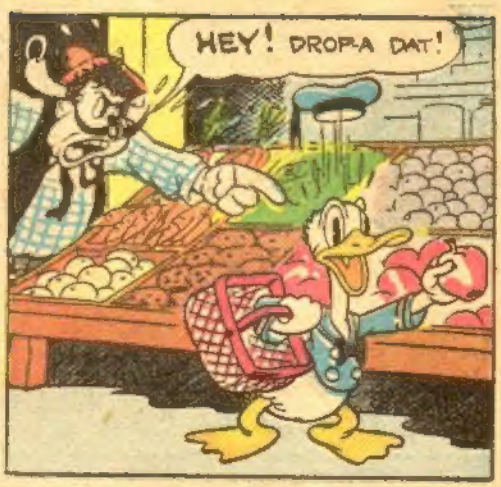


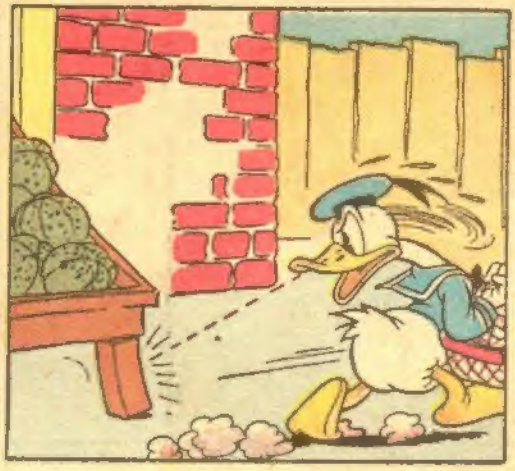
BILLBOARD ARTIST

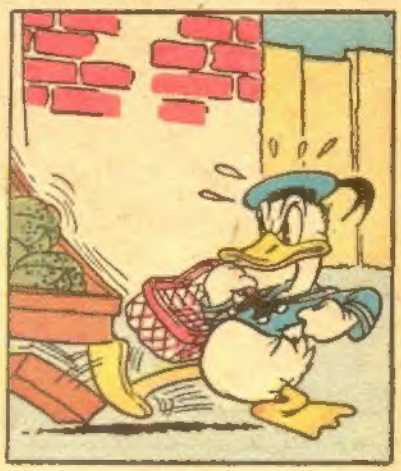


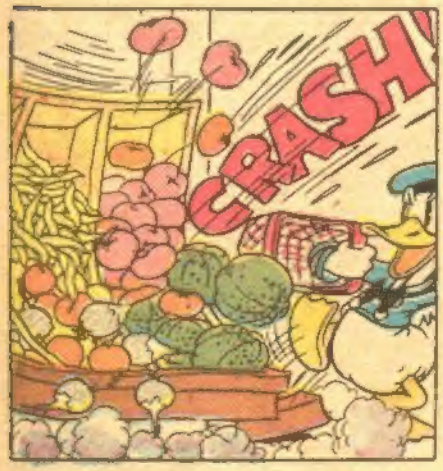
FOLLOWING A TIP ON THE MARKET!

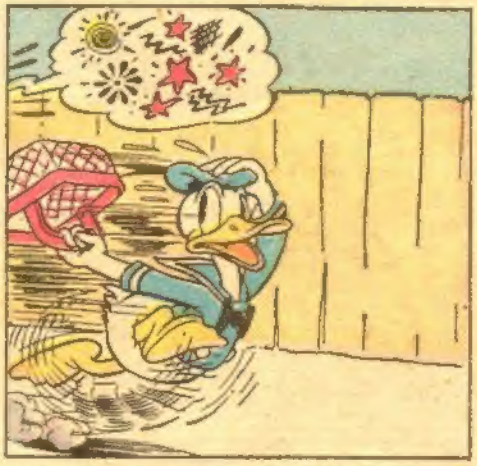


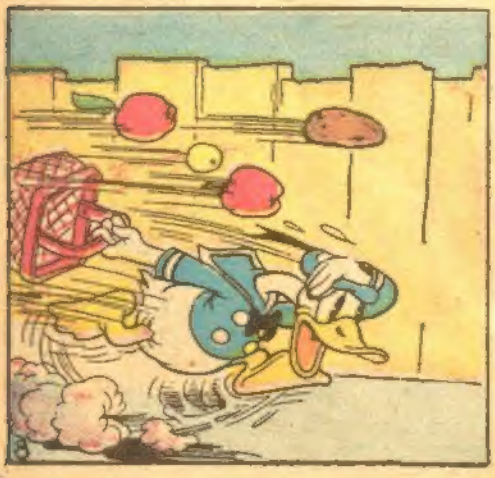


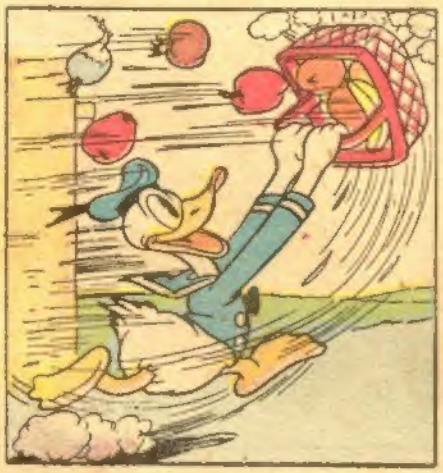


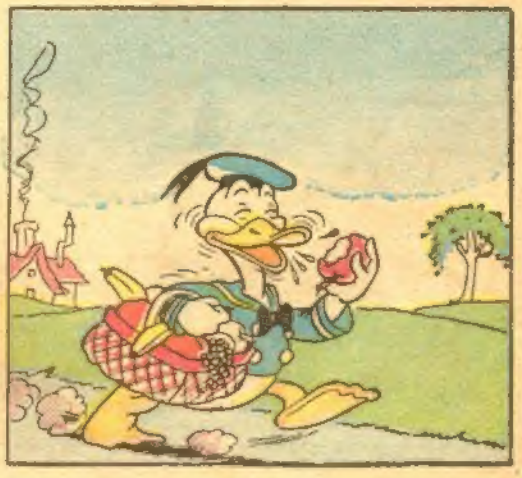












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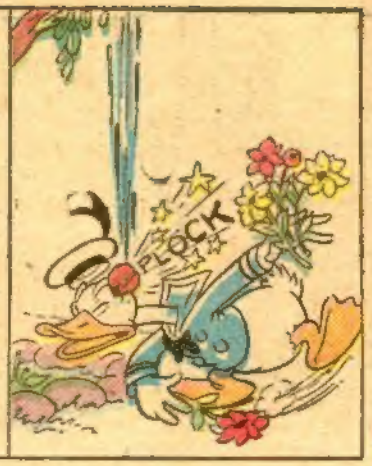
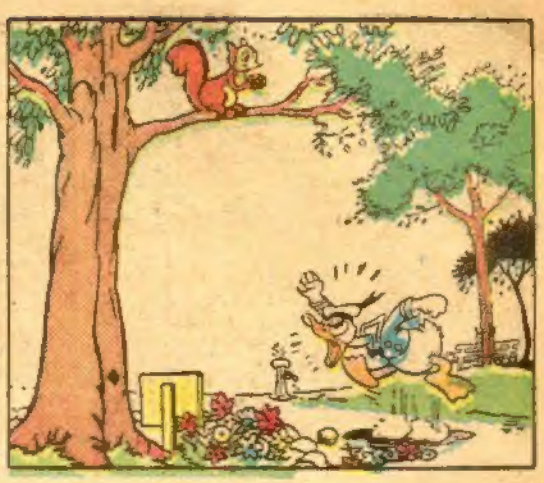
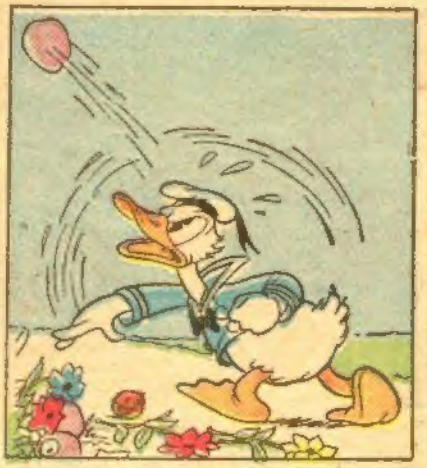
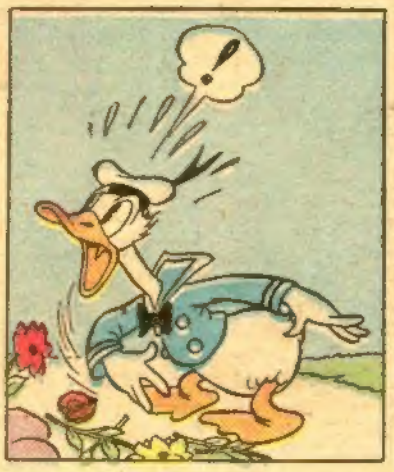
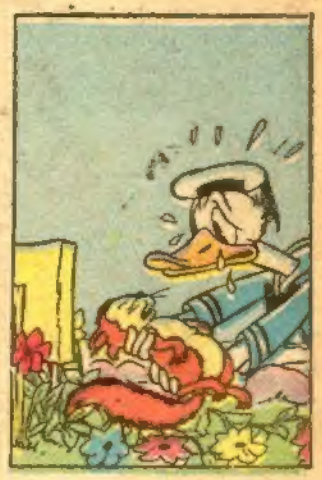
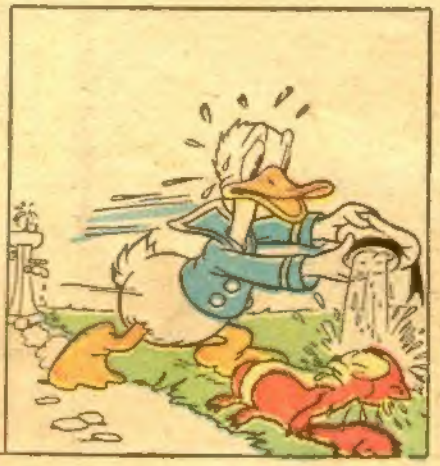


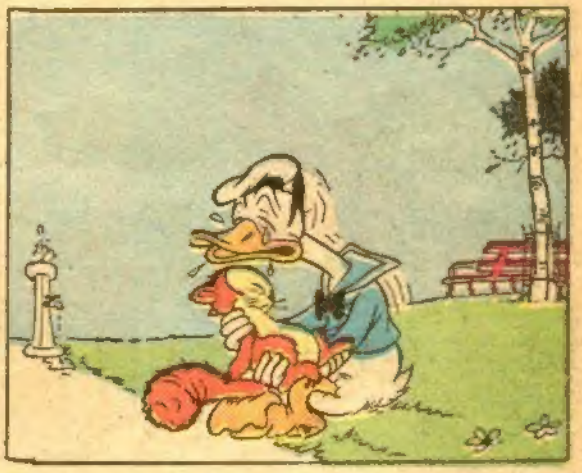


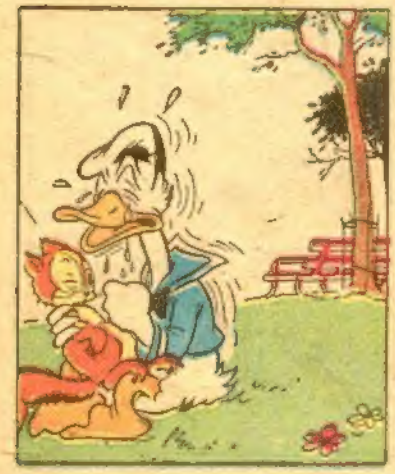


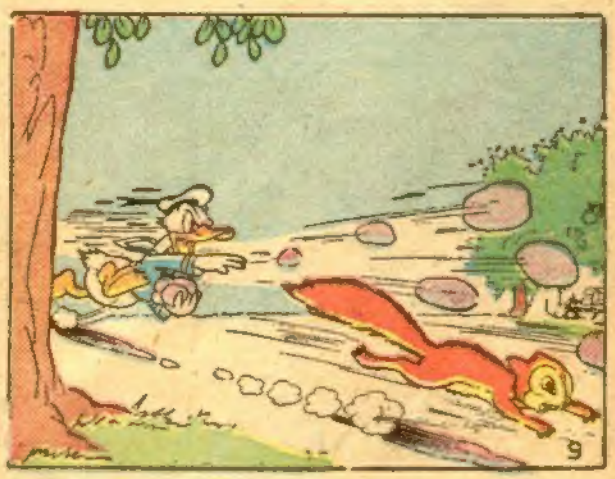




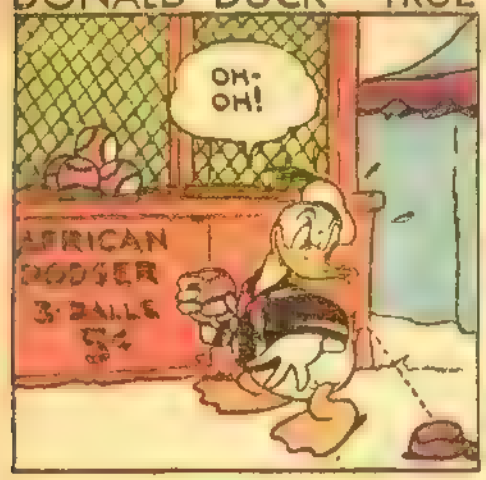


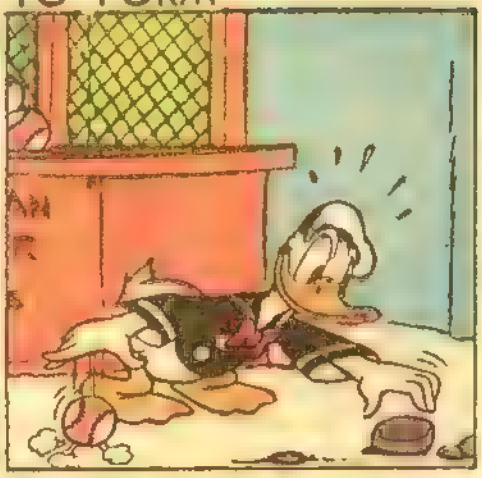


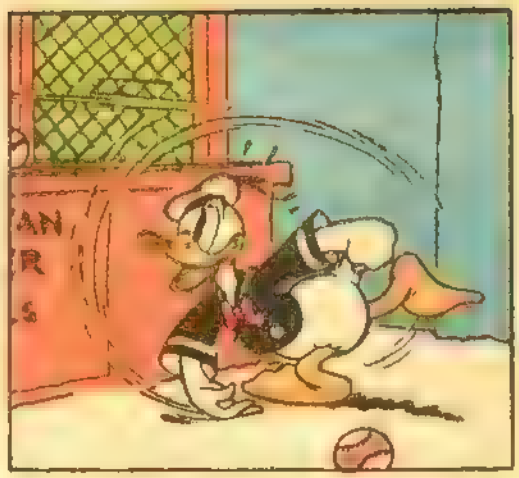


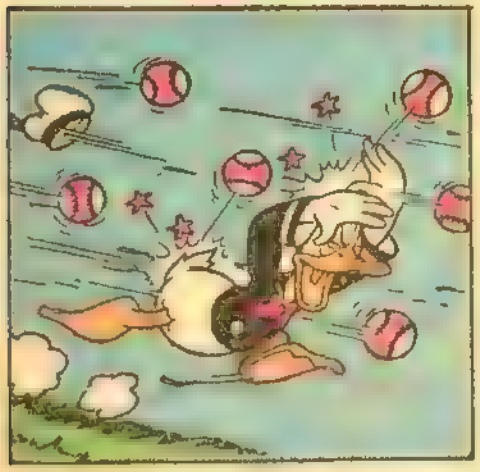


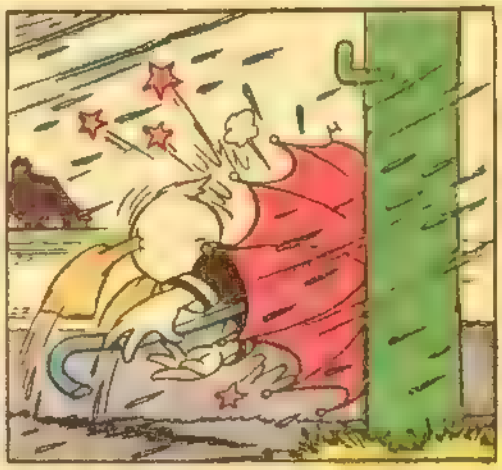
DONALD DUCK—TRUE TO FORM

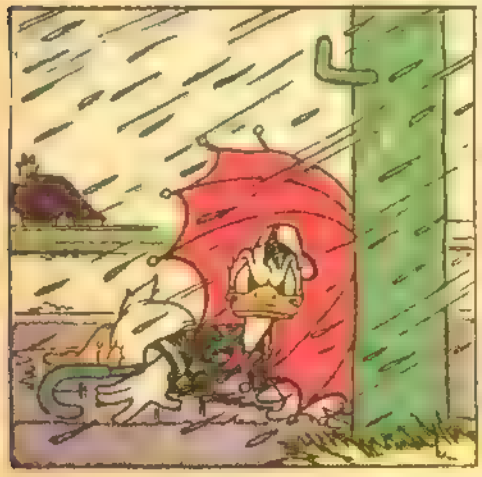


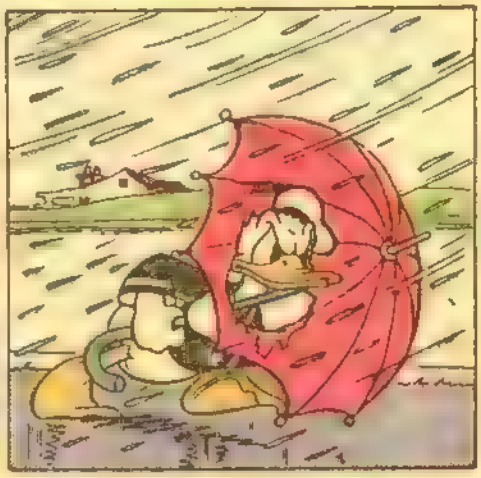


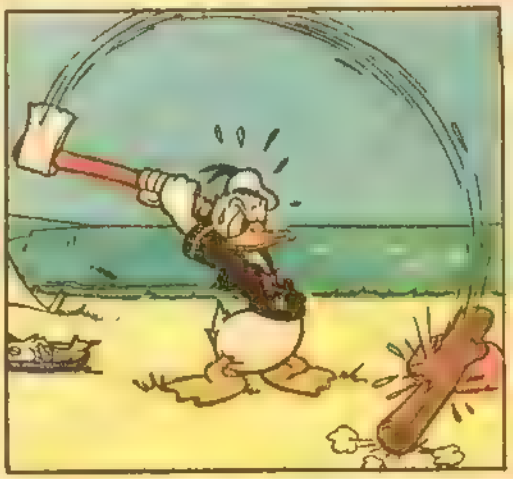


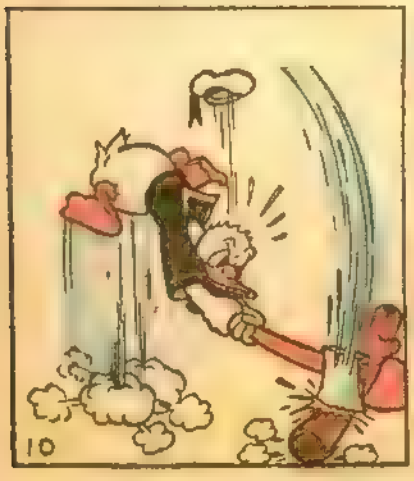


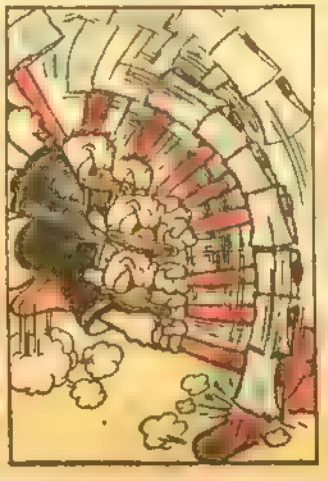


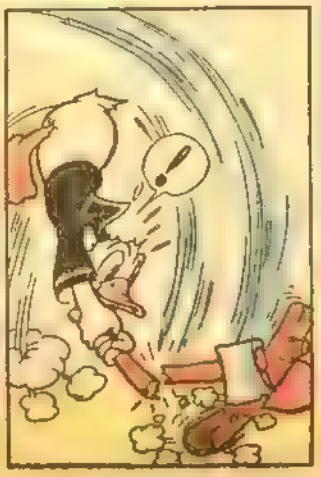




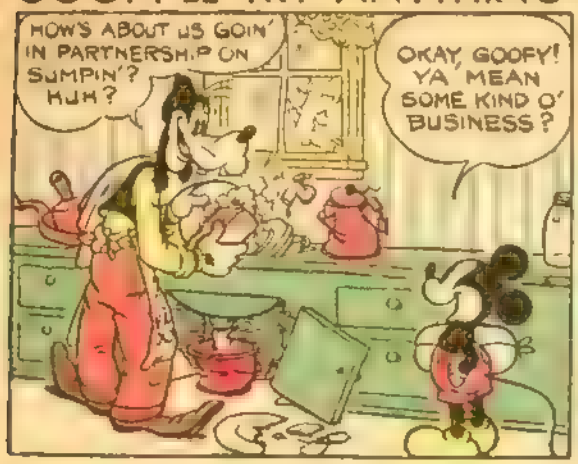


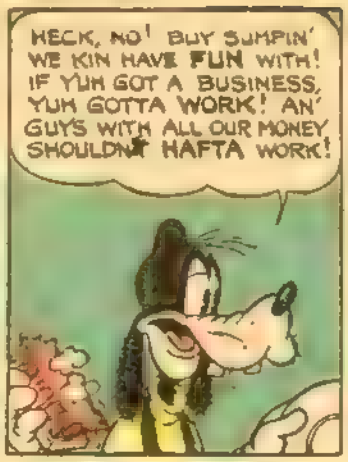


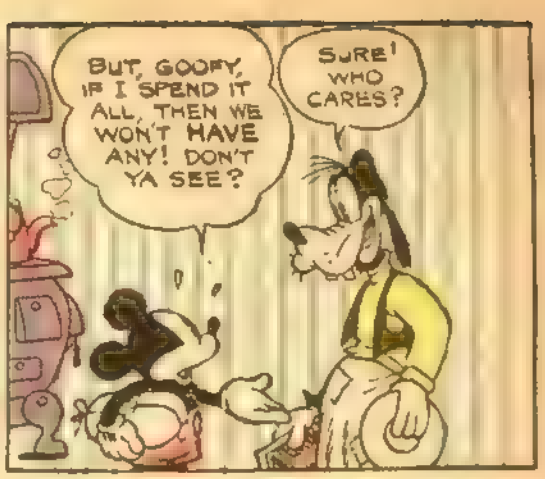


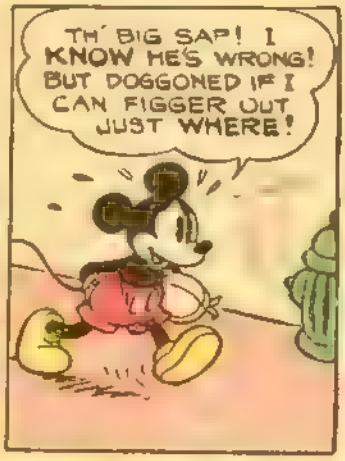


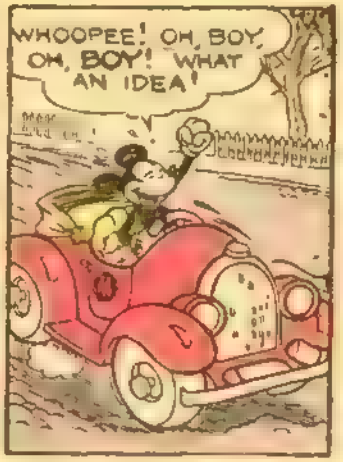
GOOFY'LL TRY ANYTHING---ONCE!

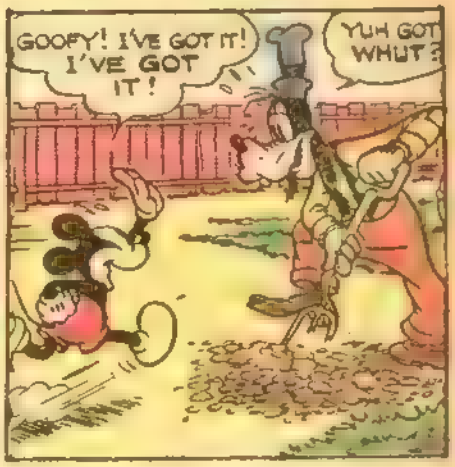


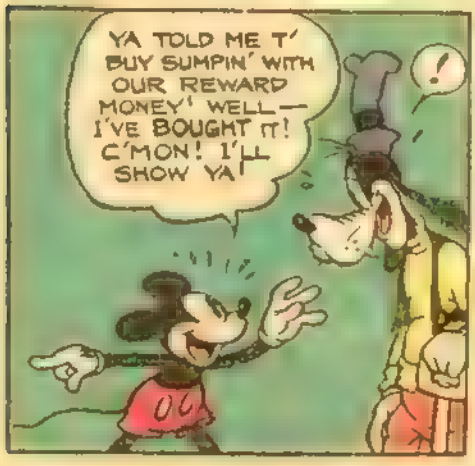


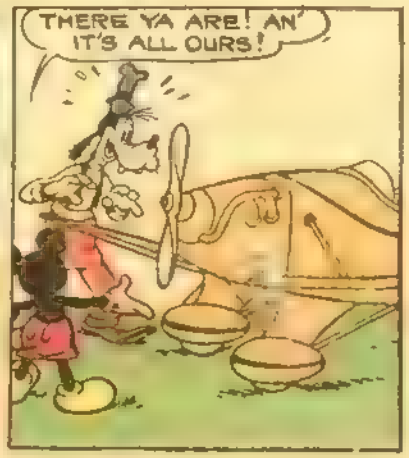


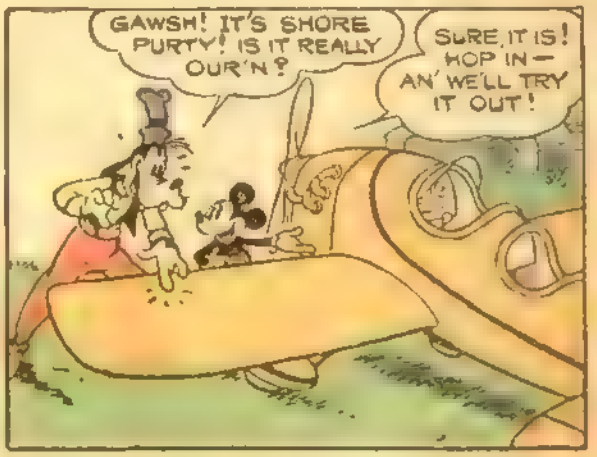


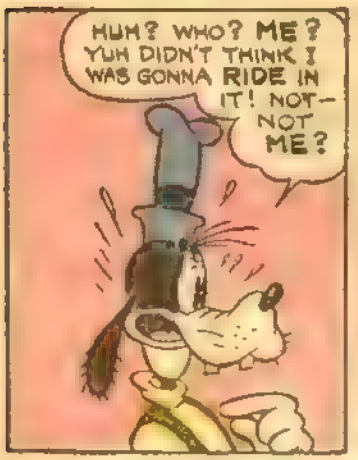


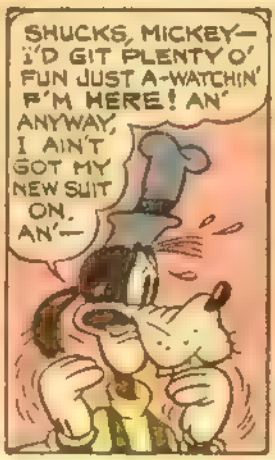


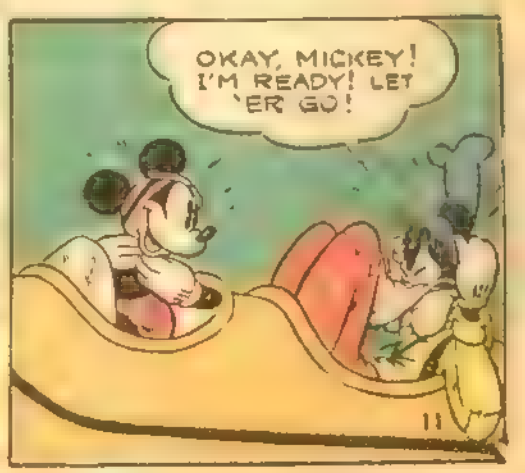




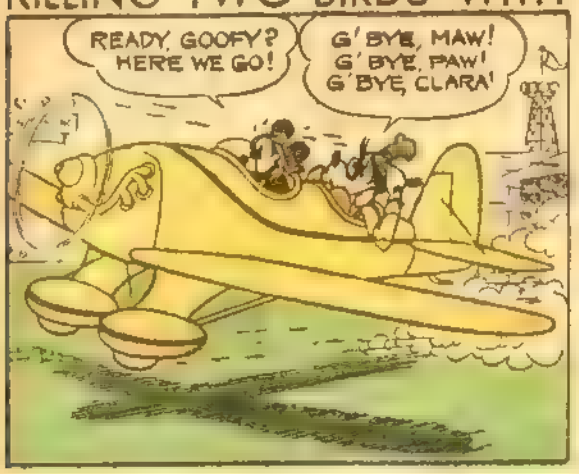


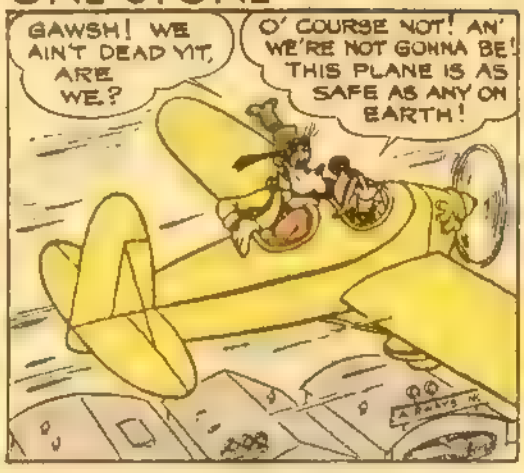


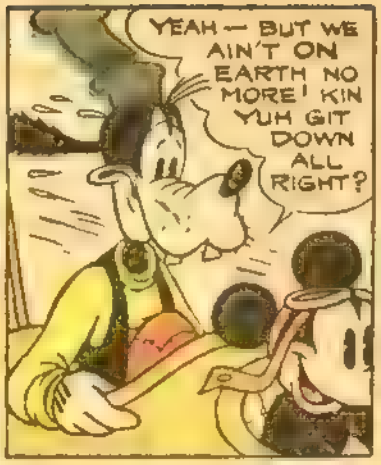


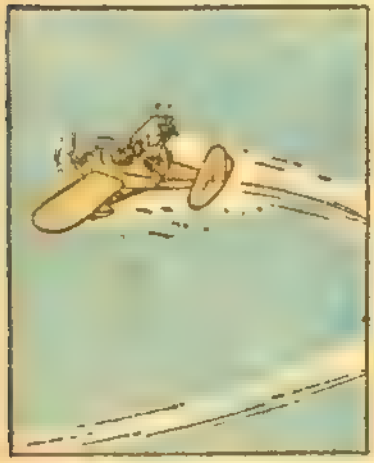


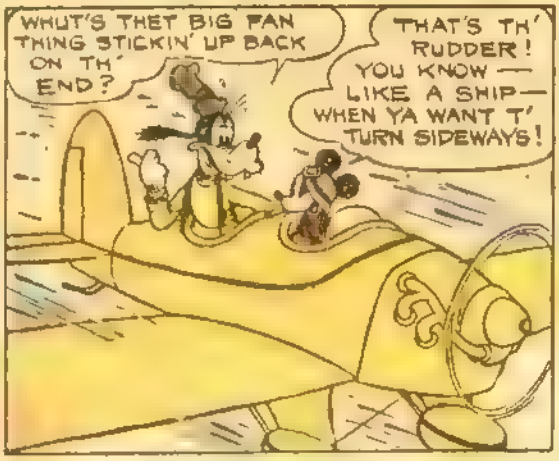
KILLING TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE

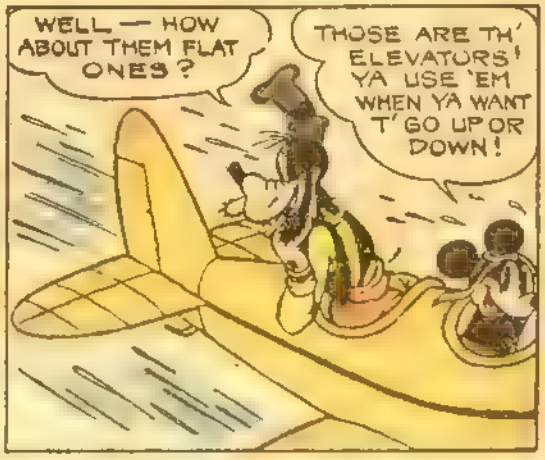


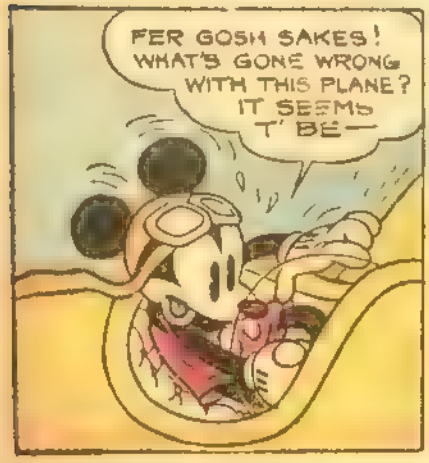


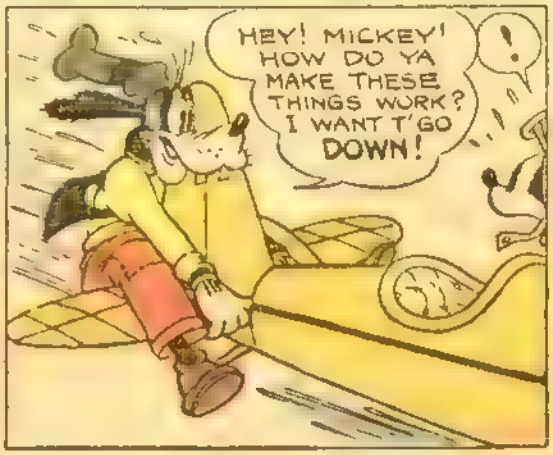


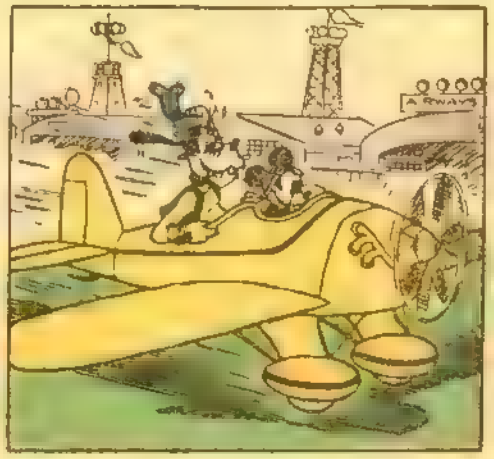


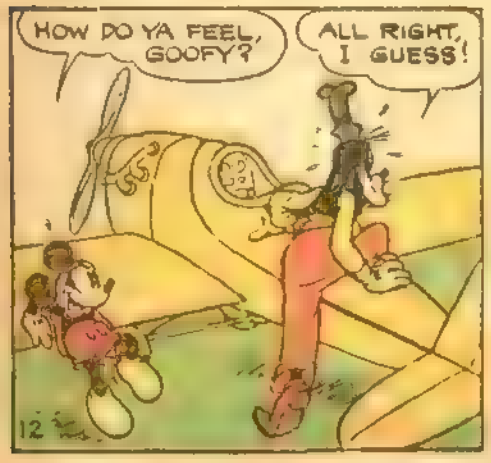




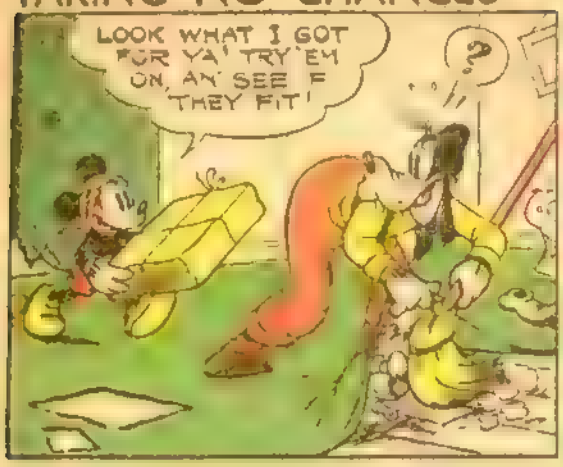


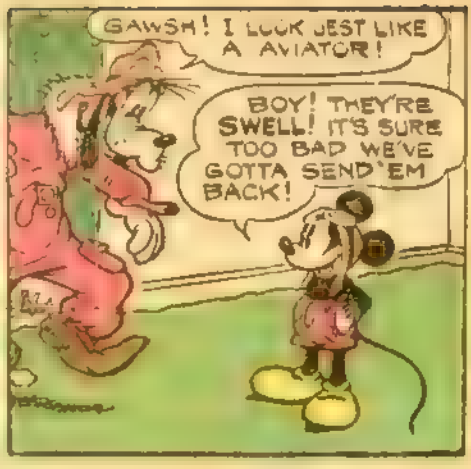


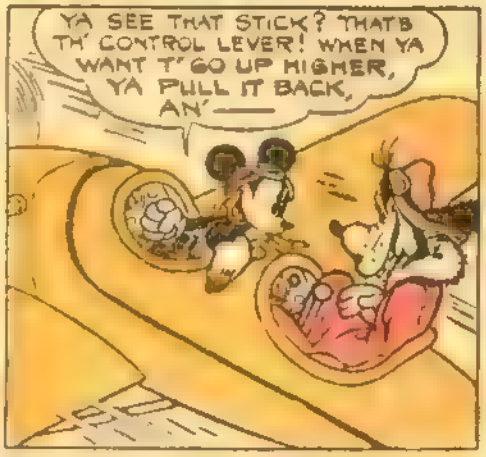


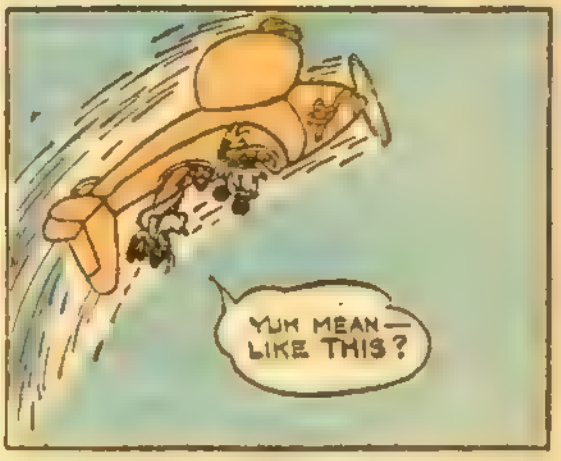


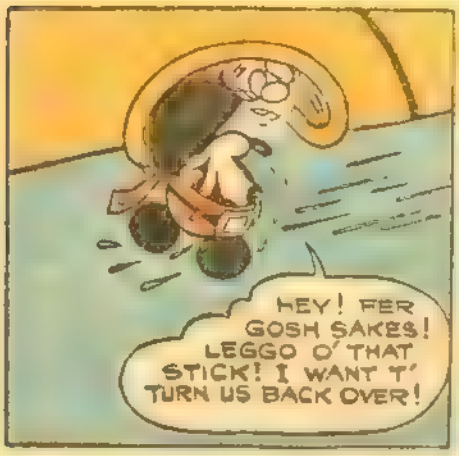
TAKING NO CHANCES

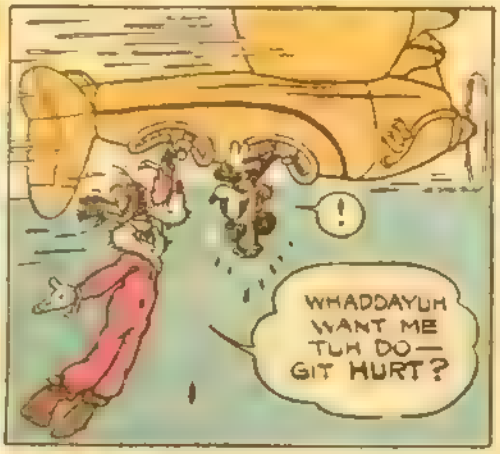


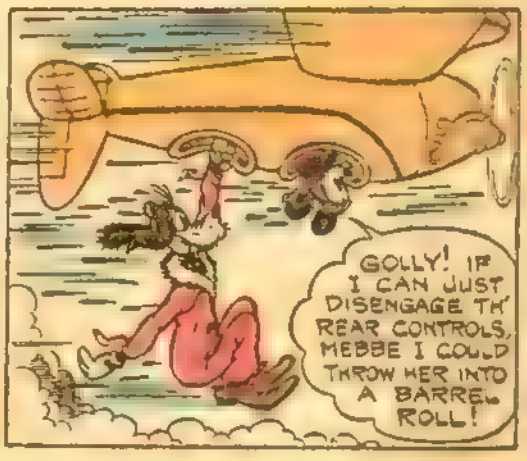


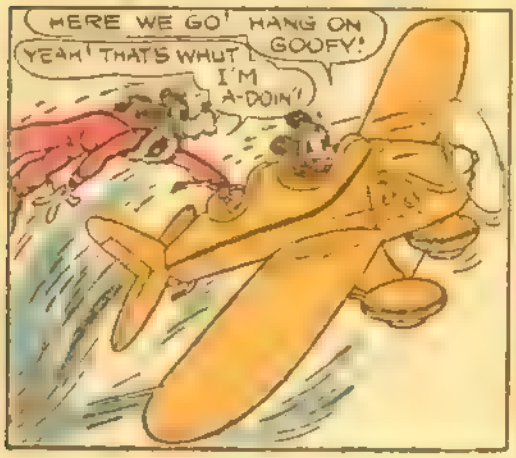


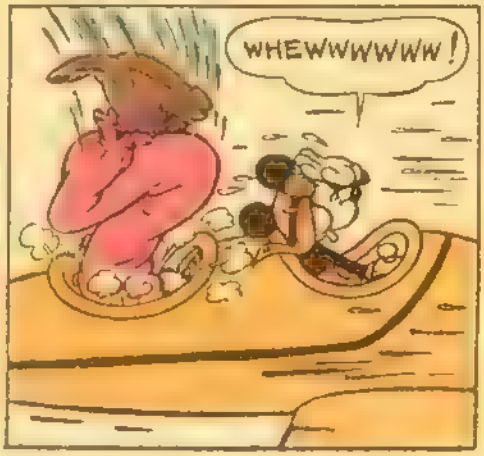


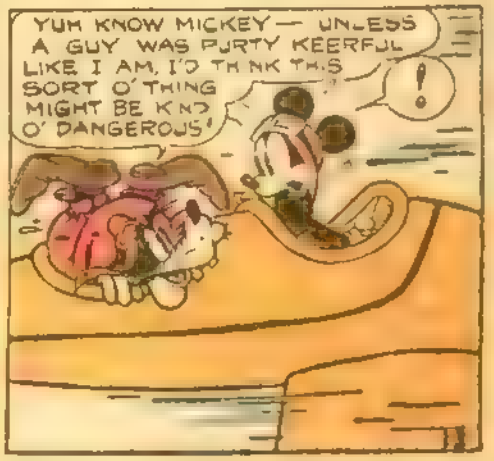


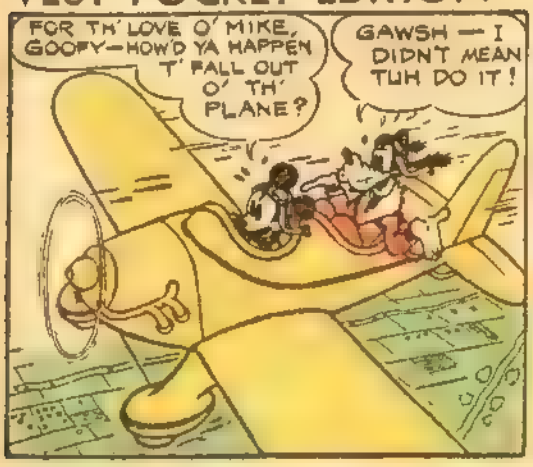


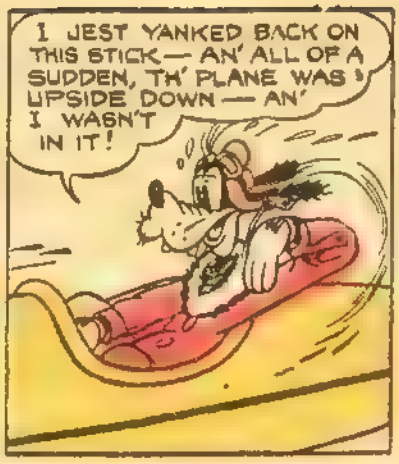


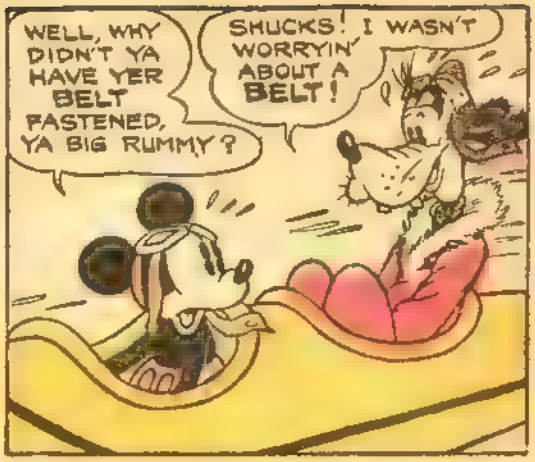




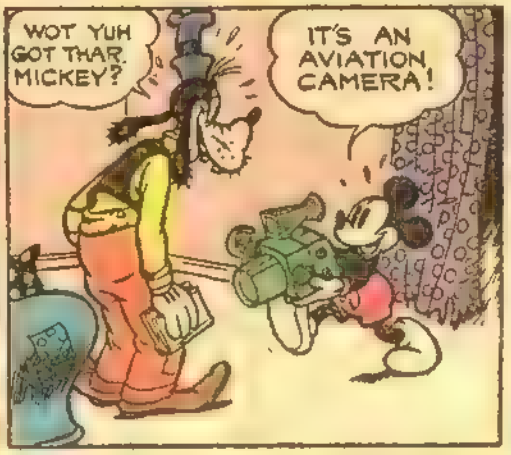


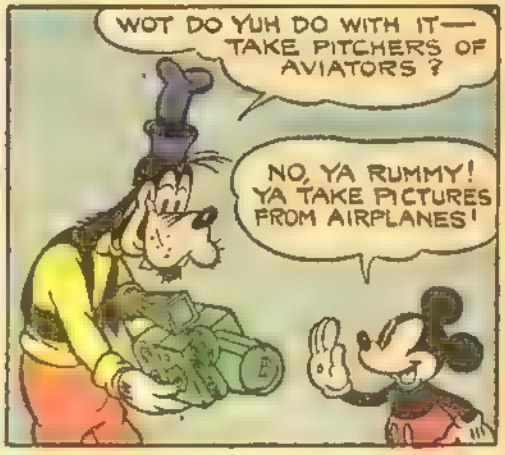

FOR TH' LOVE O' MIKE, GOOFY—HOW'D YA HAPPEN T' FALL OUT O' TH' PLANE?
GAWSH — I DIDN'T MEAN TUH DO IT!

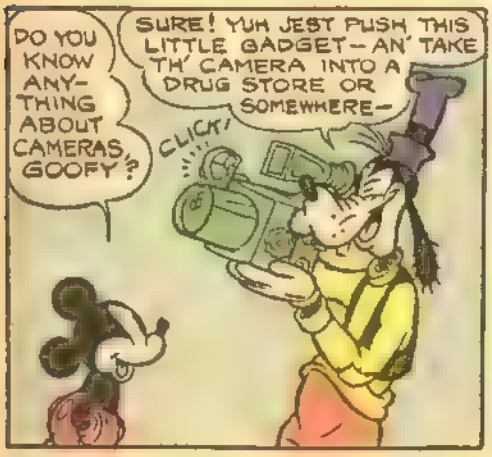

I JEST YANKED BACK ON THIS STICK — AN' ALL OF A SUDDEN, TH' PLANE WAS UPSIDE DOWN — AN' I WASN'T IN IT!

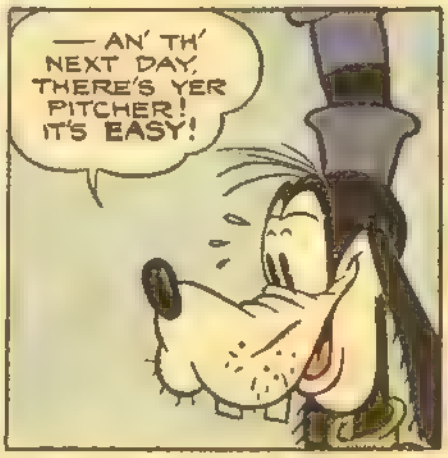

WELL, WHY DIDN'T YA HAVE YER BELT FASTENED, YA BIG RUMMY?
SHUCKS! I WASN'T WORRYIN' ABOUT A BELT!

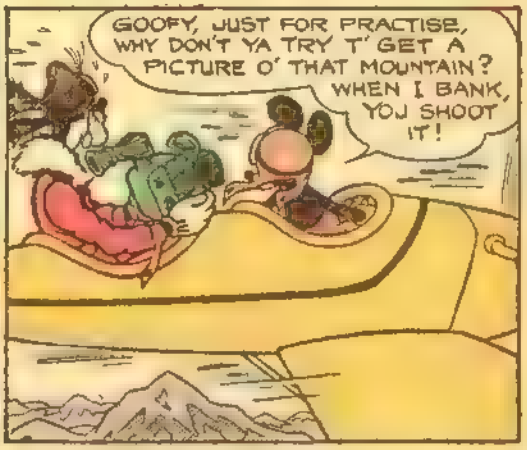
WHY — THESE CLOTHES DON'T EVEN NEED SUSPENDERS!

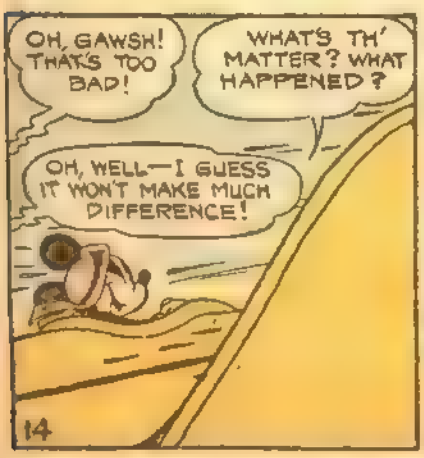

WOT YUH GOT THAR, MICKEY?
IT'S AN AVIATION CAMERA!

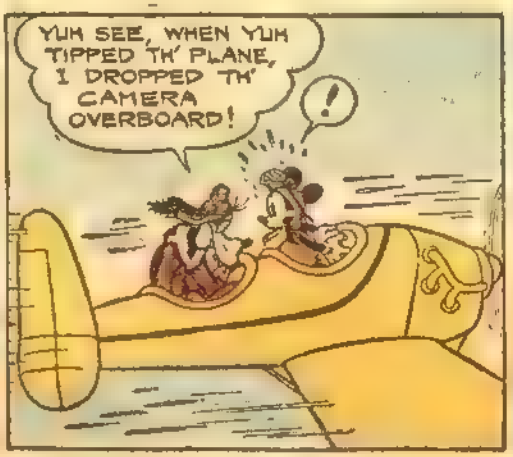

WOT DO YUH DO WITH IT — TAKE PITCHERS OF AVIATORS?
NO, YA RUMMY! YA TAKE PICTURES FROM AIRPLANES!

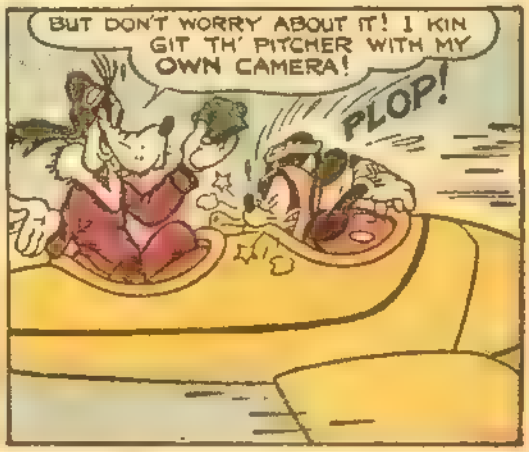

DO YOU KNOW ANY-THING ABOUT CAMERAS, GOOFY?
SURE! YUH JEST PUSH THIS LITTLE GADGET — AN' TAKE TH' CAMERA INTO A DRUG STORE OR SOMEWHERE—
CLICK!


— AN' TH' NEXT DAY, THERE'S YER PITCHER! IT'S EASY!

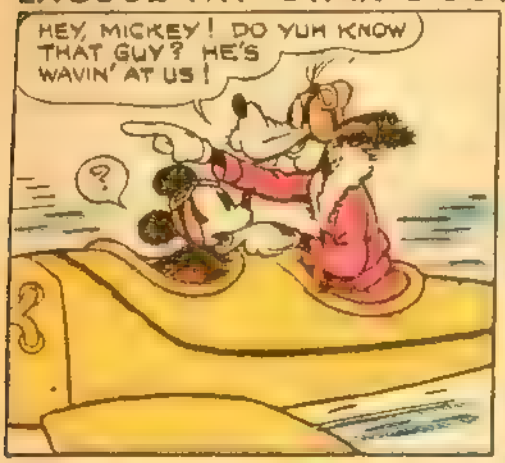

GOOFY, JUST FOR PRACTISE, WHY DON'T YA TRY T' GET A PICTURE O' THAT MOUNTAIN?
WHEN I BANK, YOU SHOOT IT!

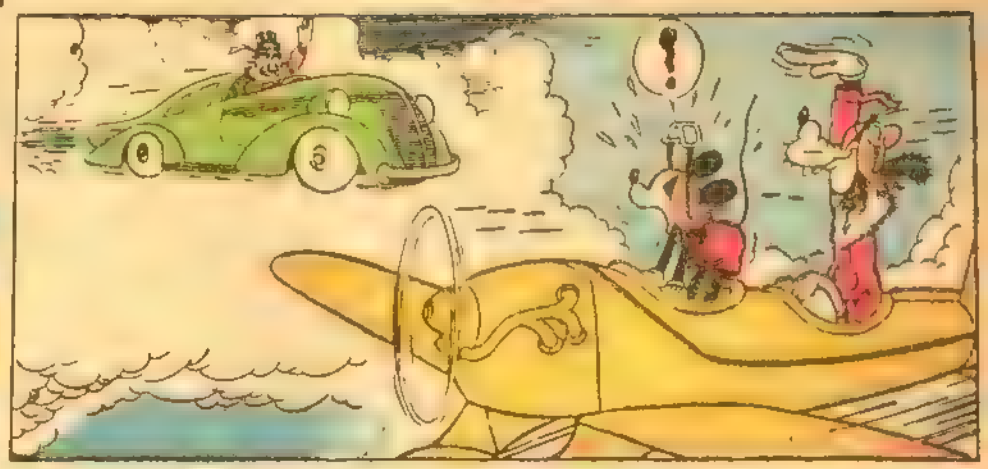

OH, GAWSH! THAT'S TOO BAD!
WHAT'S TH' MATTER? WHAT HAPPENED?
OH, WELL — I GUESS IT WON'T MAKE MUCH DIFFERENCE!

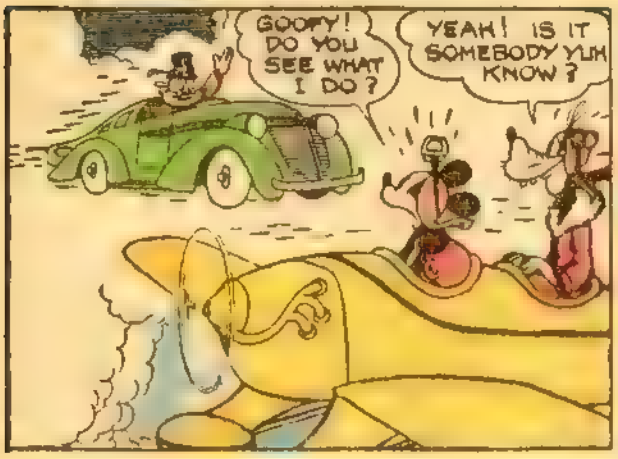

YUH SEE, WHEN YUH TIPPED TH' PLANE, I DROPPED TH' CAMERA OVERBOARD!
!

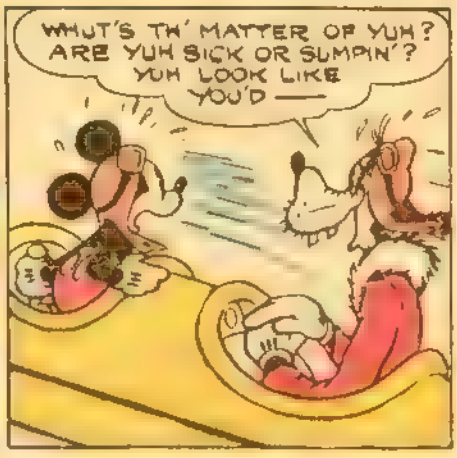

BUT DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT! I KIN GIT TH' PITCHER WITH MY OWN CAMERA!
PLOP!

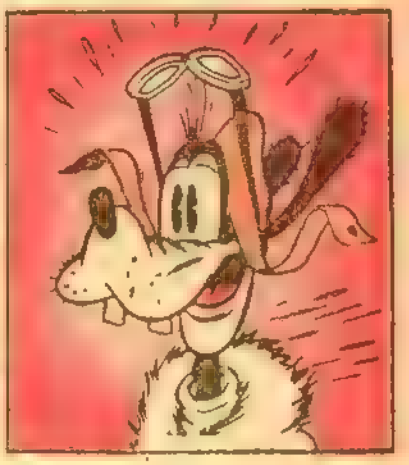
EXCUSE MY STAR DUST

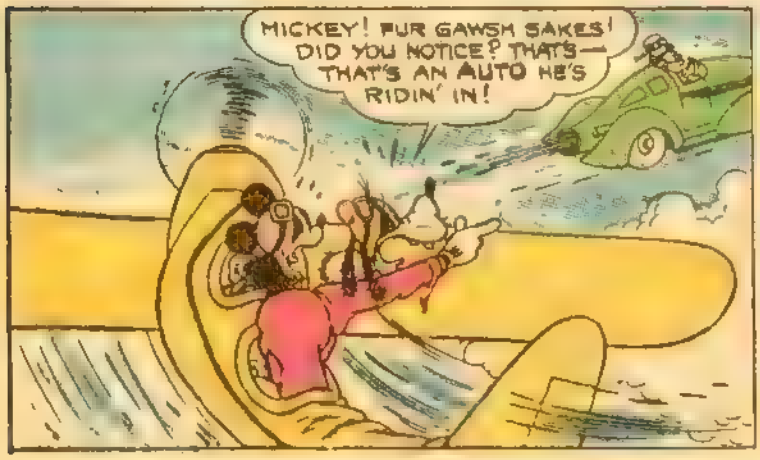


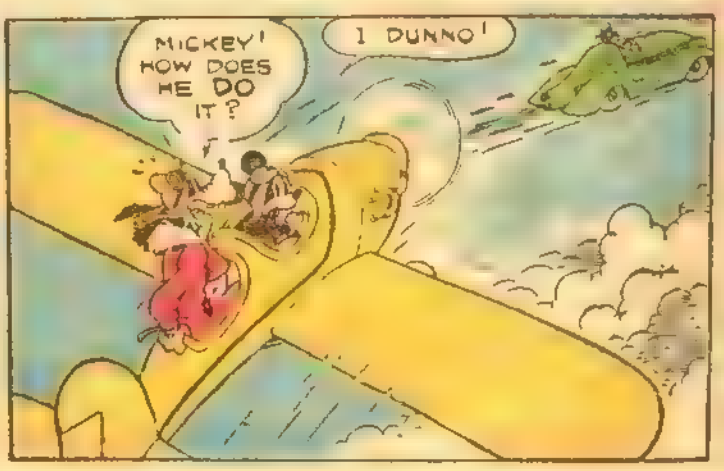


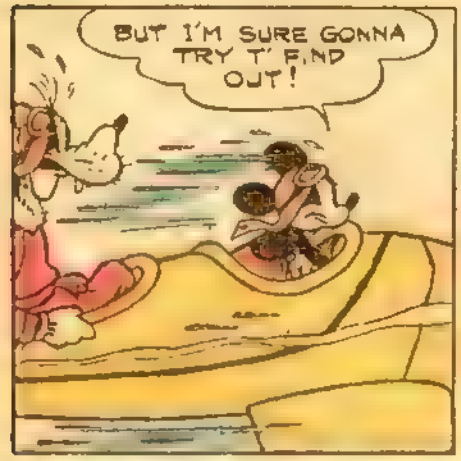


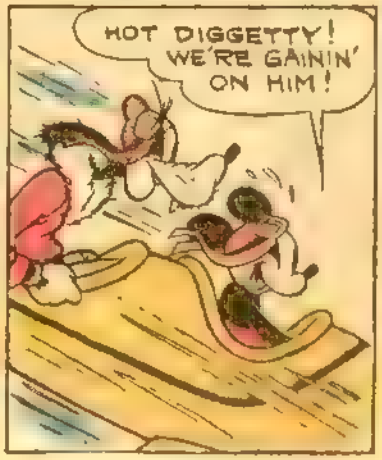


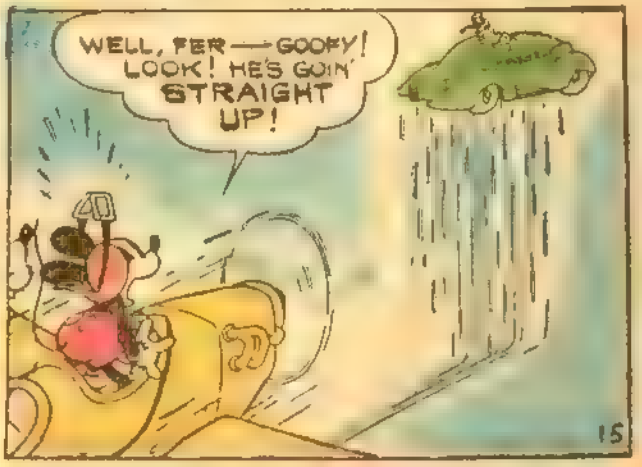




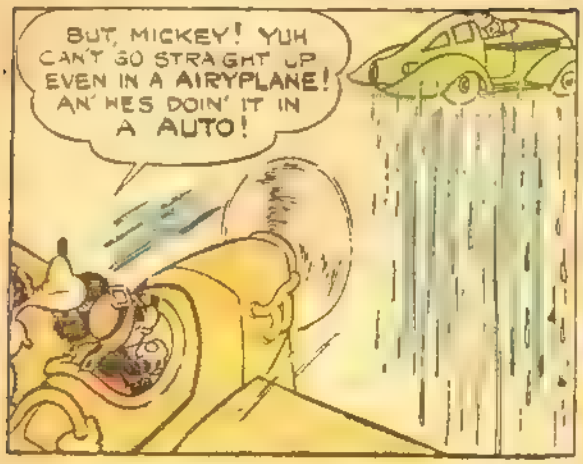


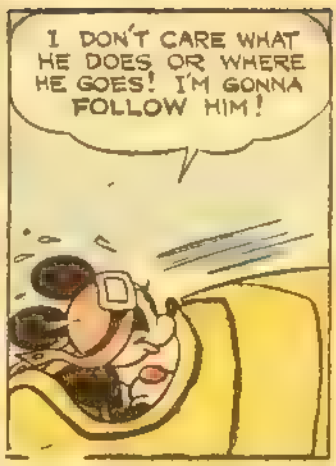


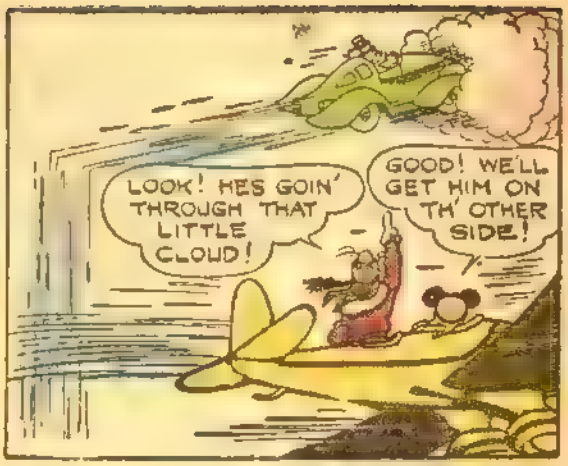


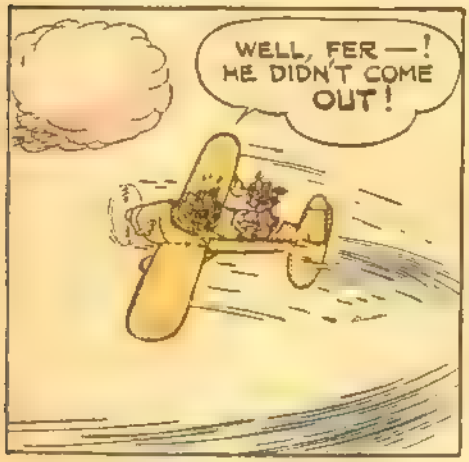


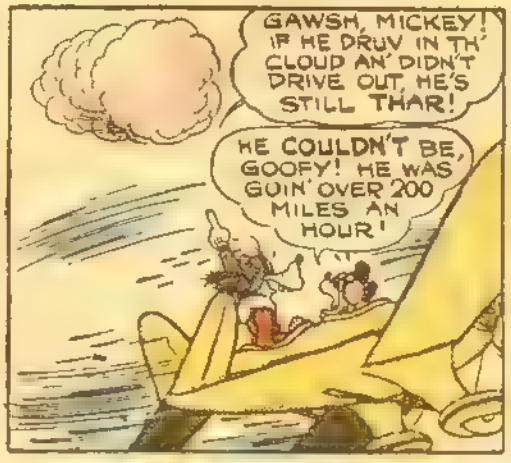
HE 'AUTO KNOW!

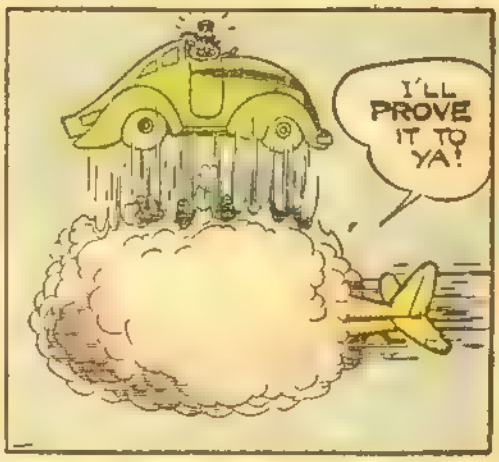

BUT, MICKEY! YUH CAN'T GO STRAGHT UP EVEN IN A AIRYPLANE! AN' HES DOIN' IT IN A AUTO!


I DON'T CARE WHAT HE DOES OR WHERE HE GOES! I'M GONNA FOLLOW HIM!

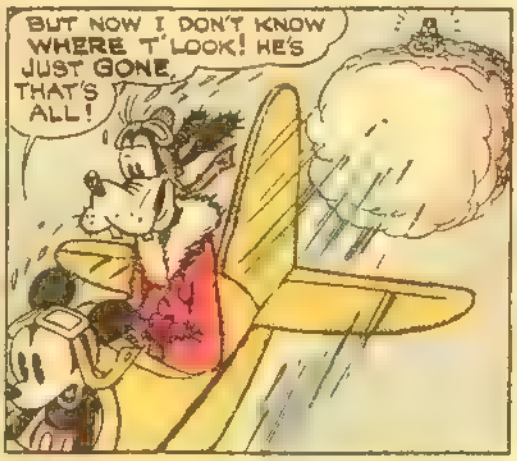

LOOK! HES GOIN' THROUGH THAT LITTLE CLOUD!
GOOD! WE'LL GET HIM ON TH' OTHER SIDE!

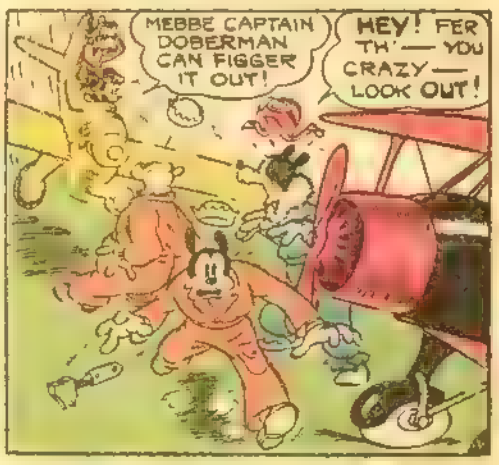

WELL, FER —! HE DIDN'T COME OUT!

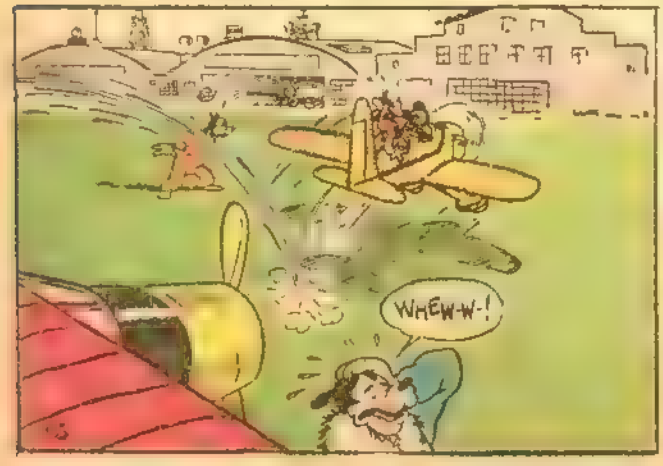

GAWSH, MICKEY! IF HE DRUV IN TH' CLOUD AN' DIDN'T DRIVE OUT, HE'S STILL THAR!
HE COULDN'T BE, GOOFY! HE WAS GOIN' OVER 200 MILES AN HOUR!

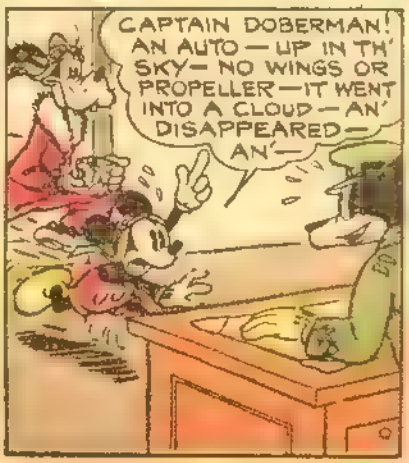

I'LL PROVE IT TO YA!

SEE? I TOLD YA SO!


BUT NOW I DON'T KNOW WHERE T' LOOK! HE'S JUST GONE, THAT'S ALL!

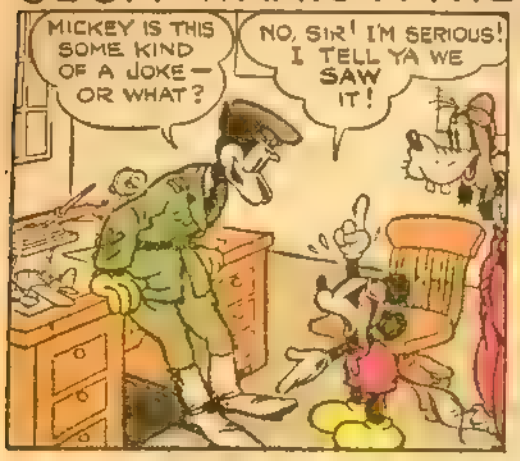

MEBBE CAPTAIN DOBERMAN CAN FIGGER IT OUT!
HEY! FER TH' — YOU CRAZY — LOOK OUT!

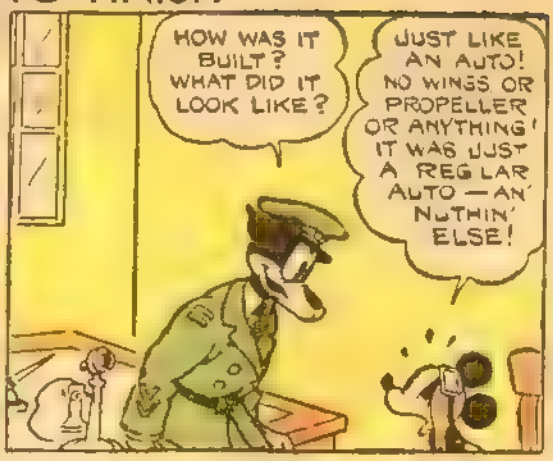

WHEW-W-!

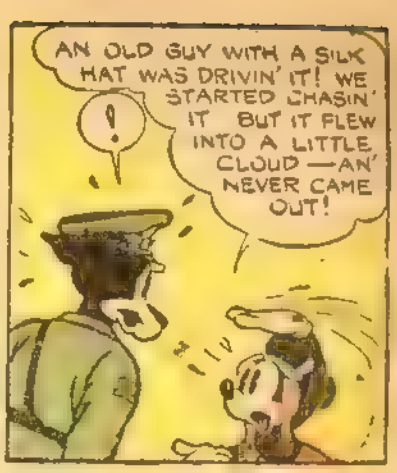

CAPTAIN DOBERMAN! AN AUTO — UP IN TH' SKY — NO WINGS OR PROPELLER — IT WENT INTO A CLOUD — AN' DISAPPEARED — AN' —

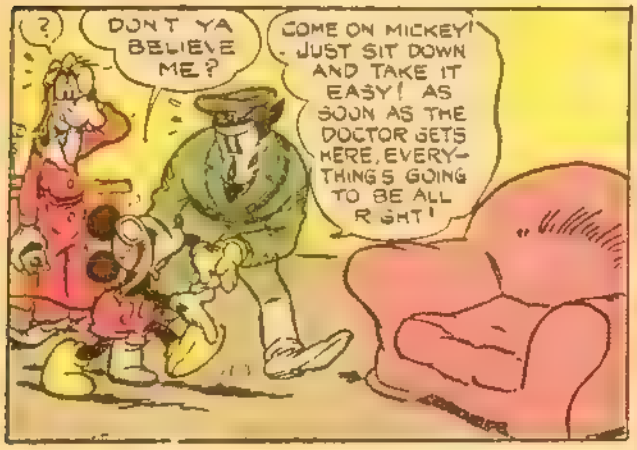
WAIT A MINUTE! TAKE IT EASY! ATTA BOY! NOW — SUPPOSE YOU JUST CALM DOWN A LITTLE — AND TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT!

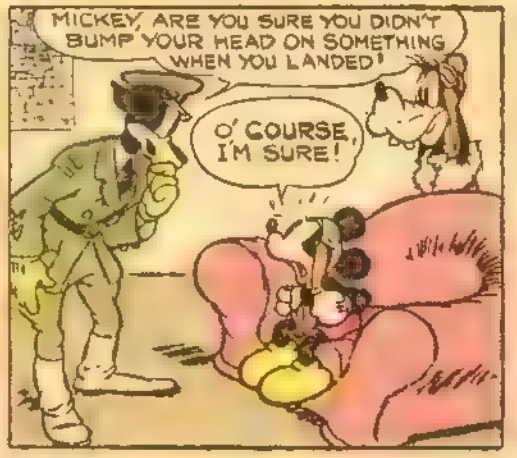
GOOFY WANTS A PHOTO FINISH

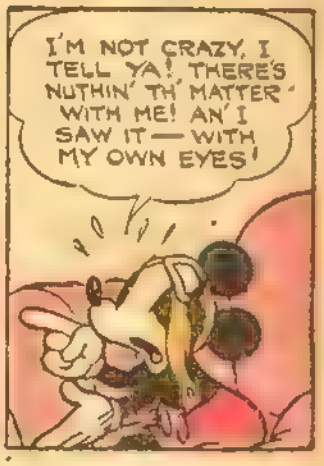


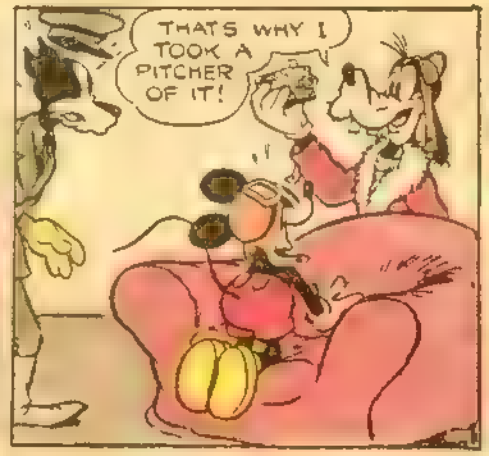


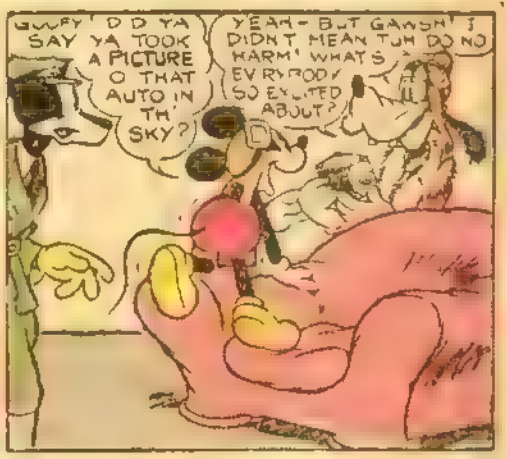


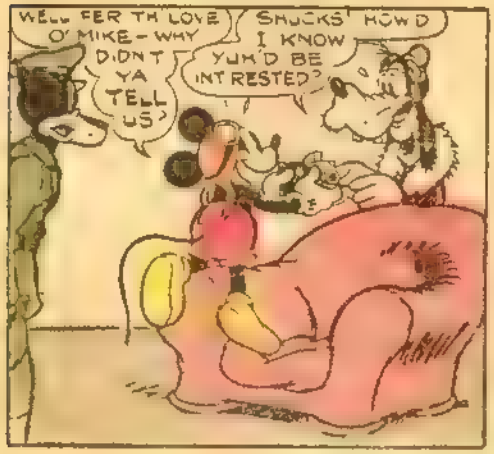


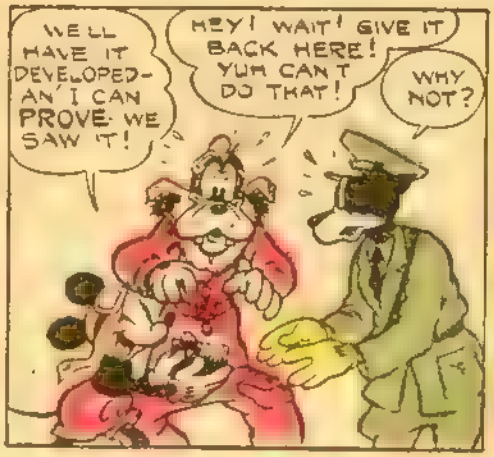


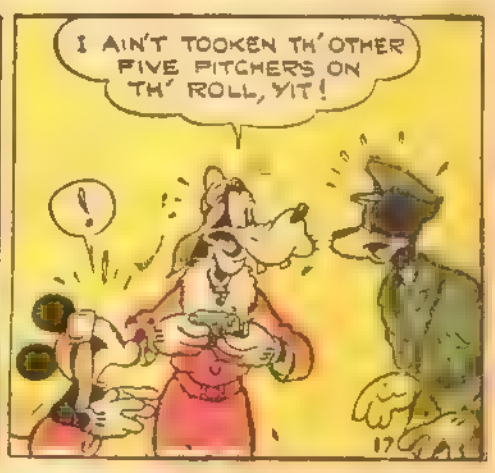




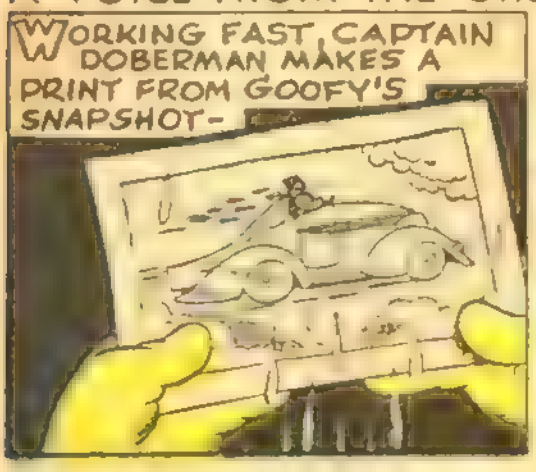


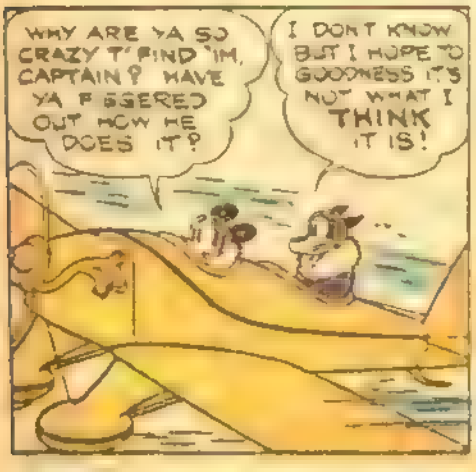


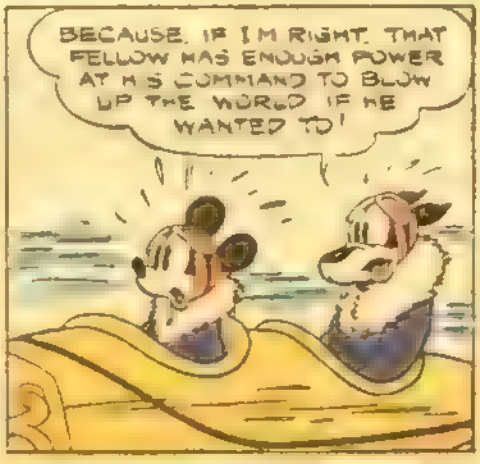


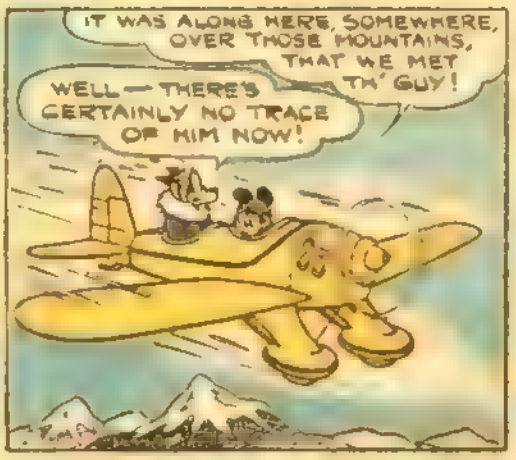


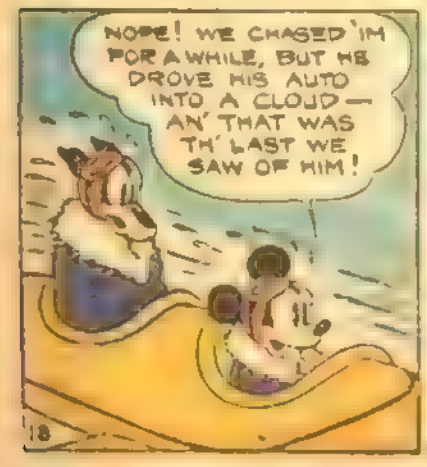
A VOICE FROM THE GRUMBLE SEAT

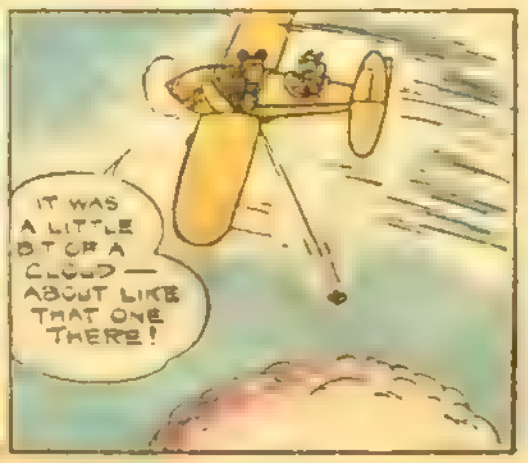




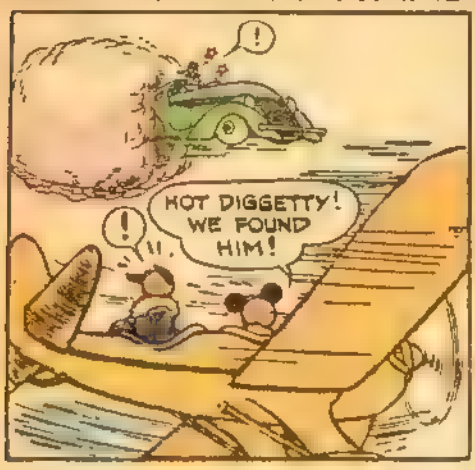


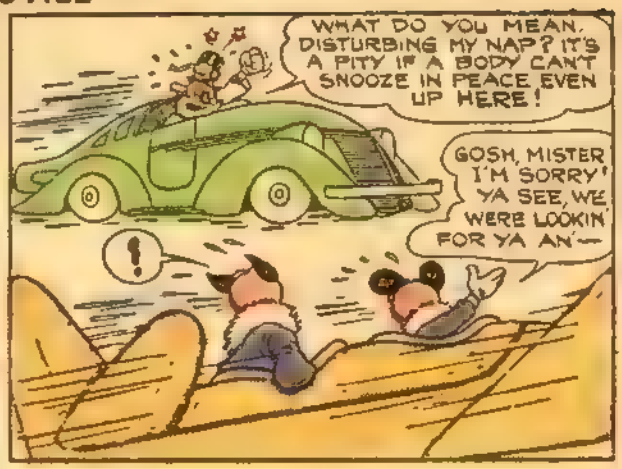


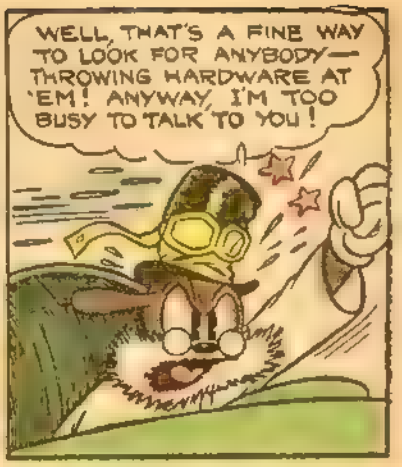


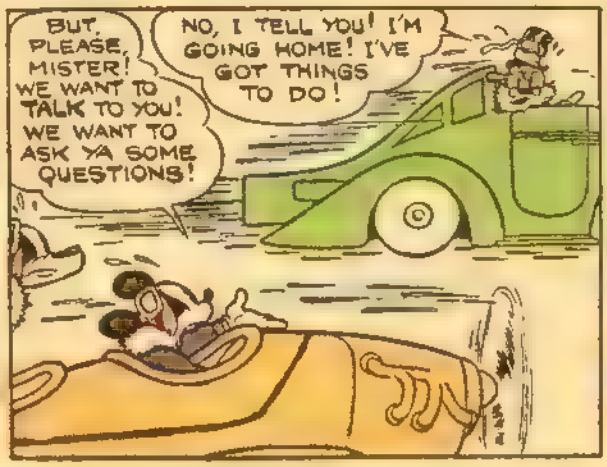


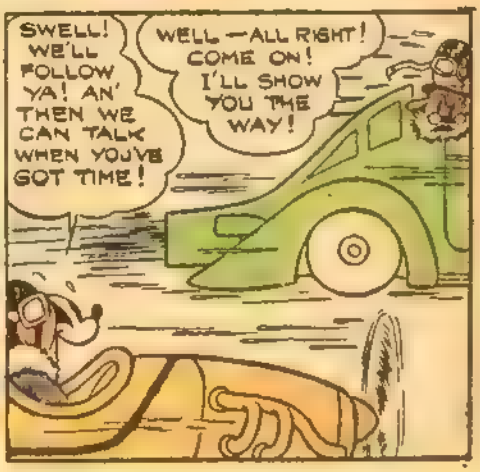
BEATEN TO A STANDSTILL

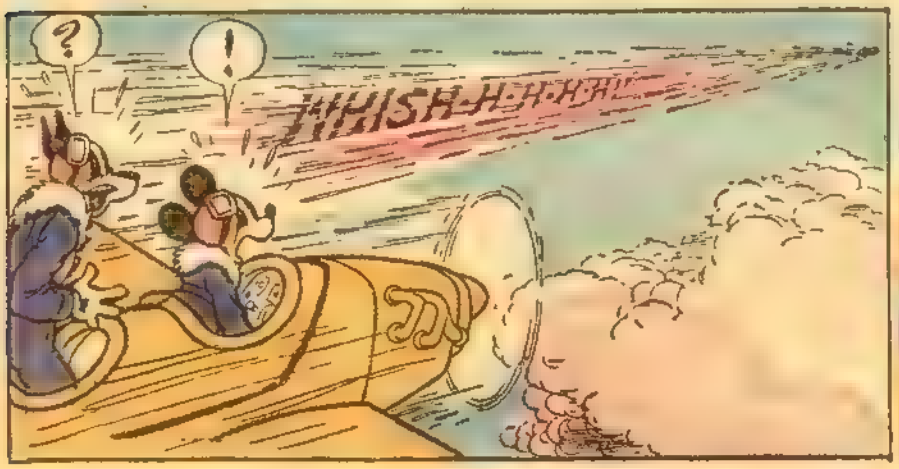


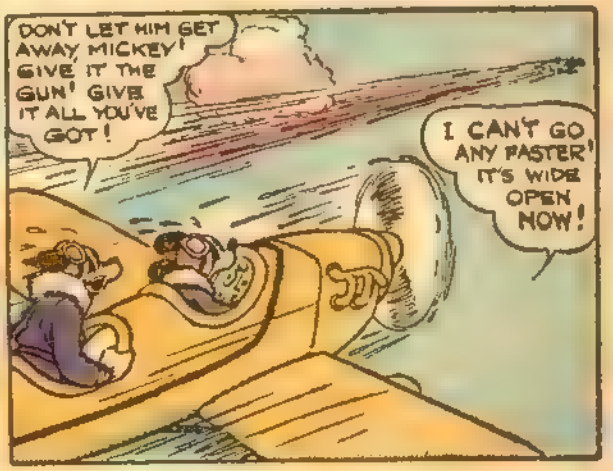


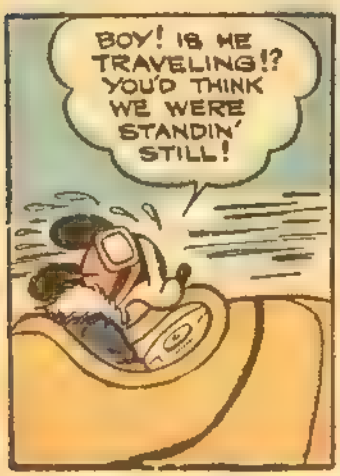


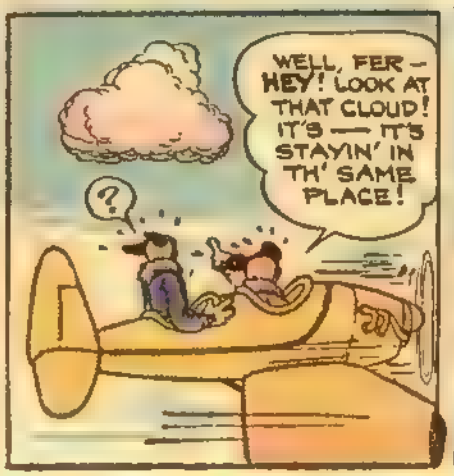


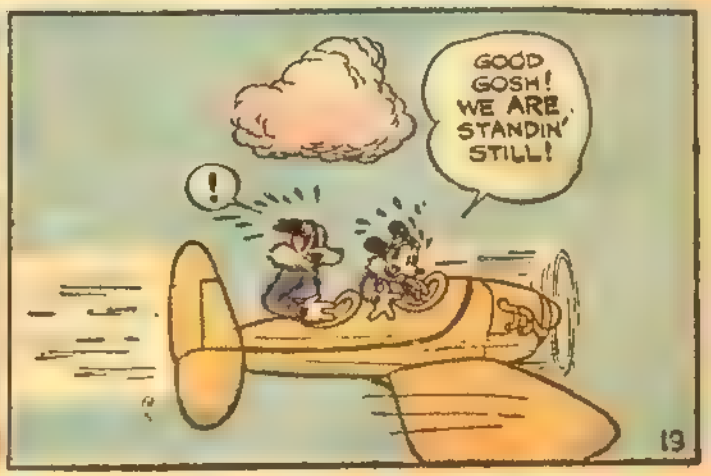




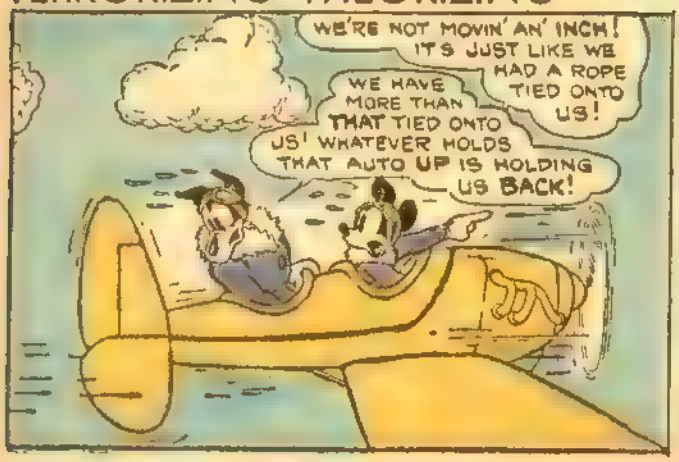


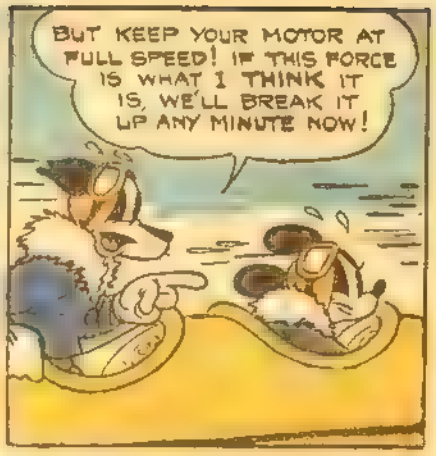


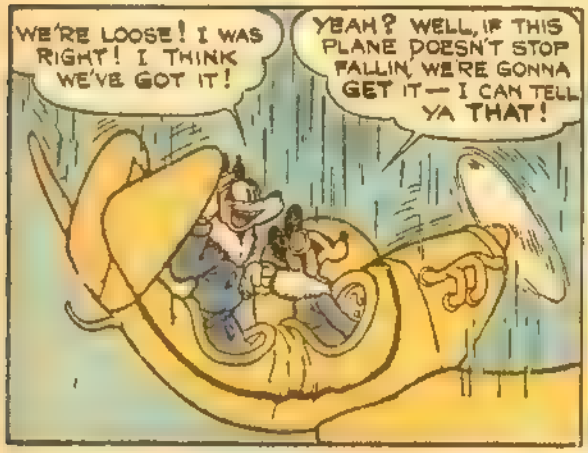


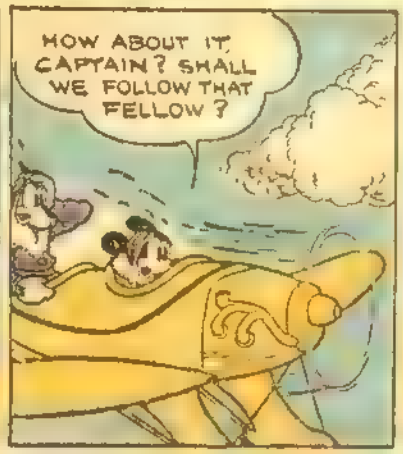


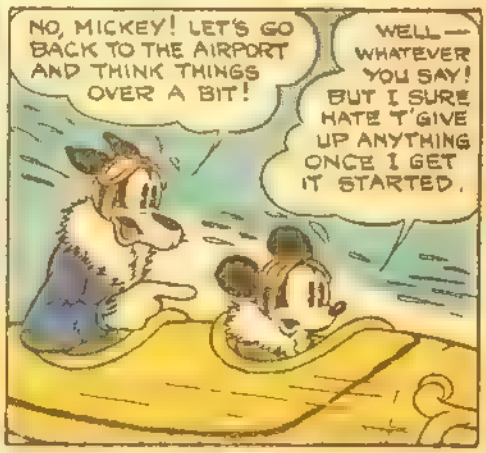
TERRORIZING THEORIZING

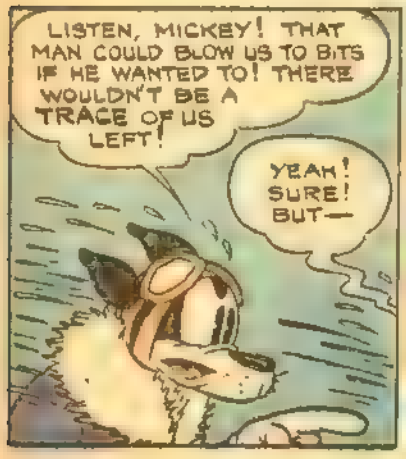




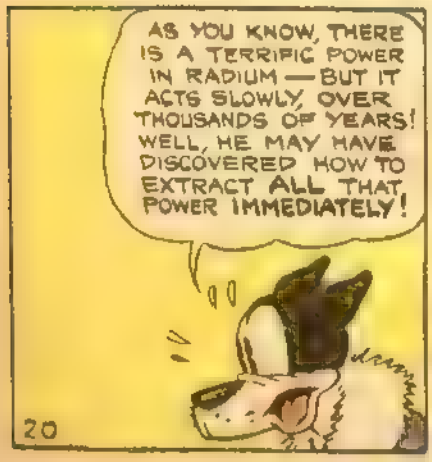


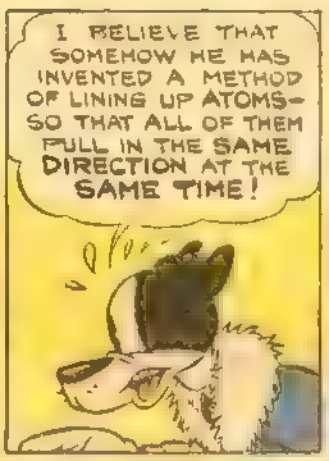


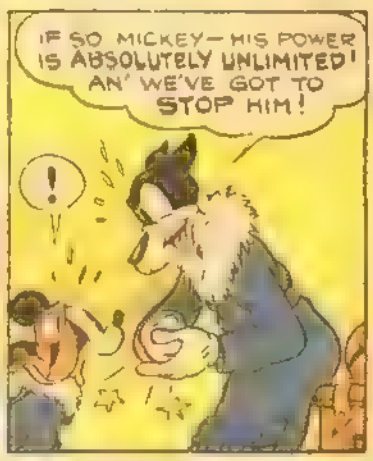




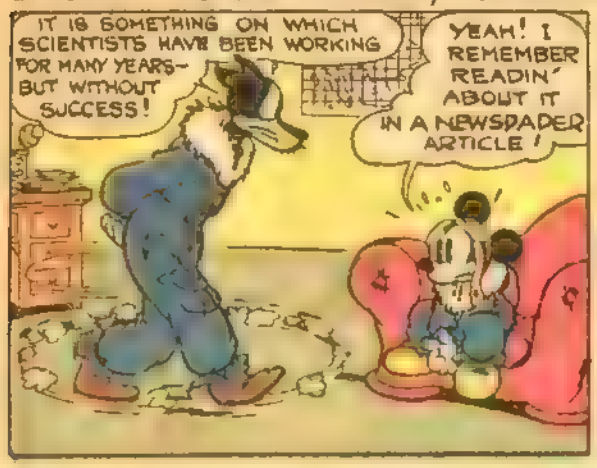
CAPTAIN DOBERMAN OUTLINES HIS THEORIES CONCERNING THE AMAZING NEW POWER DISPLAYED BY THE SCIENTIST!

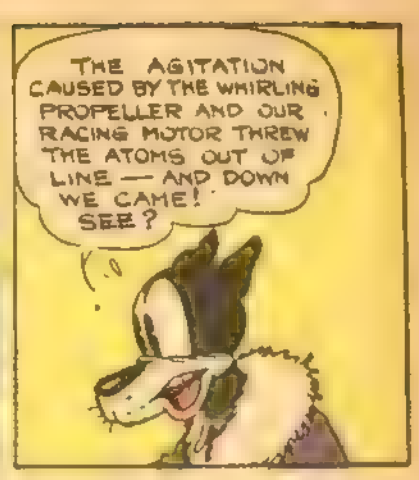


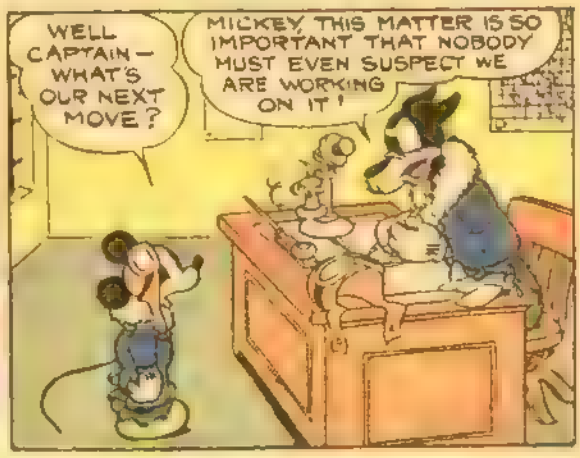


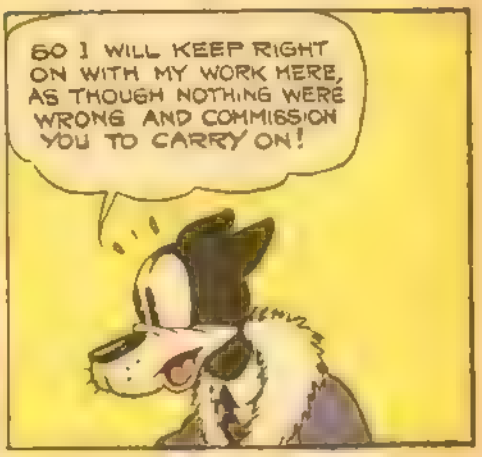


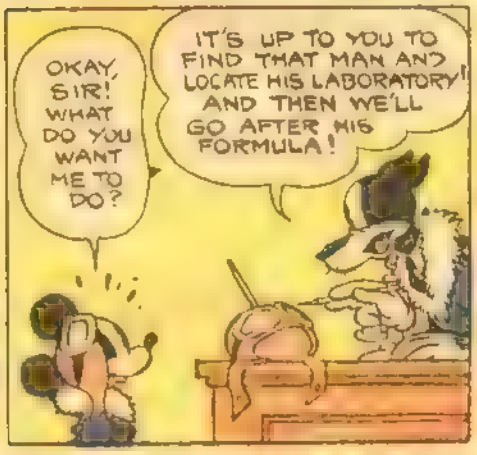
BLOW YOUR HORN, GABRIEL!

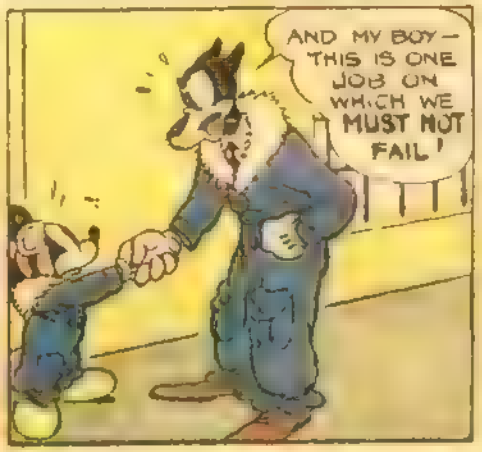


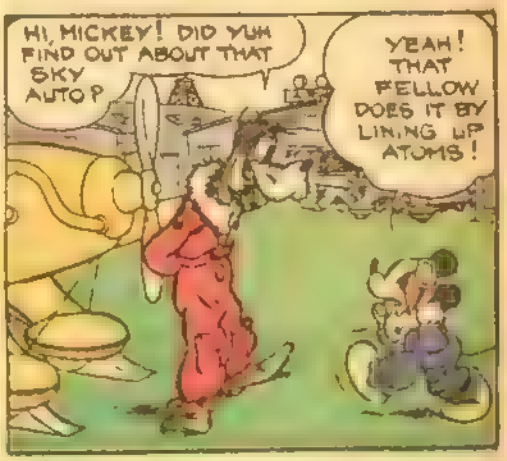


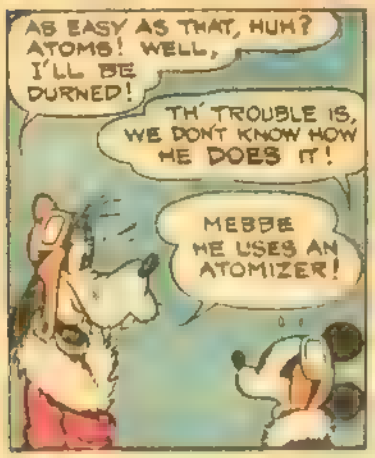


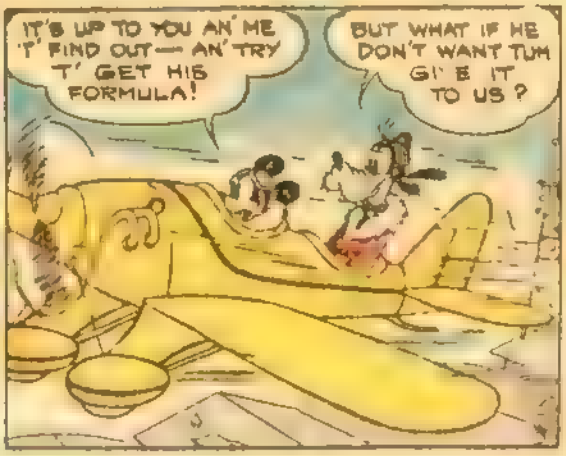


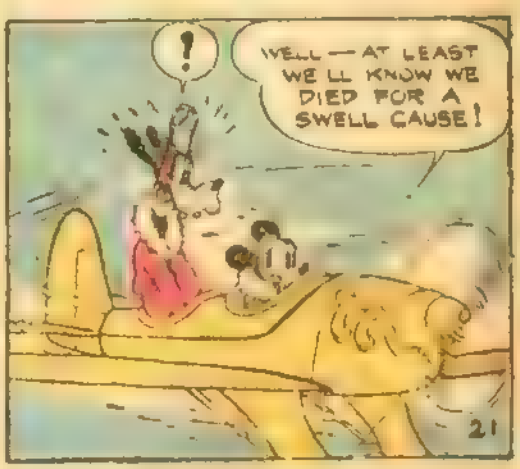




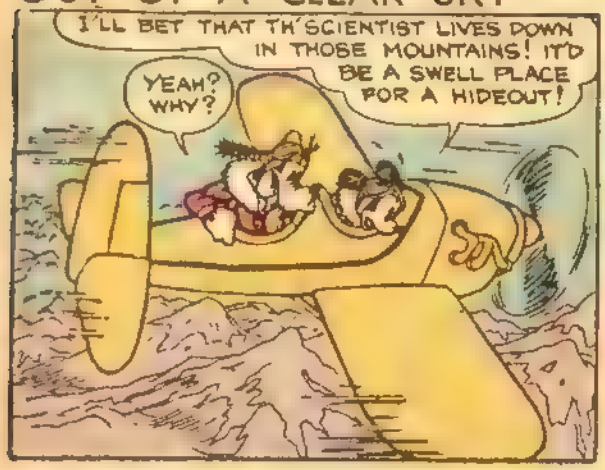


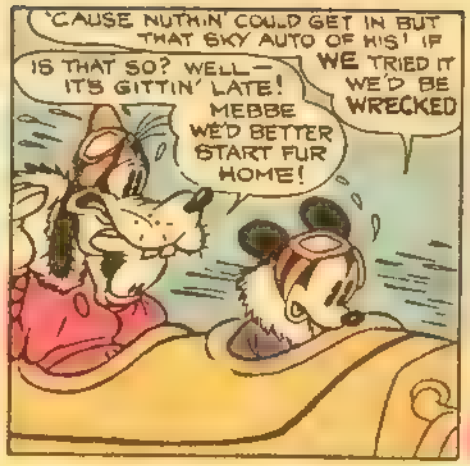


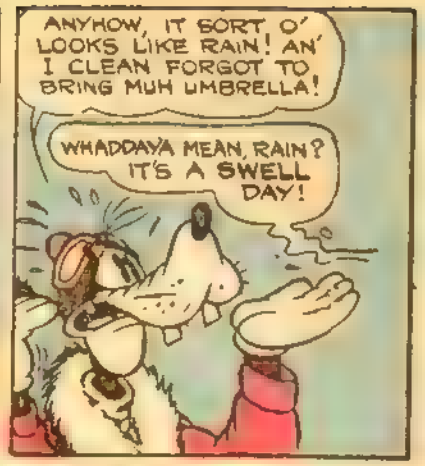


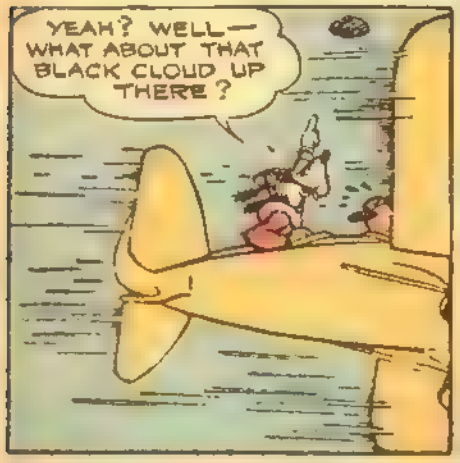


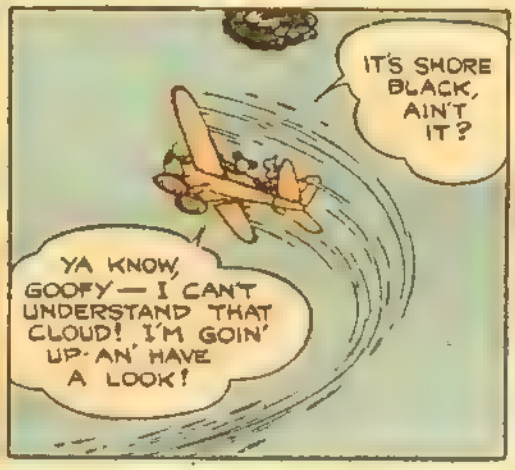
OUT OF A CLEAR SKY

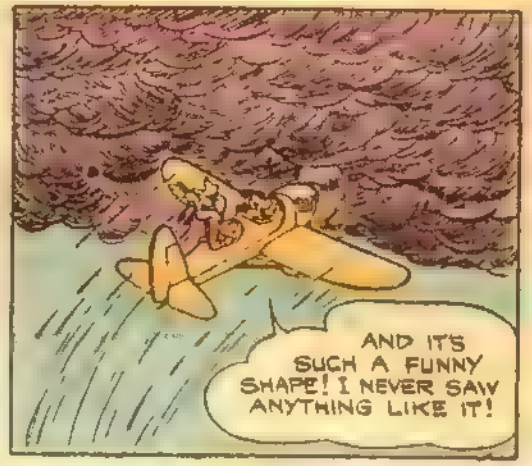


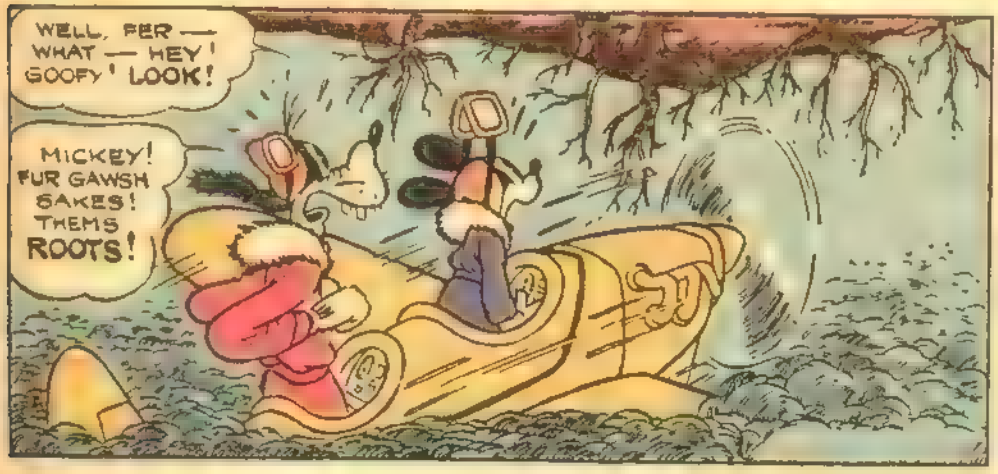


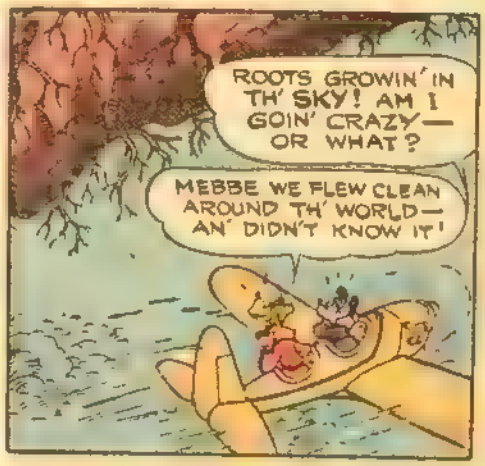


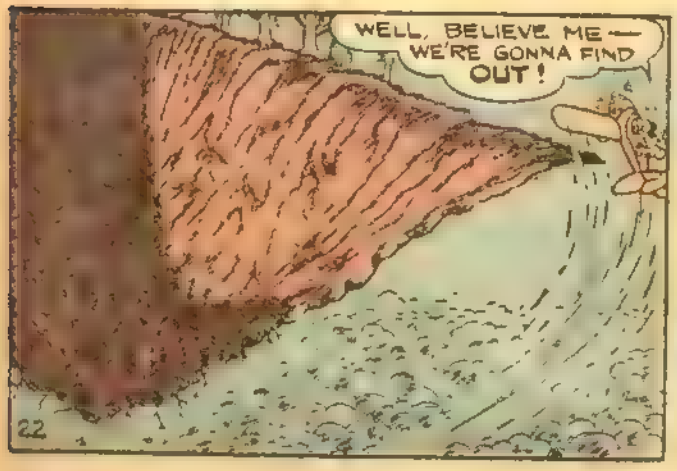


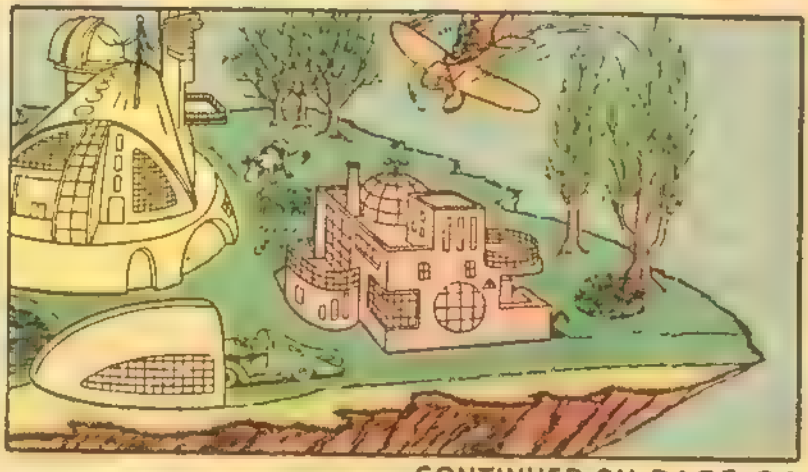












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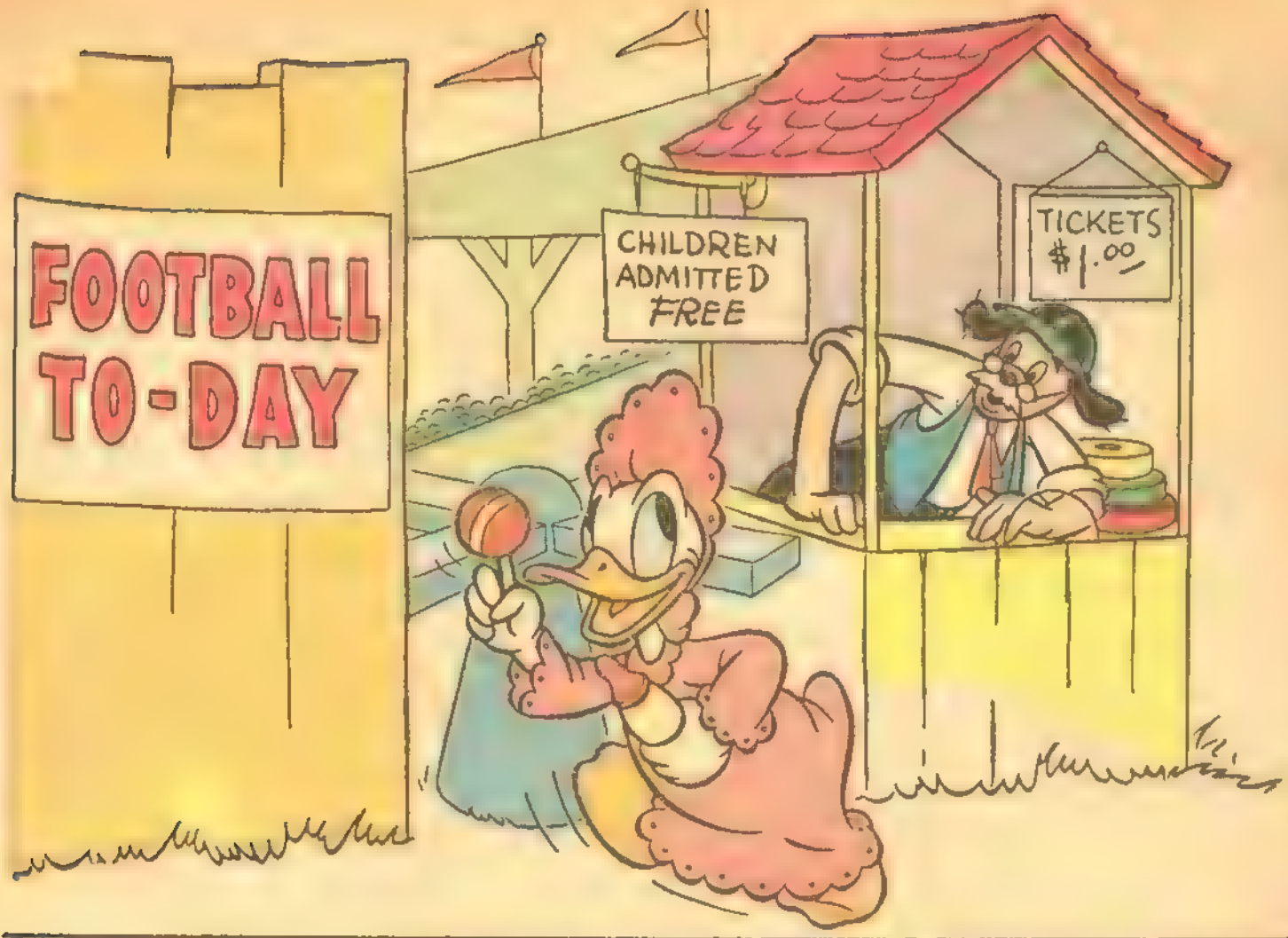


I BITE—DO YOU?

1.—What is it belongs only to you, but is used much more often by others?

2.—What's worth more—an old five dollar bill or a new one?

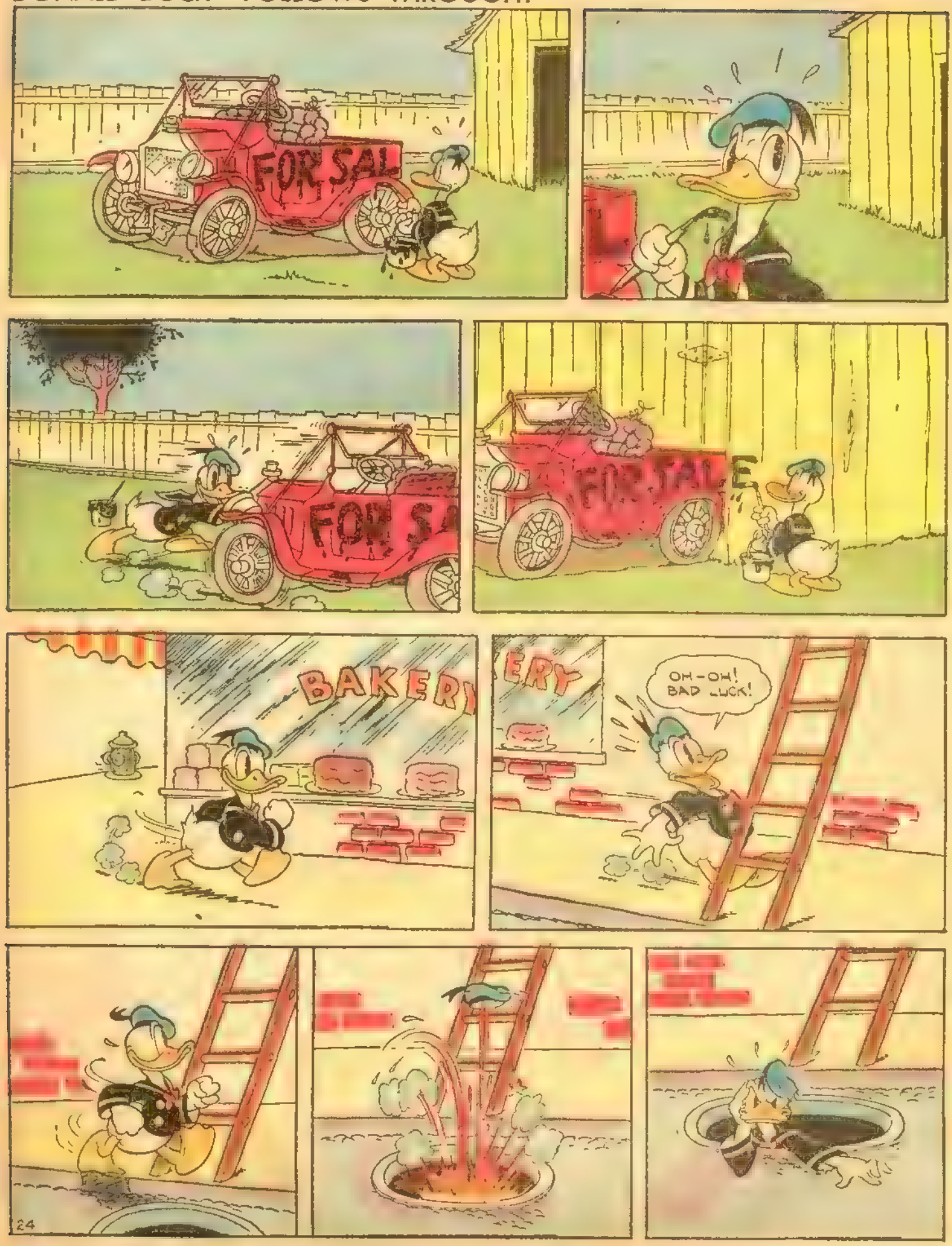
3.—How do you raise strawberries?

4.—What has no feet, no beak, no wings, yet flies all around?

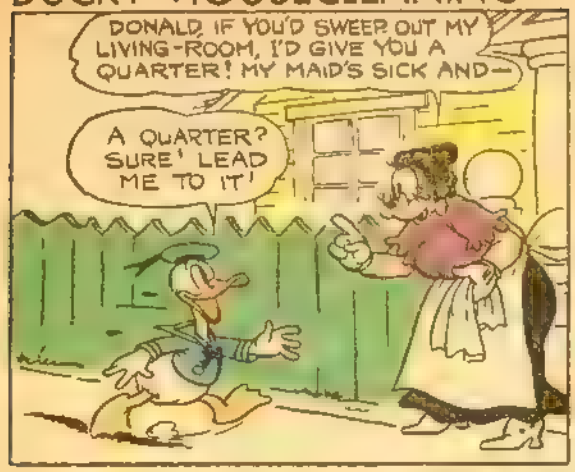
5.—What relation is a door-mat to a door sill?

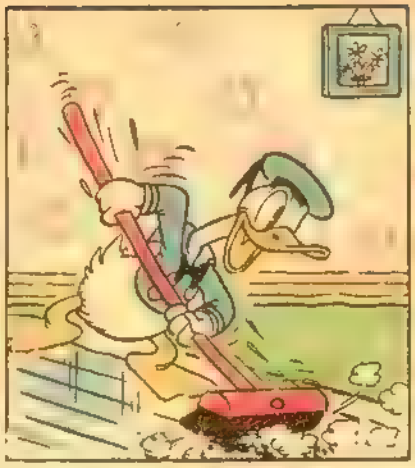
Answers on page 42

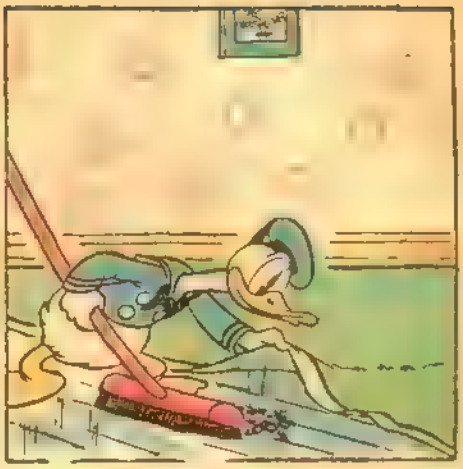
DONALD DUCK—"FOLLOWS" THROUGH!

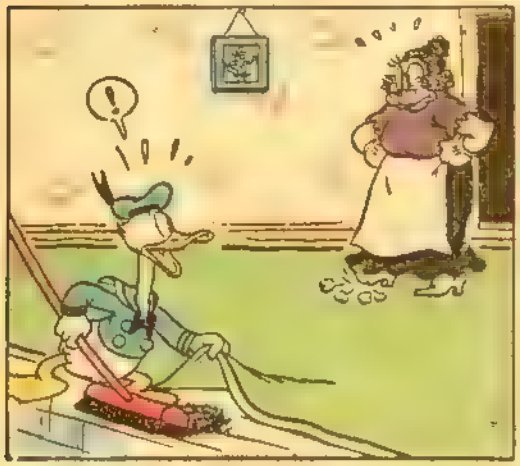


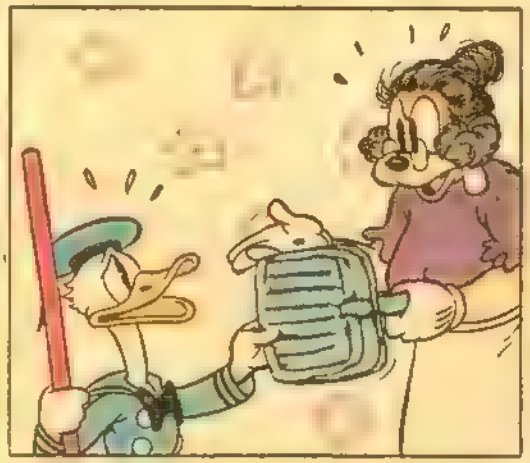
DUCKY HOUSECLEANING

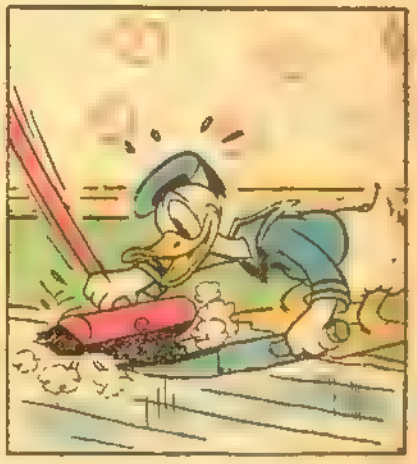


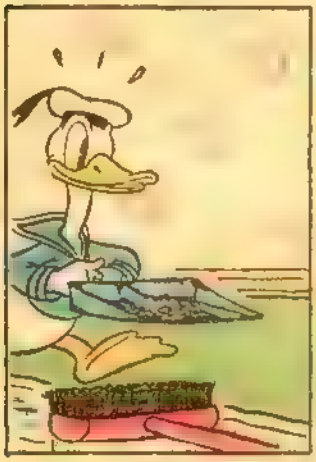


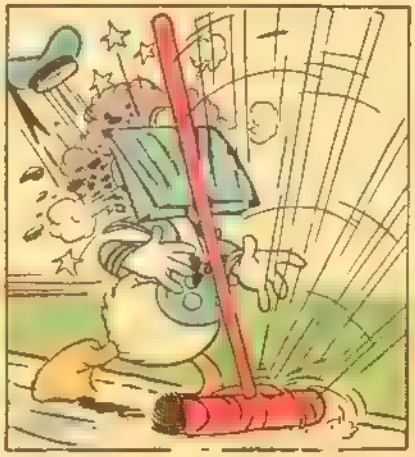


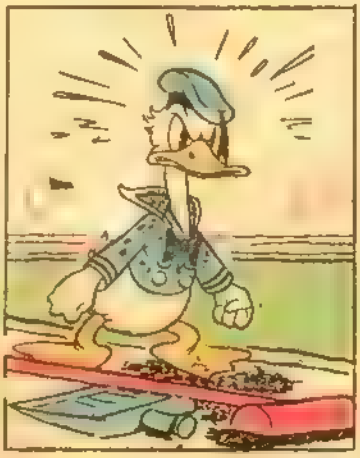


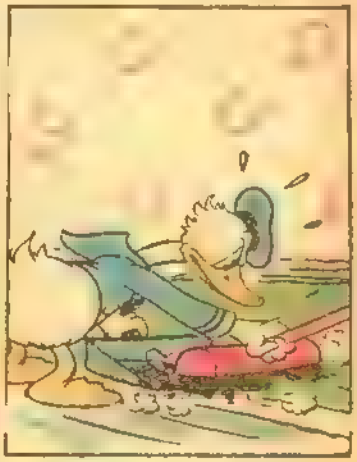


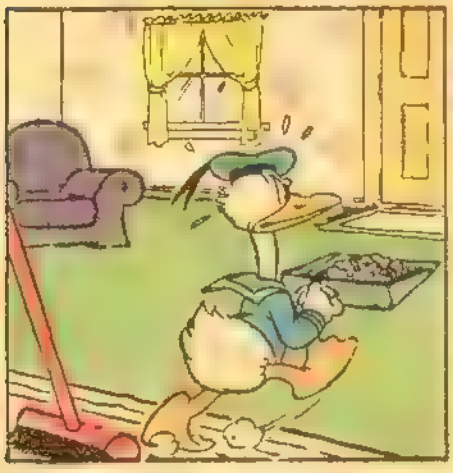


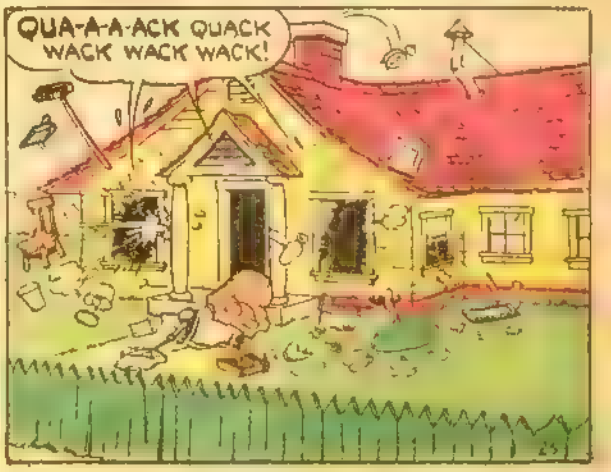


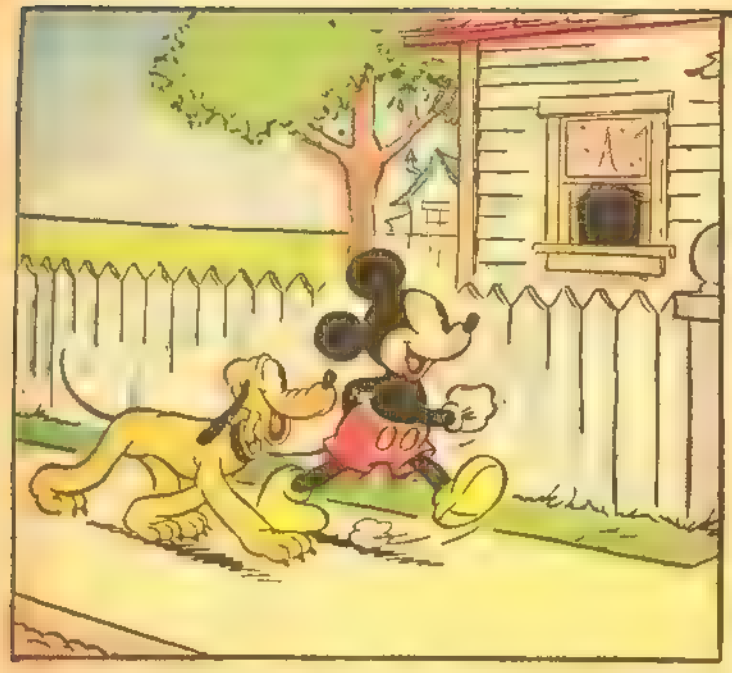


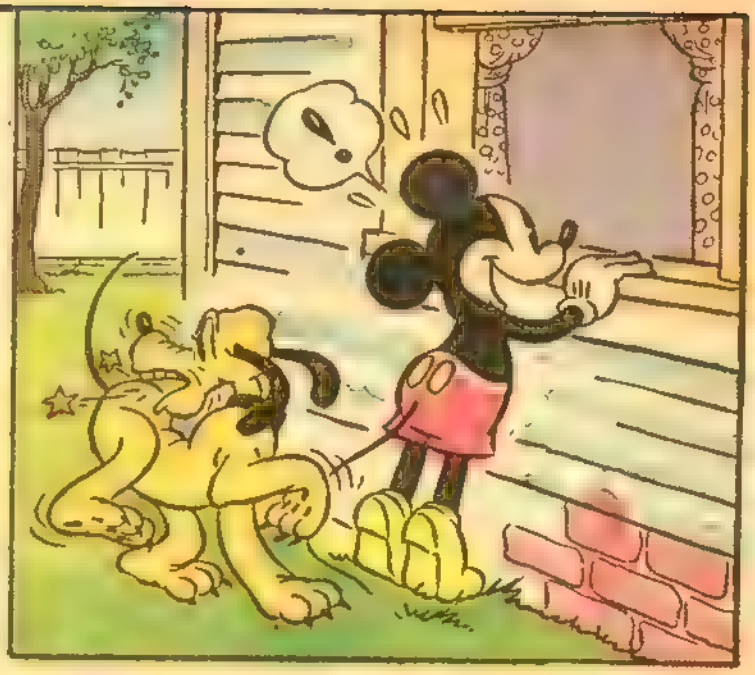












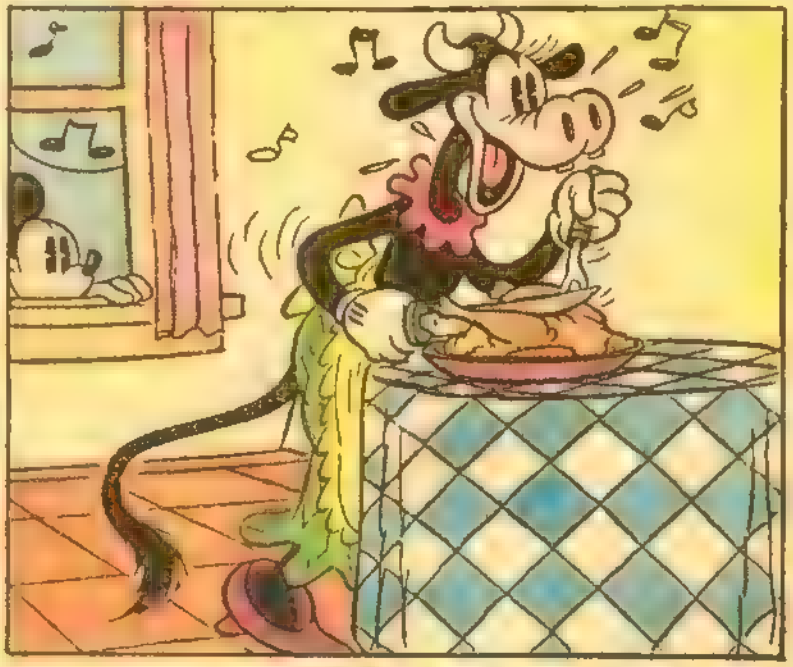
Clarabelle's Dinner Talks

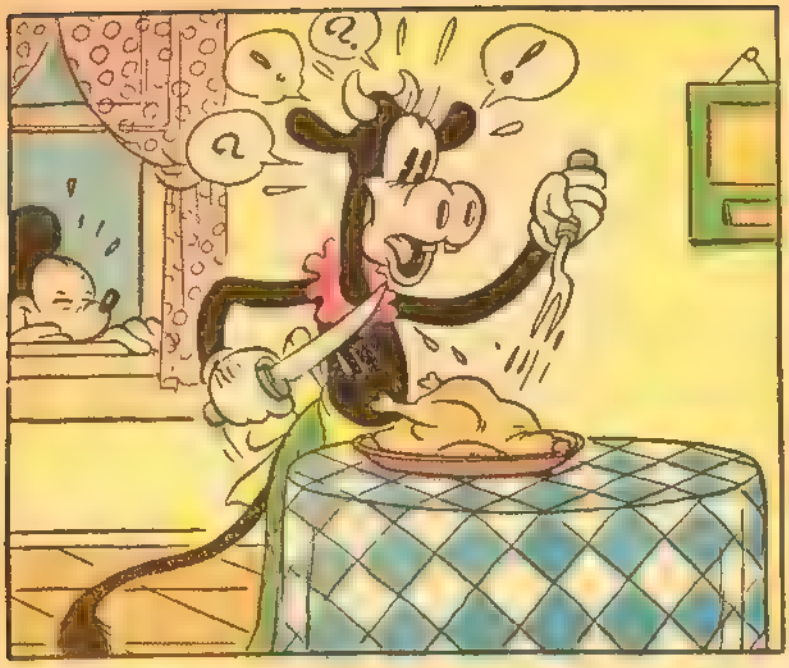
Mickey had just learned ventriloquism, and he was having lots of fun throwing his voice behind fences and up in trees and down in his shoes. But it was more fun to watch the surprised look on other people's faces when they heard strange voices coming from nowhere.

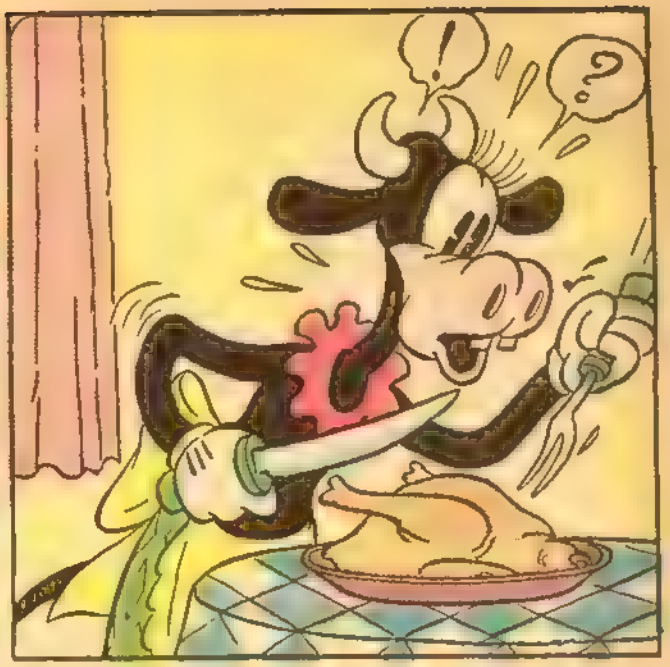
"Let's go over and see Clarabelle," he said to Pluto. "We'll try our ventriloquism on her. She'll probably throw a swell fit. She always gets excited over things."

So over to Clarabelle's they went. Mickey was delighted when he peeked in through the window. Clarabelle was just getting ready to carve a chicken and she was singing happily to herself.

"La Moooor, Toujours, La Moooor!" Clarabelle sang in her highest soprano, as she started to carve the chicken. "Love Now at La-a-ast You've Found Me—"







Just then the chicken said "Ouch!"

Clarabelle jumped back quickly, and gazed at her dinner in astonishment.

"Land Sakes! I must be dreamin'!" she said in awed tones. "I would o' sworn that chicken—"

In experiment, Clarabelle gingerly touched the bird with the knife again.

"Hey, look out what you're doin'!" the chicken shouted.

Clarabelle dropped the knife and leaped back. With eyes wide with fright, she gazed at her nicely cooked dinner.

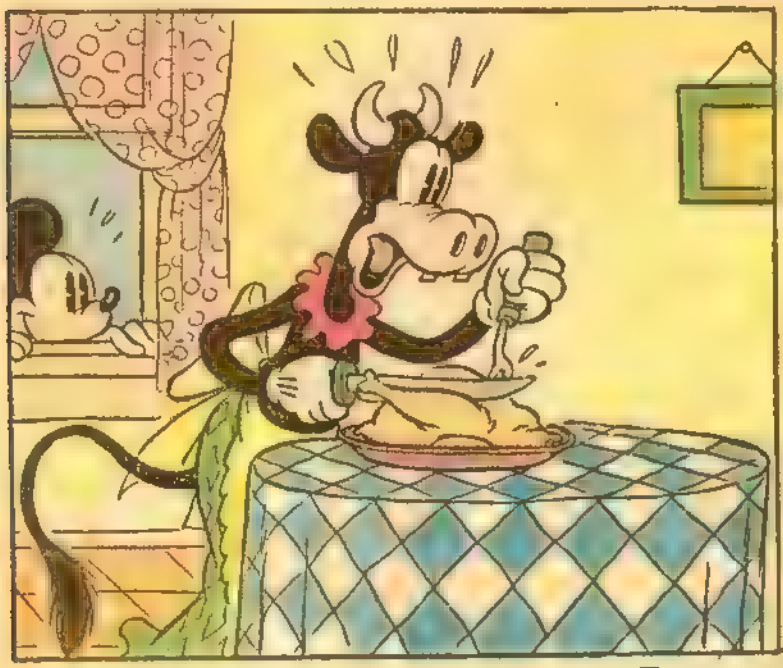
"Haven't you got any better sense than to go around pokin' knives into people?" it demanded angrily.

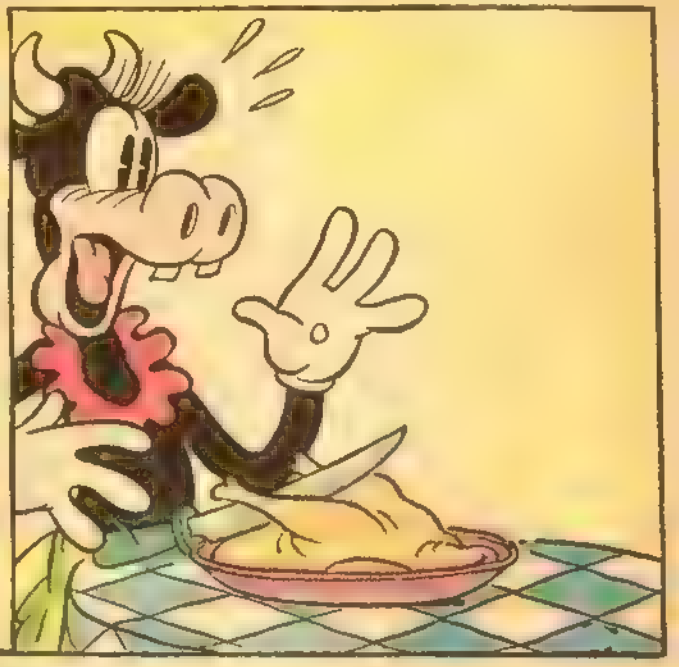
Clarabelle threw up her hands in terror. Her face turned pale and she trembled like a leaf.

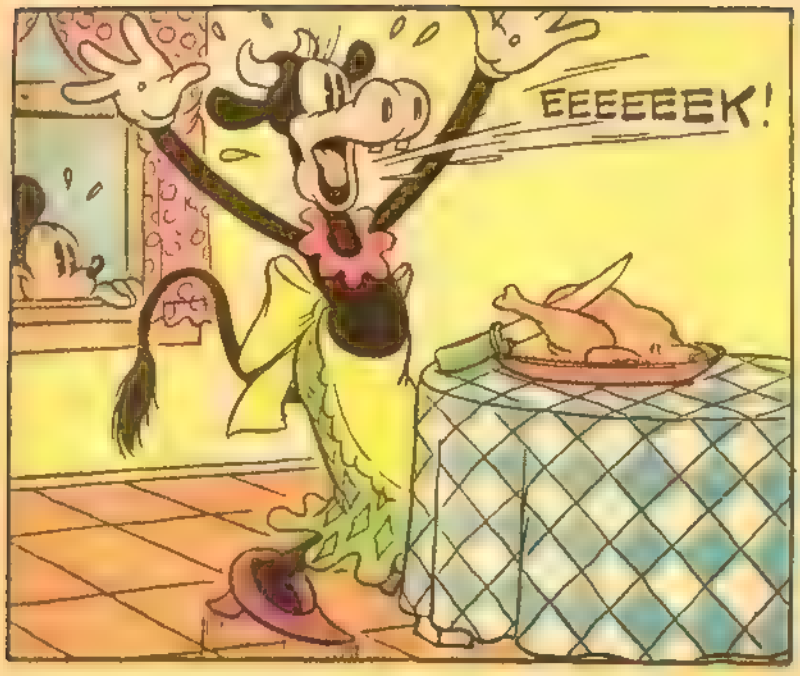
"EEEEEEK!" she screamed.

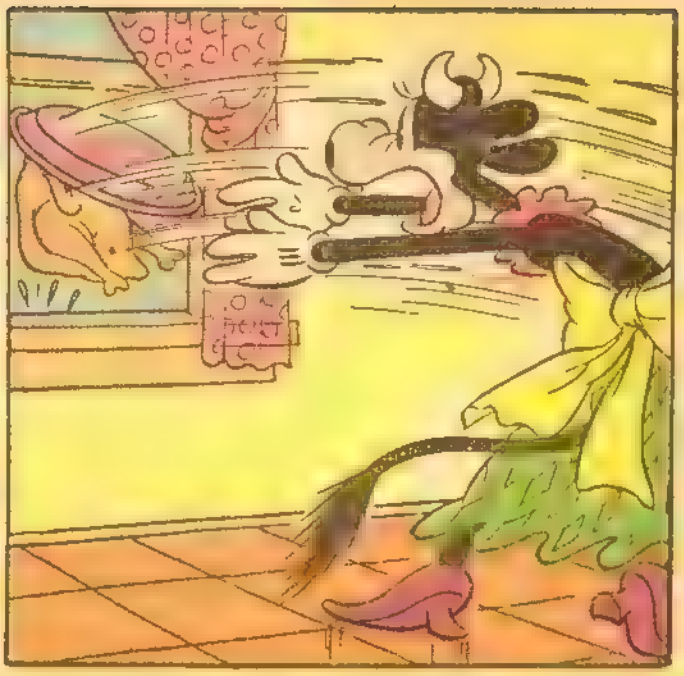
The bird scolded, "You oughta be ASHAMED o' yerself. How would you like a knife stuck in you!"

That was too much for poor Clarabelle. She picked up the platter and all and tossed the whole thing out of the window.









Mickey and Pluto, lurking outside the window and peering in, had enjoyed the scene. Mickey had had to hold his hand over Pluto's mouth so that Pluto would be quiet.

Now as the chicken sailed out of the window, Mickey made a quick grab for it. He caught it by a drumstick. He had not meant to make Clarabelle throw her dinner away, so he climbed up into the window and offered her the chicken.

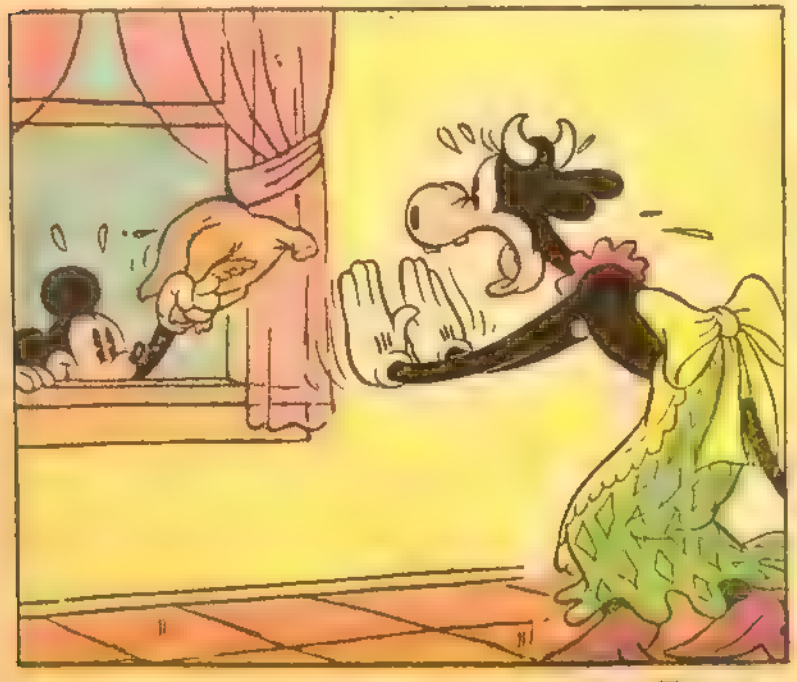
"Listen, Clarabelle," he said, "this chicken's okay. It doesn't really talk."

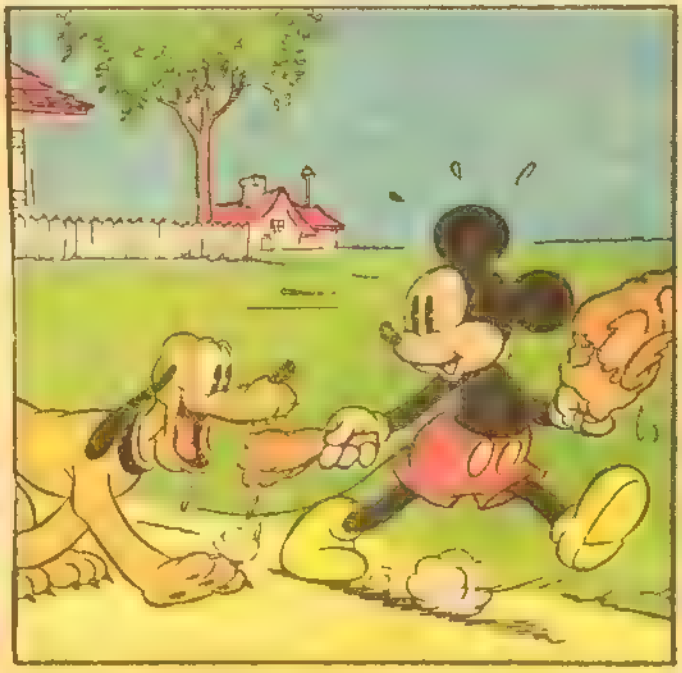
"Take it away!" Clarabelle screamed.

"But it was just a gag, Clarabelle, I was just havin', some fun," Mickey explained. "Don't be mad, but I was doing the talking. It only sounded like it came from the chicken."

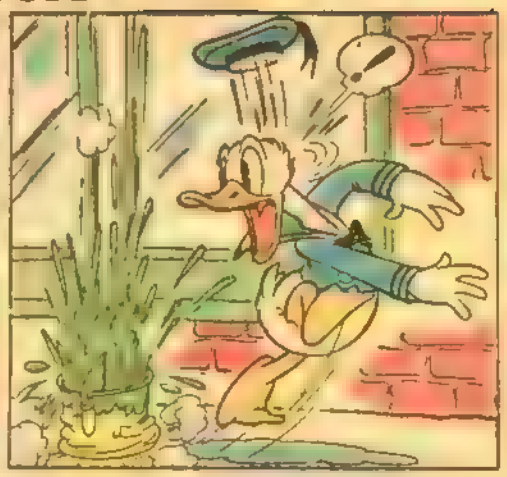
"Take it away!" Clarabelle shrieked again. She was beside herself with fear, and would not listen to Mickey. "I never want to SEE it again—take it away, QUICK!"

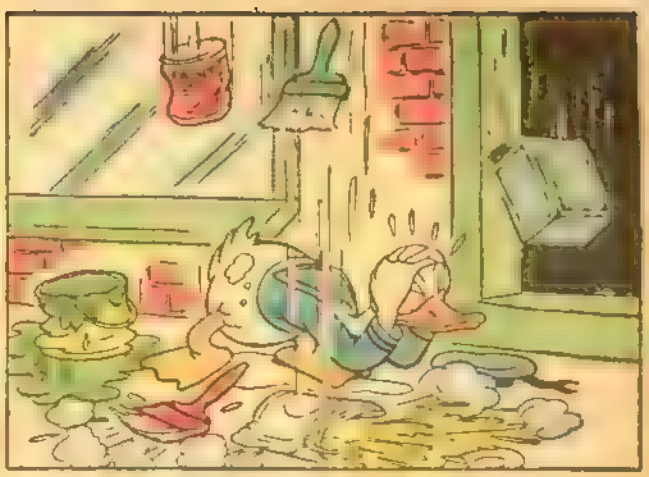
So Mickey took the chicken away. Down the street he and Pluto went, happily stuffing Clarabelle's dinner into their mouths.

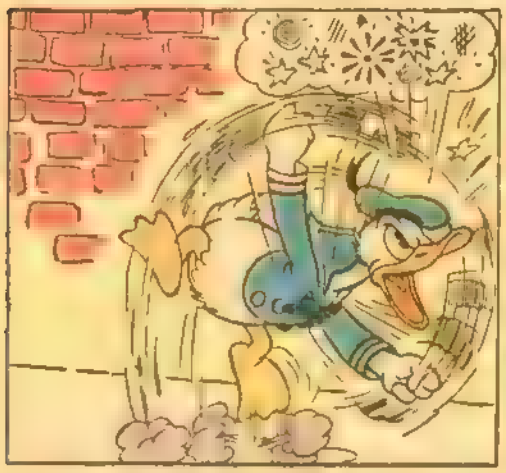


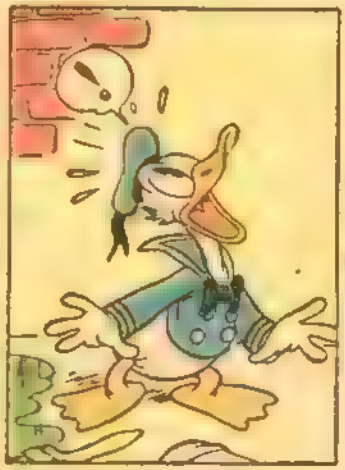


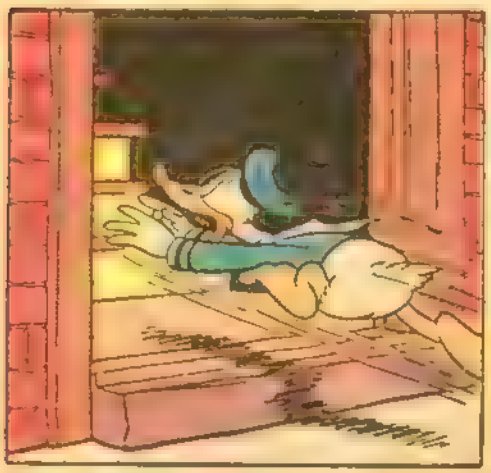
A TICKLISH RESCUE

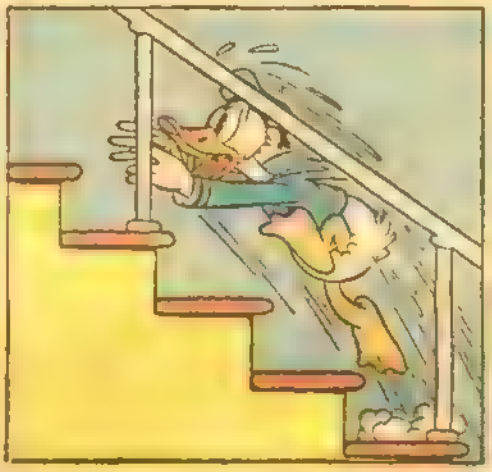


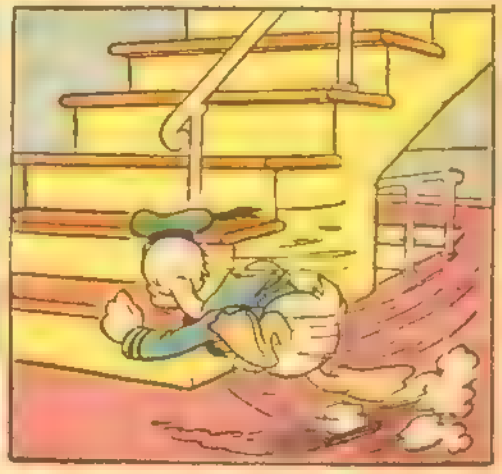


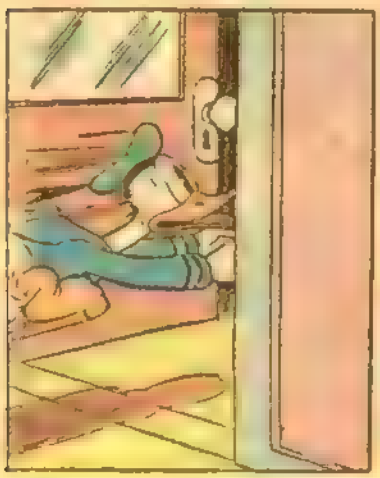


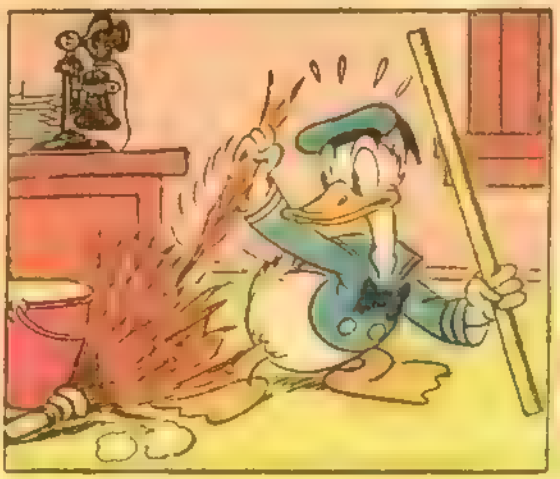












Water Babies *from the*

Four plump, merry water babies were playing tag with their friend, Filip Finn, in the clear blue soft waters of a far-away lagoon.

"You can't catch me!" the jolly fish cried, leaping high into the air.

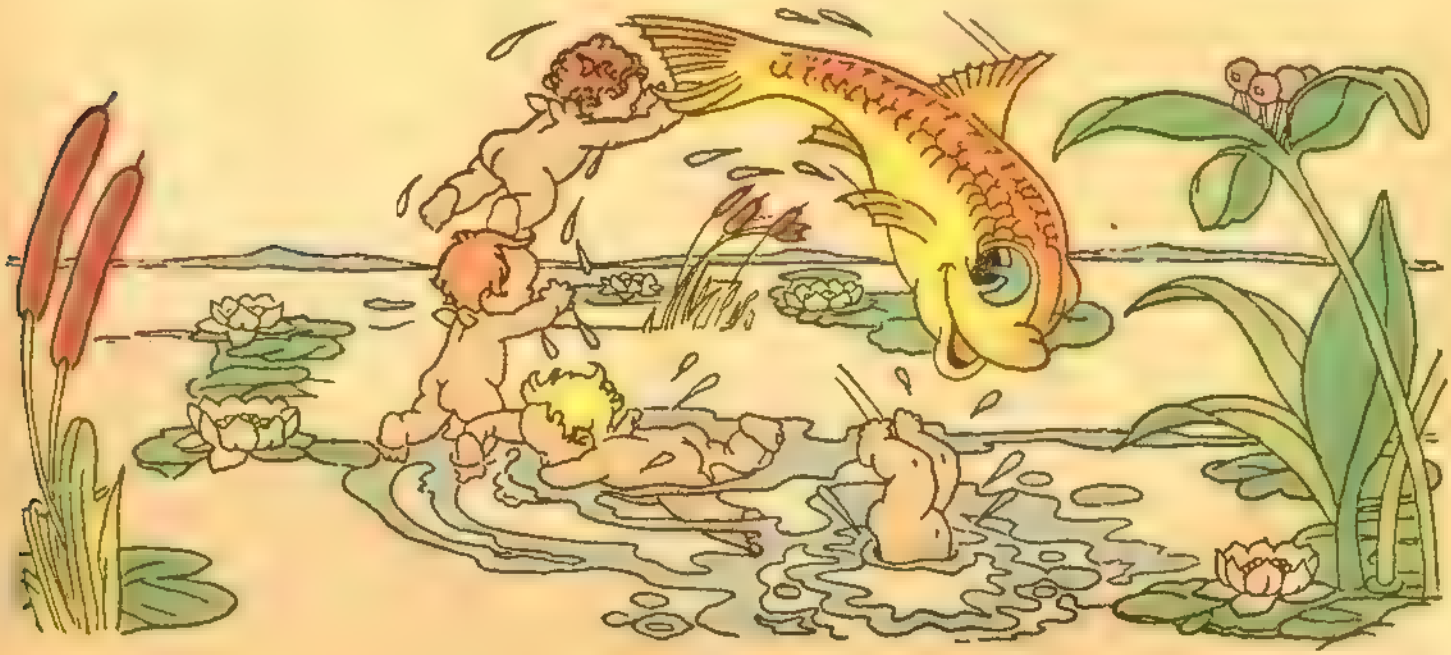
Quickly little Ah-ah, the water baby, jumped. But his chubby hands missed the shining scales of the fish and he plunged, face downward, with a splash, into the warm water.

Small Bee-bee leaped higher and grabbed Filip Finn's slippery tail, while his tiny brothers, Cee-cee and Dee-dee, swam and jumped close behind him.

It was a merry game they played. Filip Finn enjoyed it as much as the water babies did. Of course, he could leap much higher than the water babies could jump, but most of the time he let them catch him. Once in a while, he would leap just a little higher, and then the water babies would go kerplash into the warm clear water. And how they would shout and laugh.

All day the four water babies and their small brothers, sisters and cousins romped and played in the smooth waters. The air rang with their happy voices and gay laughter. Their friends, the frogs who lived in the rushes and the fish whose houses were on the floor of the lagoon, joined them in their merry frolics.

The water babies lived on a beautiful blue lagoon in a country, far away across the sea. Their homes were the smooth, green lily pads which floated on the top of the water. They were very clean little babies. Every day they bathed in the sparkling water beneath the lily pads and dried their plump

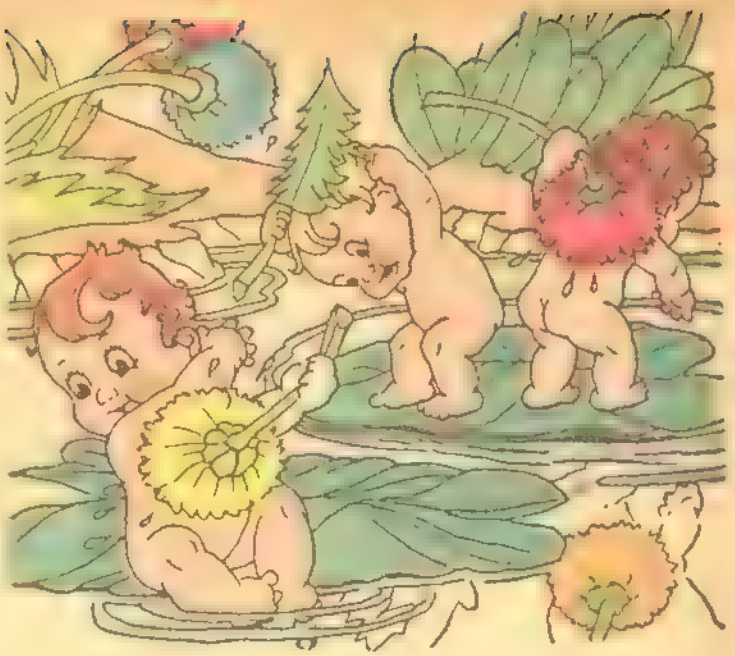


bodies with soft flowers. They combed their curly hair with the jagged edges of water ferns and brushed their small, white teeth with flower stems. The air and water were so soft and warm that they wore no clothes.

They lived a gay and carefree life in their hidden little world. They played all day and they never quarreled. One of their favorite sports was riding the friendly frogs, waving their blossom hats as they sailed through the air on the backs of their jumping, cavorting steeds.

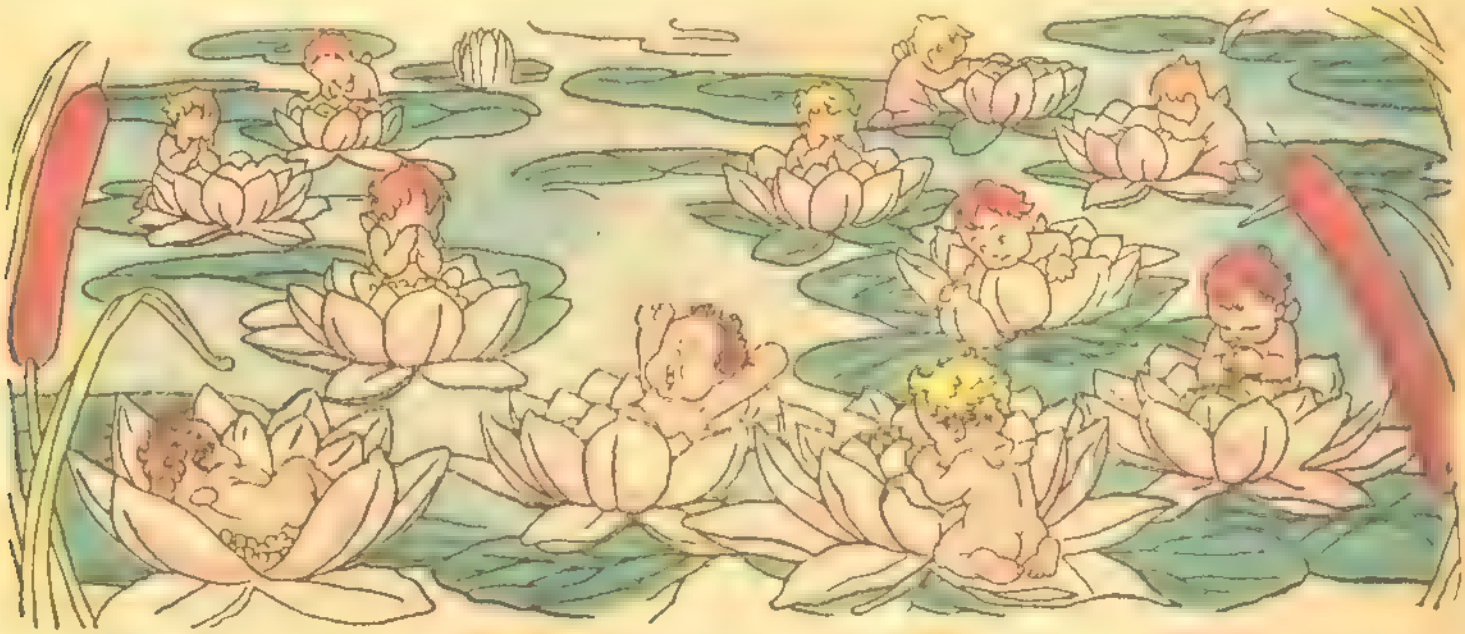
All the water babies loved to swim. They clambered to the tips of the broad leaves of the water flowers and dived gracefully into the clear water of the lagoon. Every day they held swimming races, with Filip Finn or one of his brother fish as timekeeper. Their plump little arms and legs flashed through the water as they swam from one end of the lagoon to the other

The little water babies awakened with the first pink light of dawn to begin their busy, happy day of play and fun. Then, when the sun sank into the sea and the soft purple

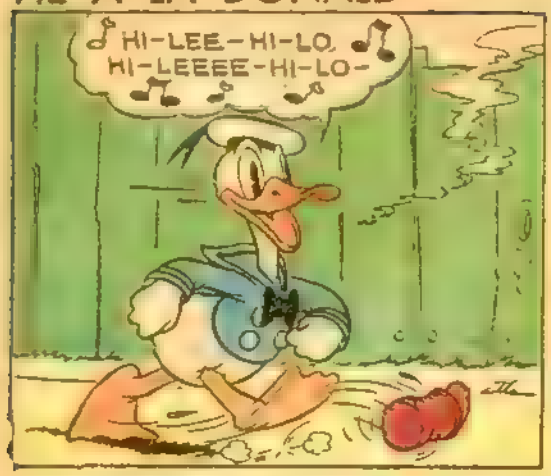


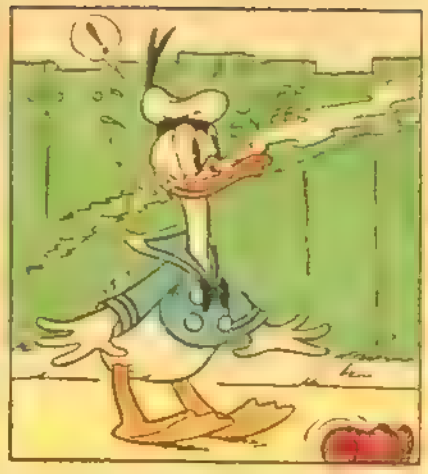
twilight settled over the lagoon, the tired babies swam to their lily pad homes and crept into the hearts of the fragrant flowers. They knelt for a moment, saying their nighttime prayers. Then they curled up in their soft flower beds and soon they were in dreamland.

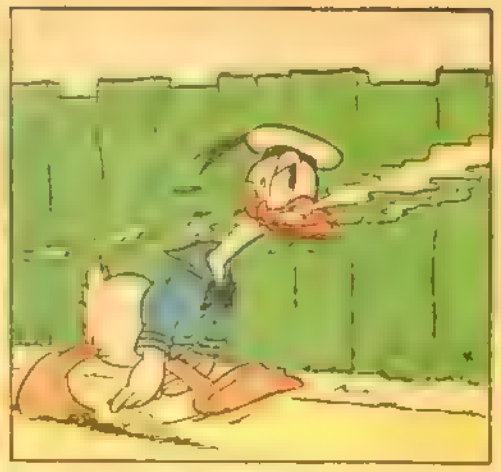
When darkness came, the lagoon was silent, except for the gentle rippling of the water and the soft murmur of the breeze. The water babies slept, dreaming happily of the morrow and of all the fun which they would have.

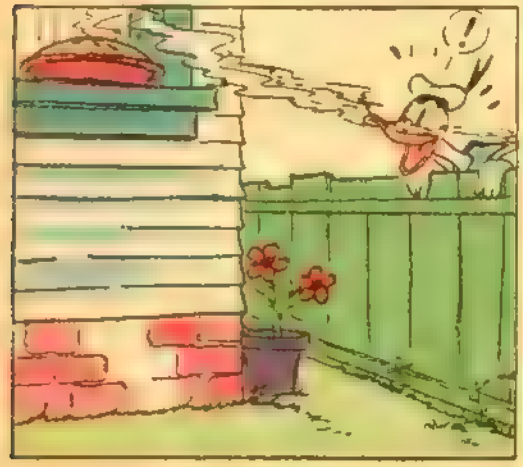


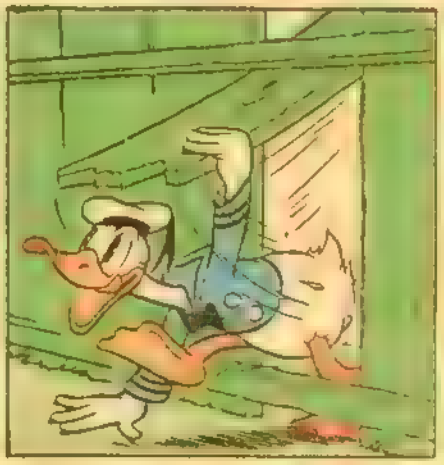
PIE A LA DONALD

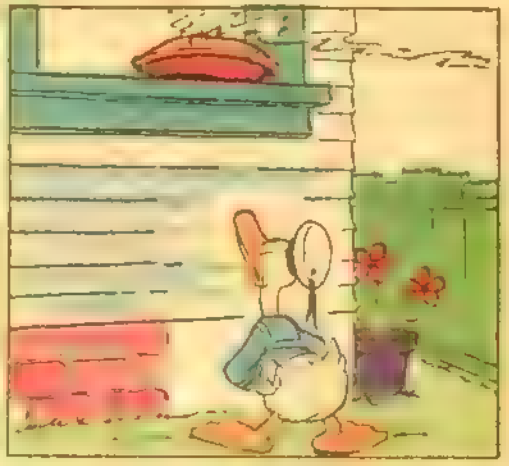


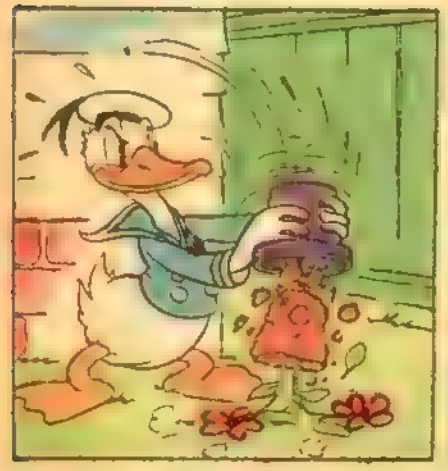


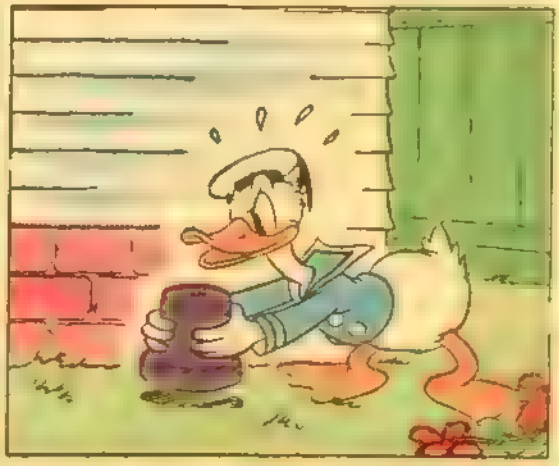


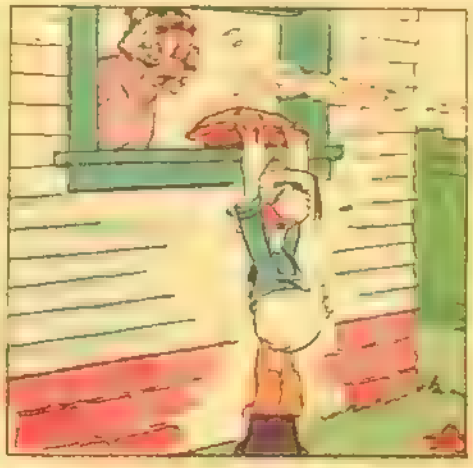


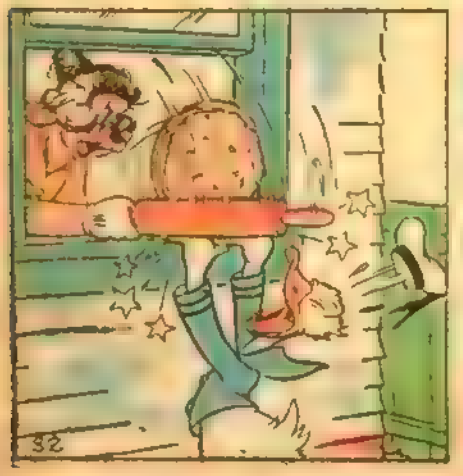


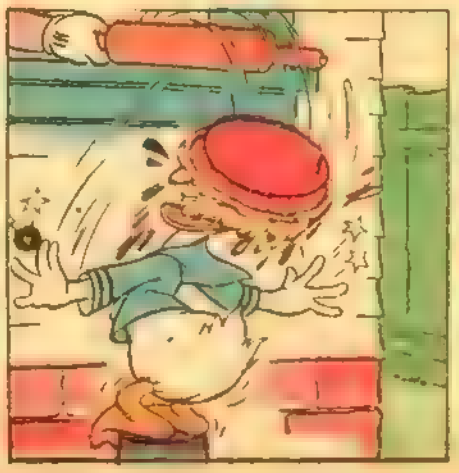


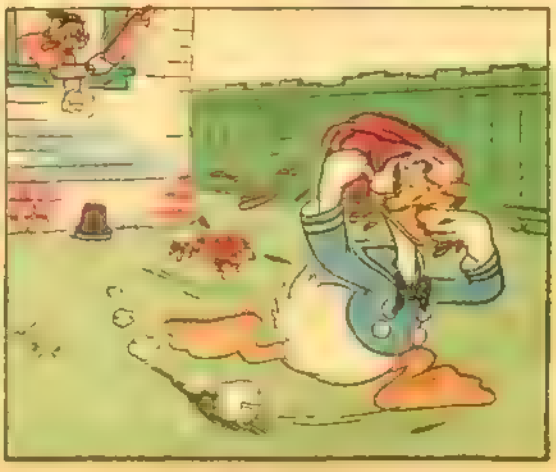




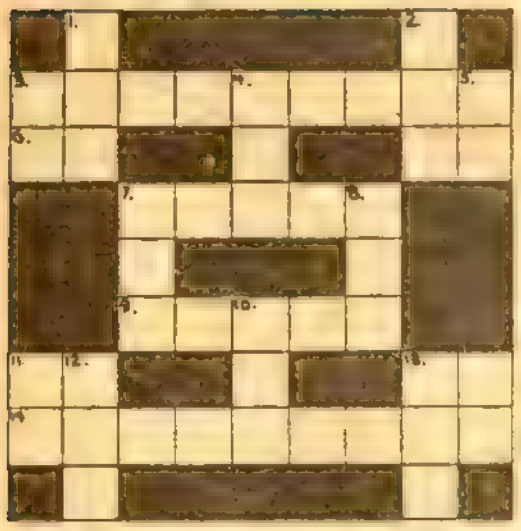








A HALLOWE'EN PUZZLE



(Every word used in this puzzle can be found in the story on this page.)

ACROSS

3. The last night in Oct.
6. Preposition
7. The woman who rides on Hallowe'en
9. What she rides on
1. Preposition
.3. "Oo—," said the witch
14. Jack———

DOWN

1. A four-footed animal
2. The number of fingers you have
3. Exclamation
4. Not in
5. Opposite of yes
7. What a spider spins
8. Pronoun
10. Often
11. "—aa," said the witch
12. Soar
13. Conjunction

Answer on page 42

It was Hallowe'en. The old witch picked up her cape made of black cloth and flung it around her shoulders.

"It is ten o'clock," she said. "Time for me to fly up to the moon." Then she picked up her broom and two Jack-o'-lanterns and called her black cat to her. "Come out with me," she said. "Let us fly together. We shall have a glorious ride."

"Ha!" exclaimed the cat. "Not I! Oft have I gone, and each time caught my foot in the cobwebs on the moon. No, thank you."

"I shall go without him," said the witch to herself, and mounting her broomstick, out she went.

"Oo-aa, oo-aa," she shouted, as she rode higher and higher and higher up into the air toward the moon. "Oo-aa, oo-aa, what a grand time I have."

All night long she rode, way up to the moon and back, while her black cat dozed happily by the fire.

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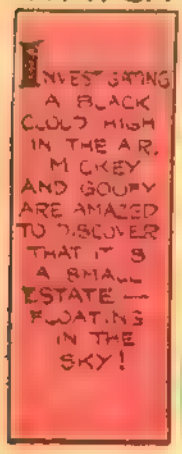
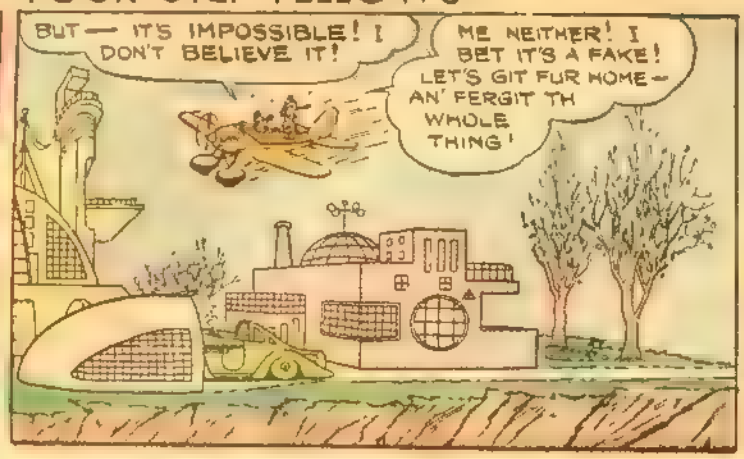
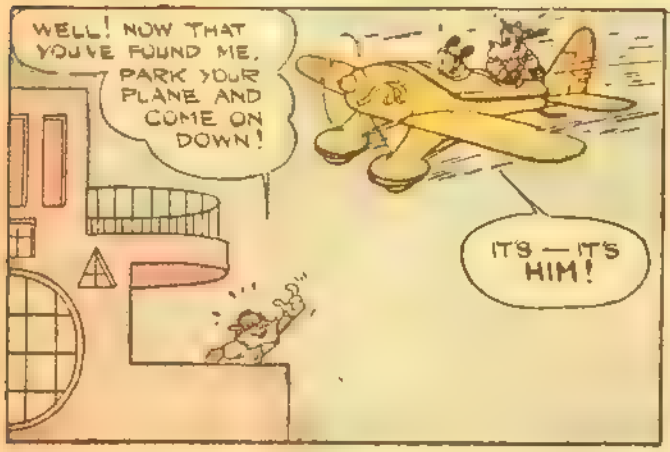
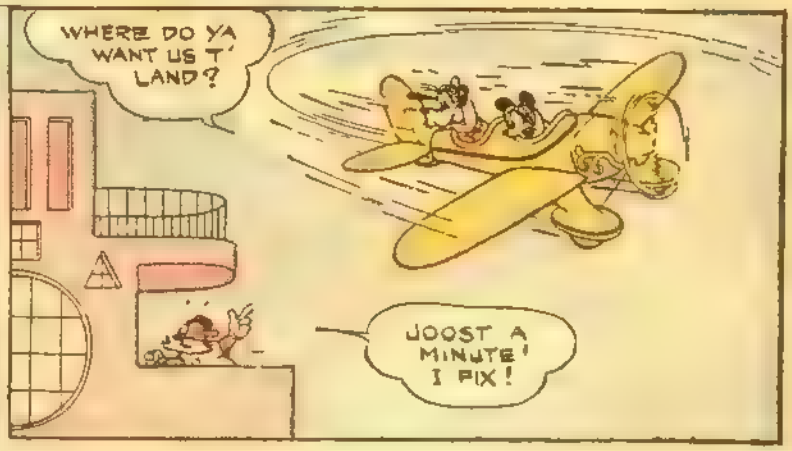
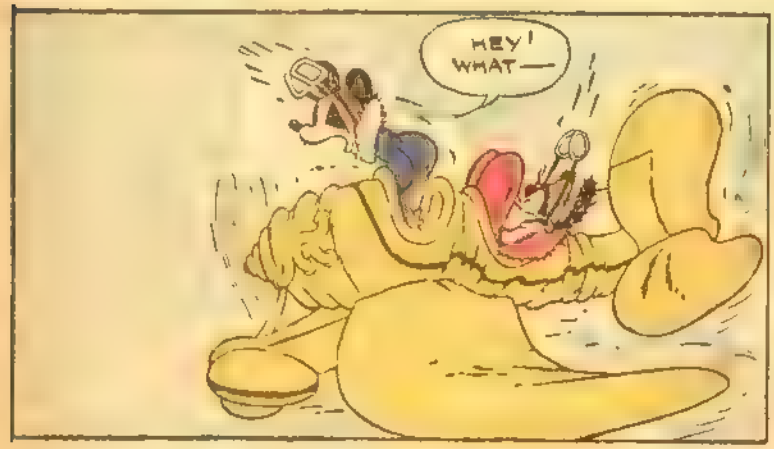
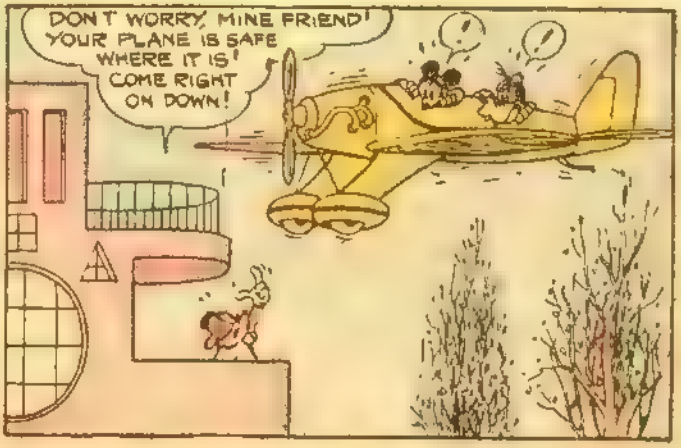


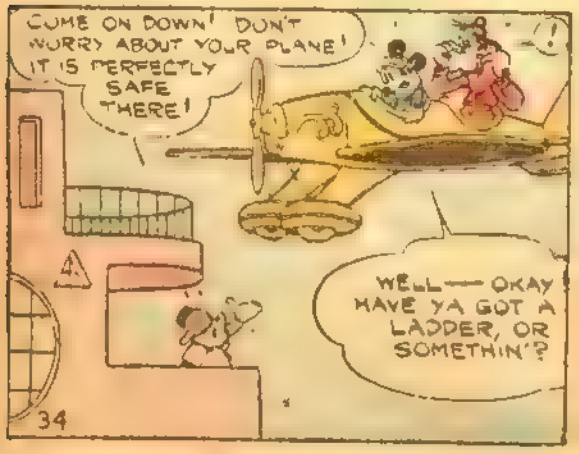




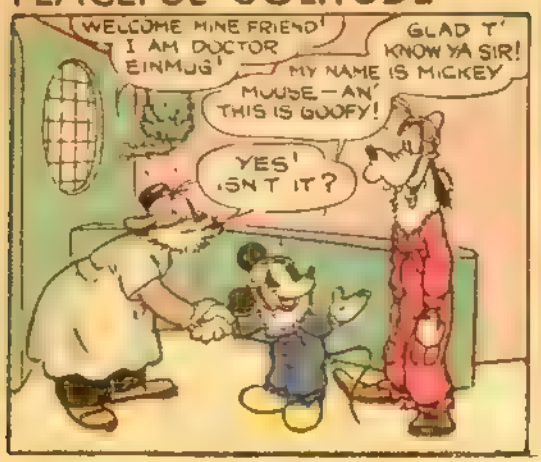


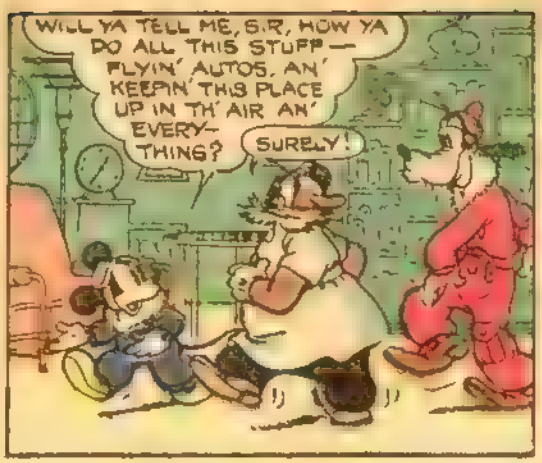


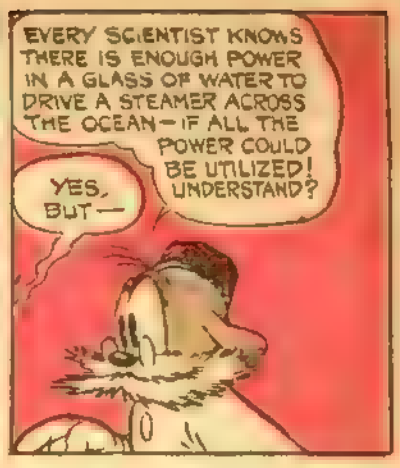


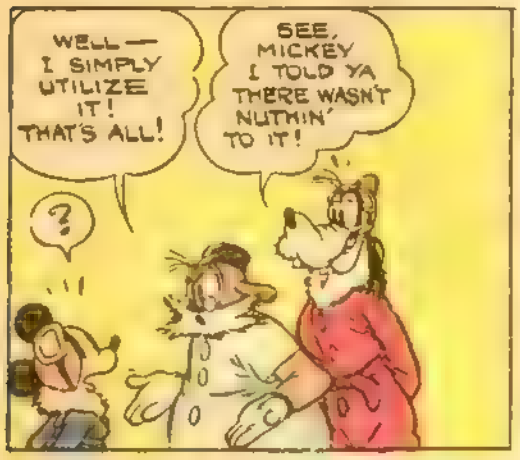


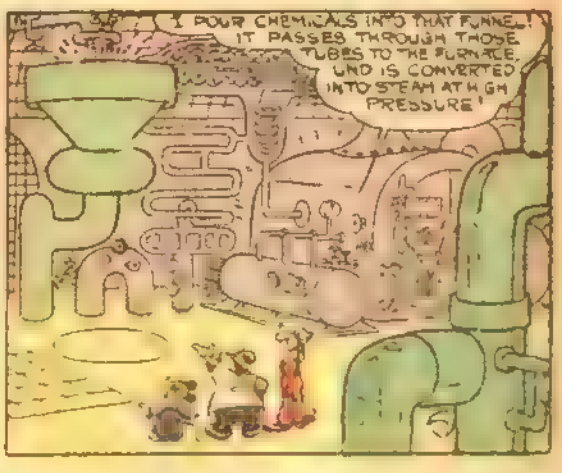
PEACEFUL SOLITUDE

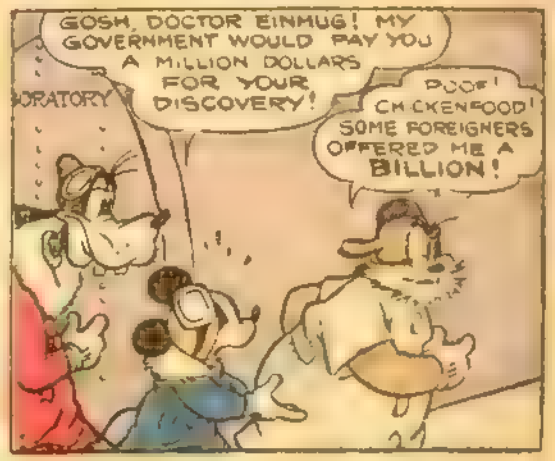


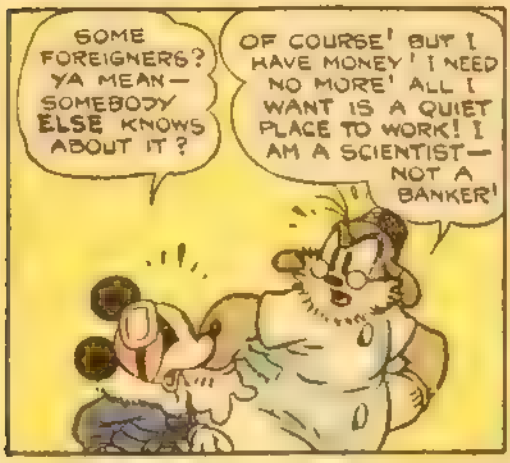


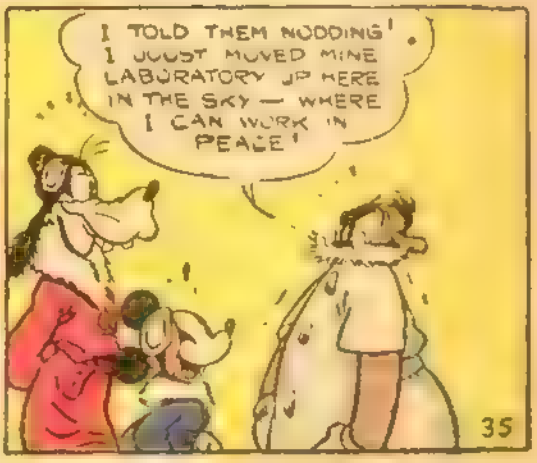




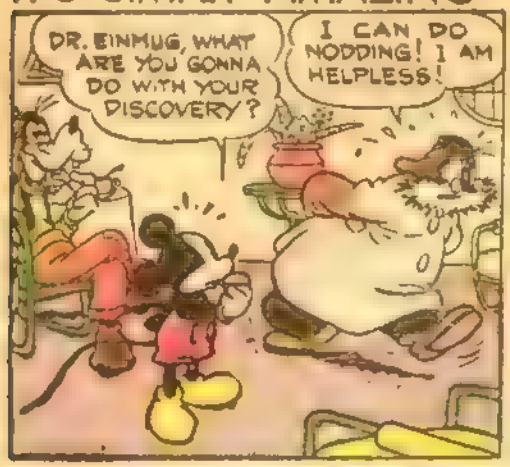


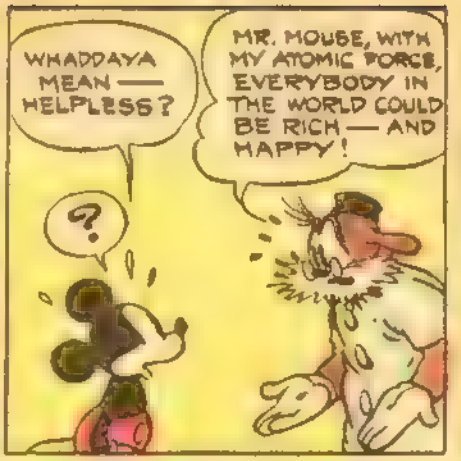


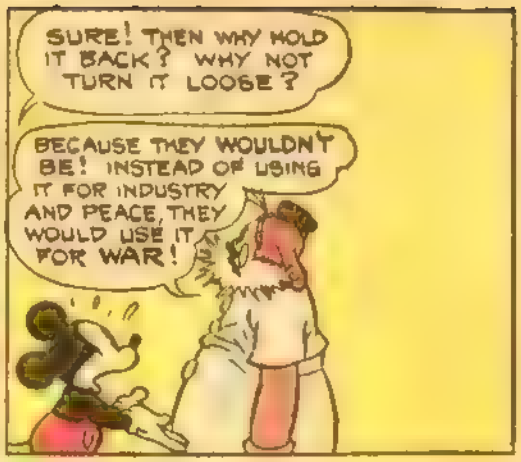


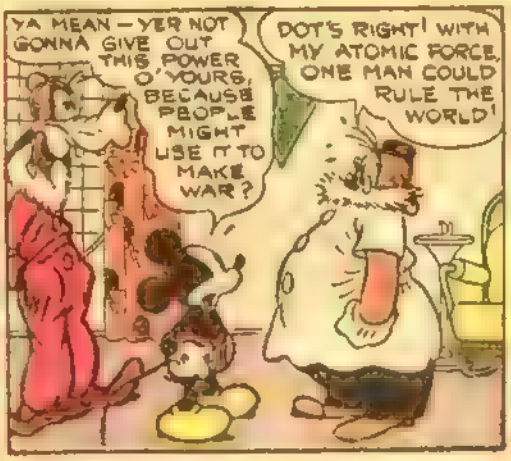


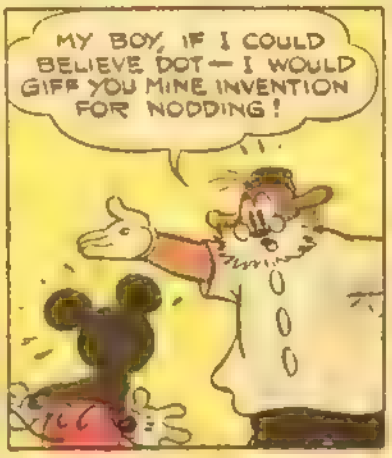
IT'S SIMPLY AMAZING

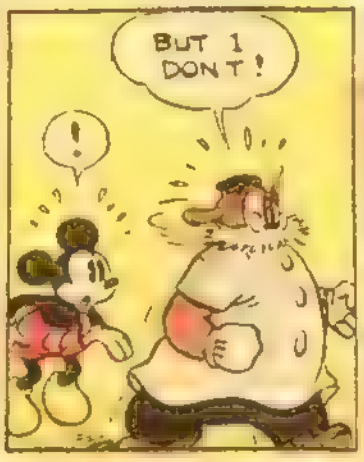


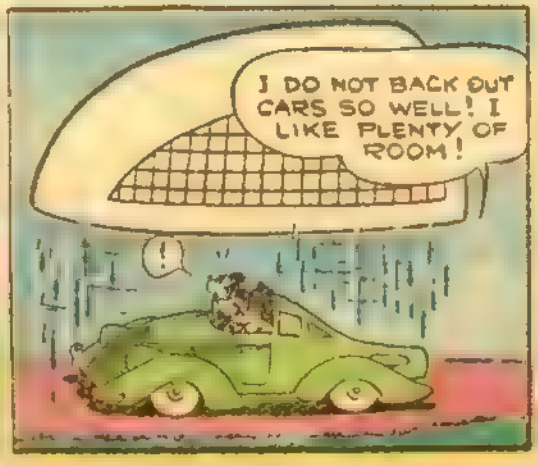


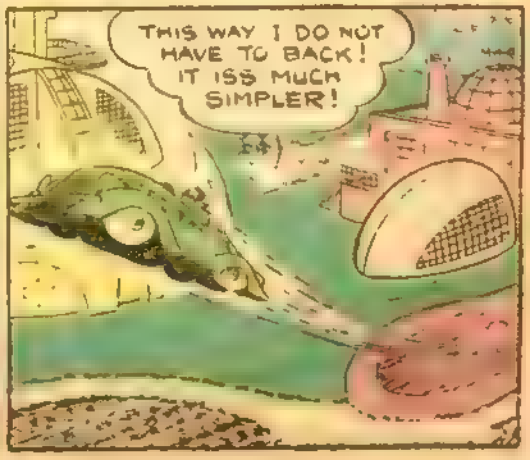




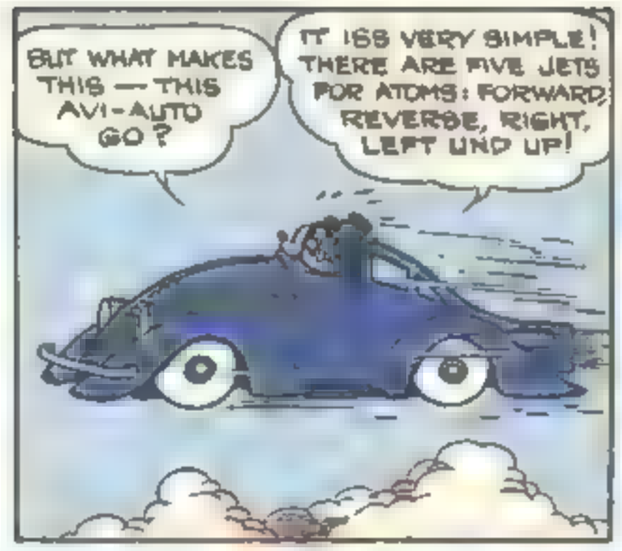


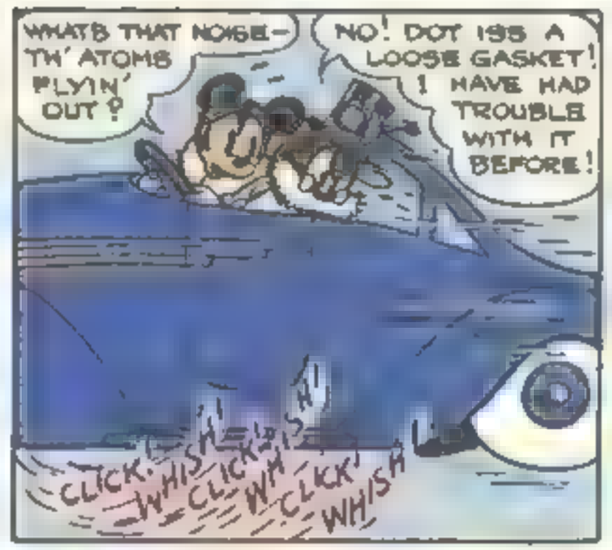


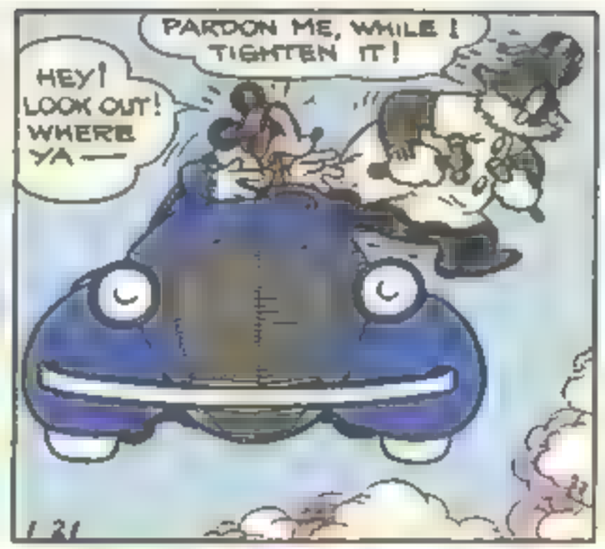


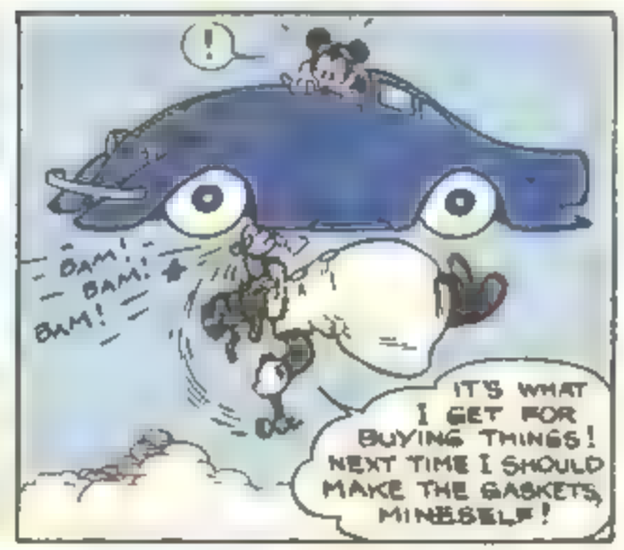


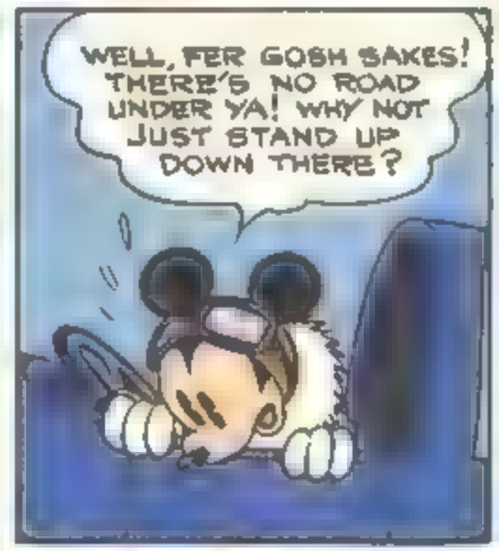
CLICK-
!
BAM! BAM! BAM!
IT'S WHAT I GET FOR BUYING THINGS! NEXT TIME I SHOULD MAKE THE GASKETS MINESELF!
?
I HAFF ALWAYS ENVIED MECHANICS WHO CAN FIX THINGS LYING ON THEIR BACKS! I NEVER COULD! IT ISS TOO AWKWARD!
WELL, FER GOSH SAKES! THERE'S NO ROAD UNDER YA! WHY NOT JUST STAND UP DOWN THERE?
MINE BOY, I BELIEF YOU HAFF GOT SOMETHING THERE!
MEBBE WE'D BETTER GIT GOIN' DOCTOR! HERE COMES A PLANE!
YAH! I KNOW DOT PLANE! IT ISS DER FOREIGN AGENT WHO WANTS TO BUY MINE INVENTION!
BUT YA DON'T WANT 'IM T' SEE US, DO YA?
IT MAKES NO NEVER MIND! HE HAS ALREADY SEEN US!
?
HI, DOC! I BEEN LOOKIN' ALL OVER FER YUH! WHOS YER FRIEND?
WELL, SLAP ME DOWN A HATCH! IT'S MICKEY MOUSE!

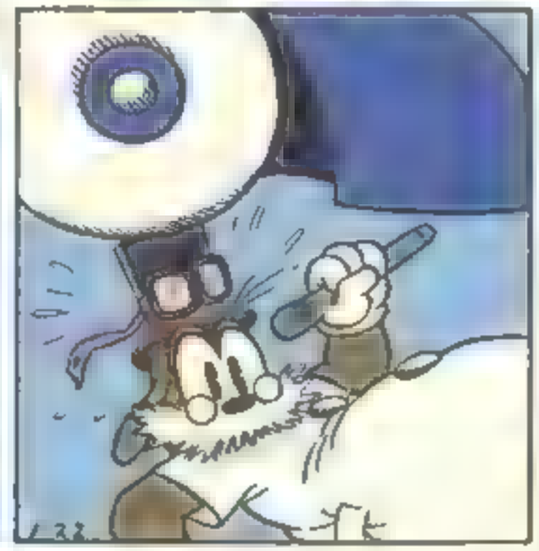


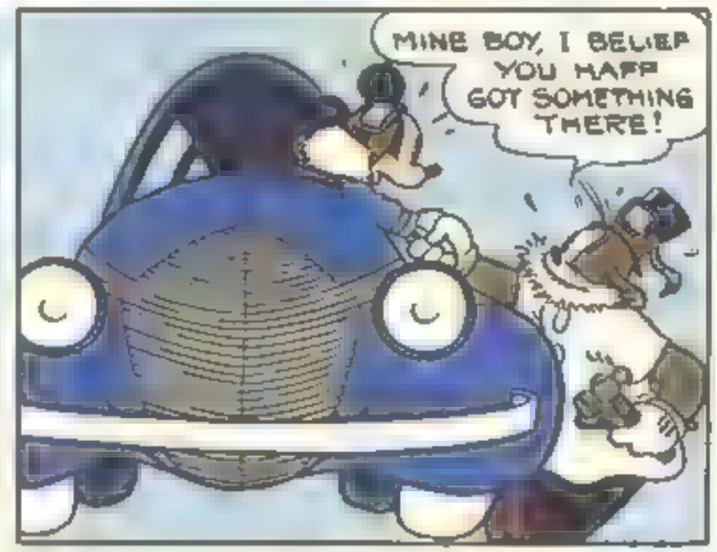


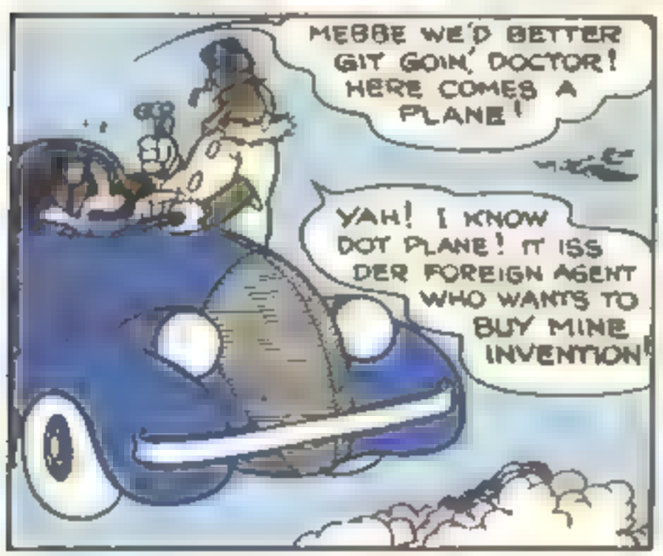


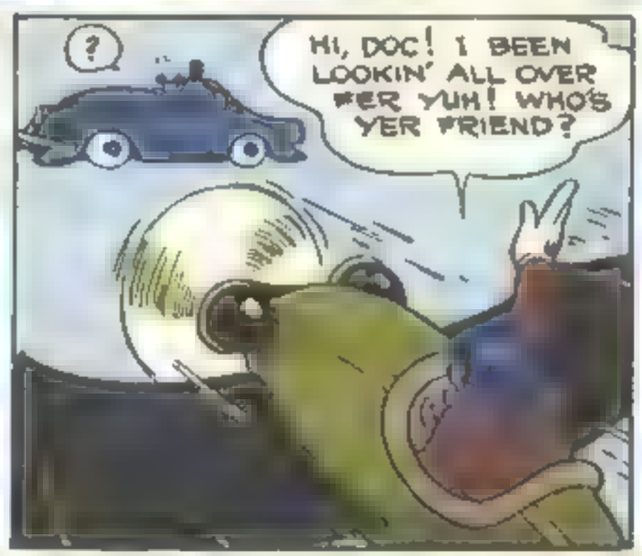


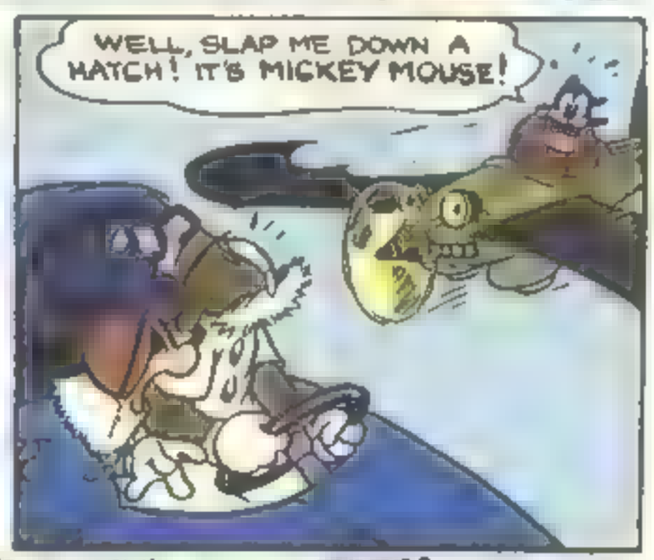




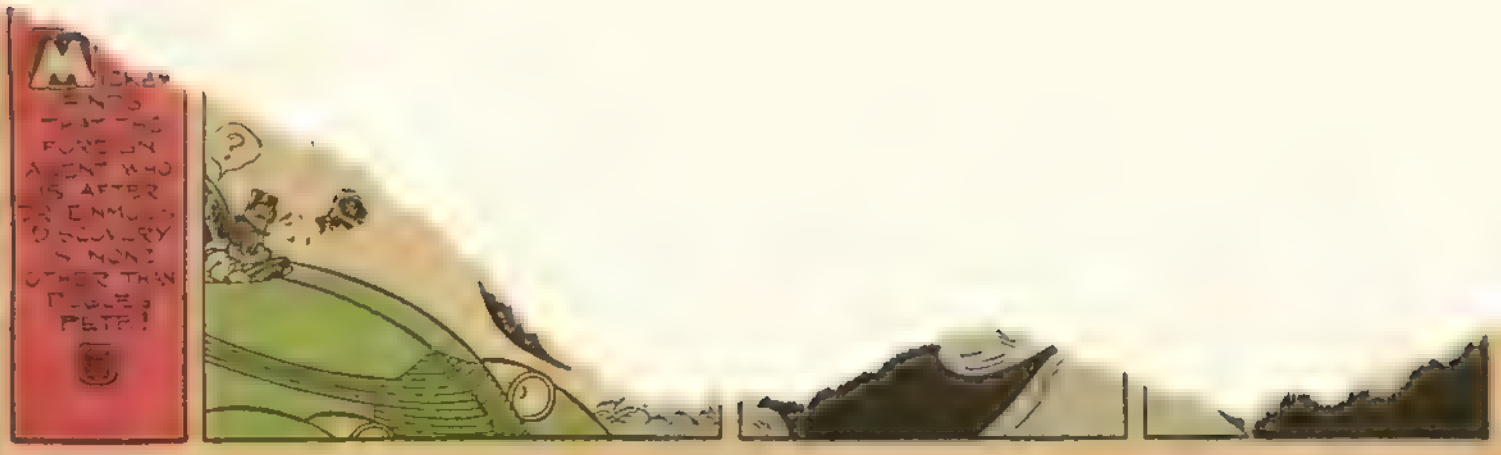




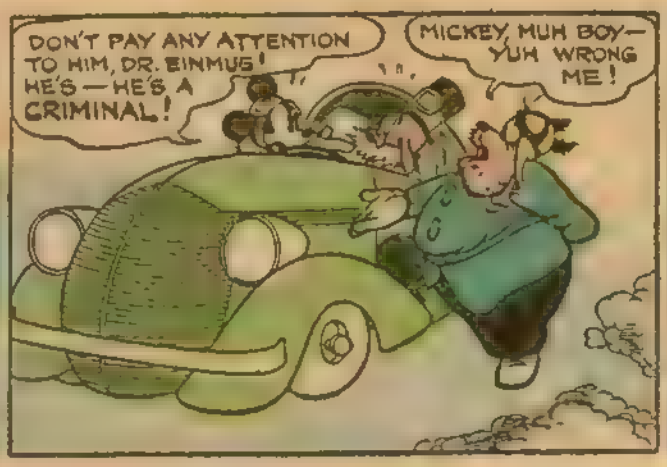


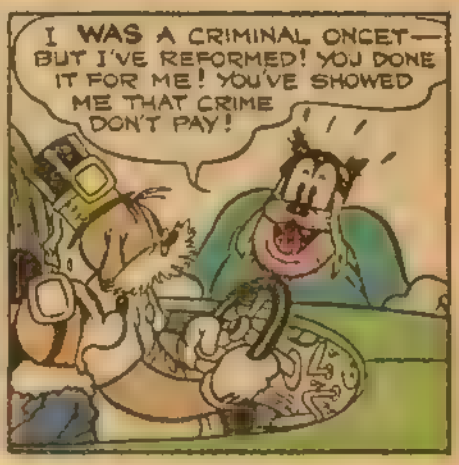


IT'S MICKEY'S ENEMY, **PETE!** WHAT'S HE DOING UP HERE? FIND OUT **NEXT ISSUE!**

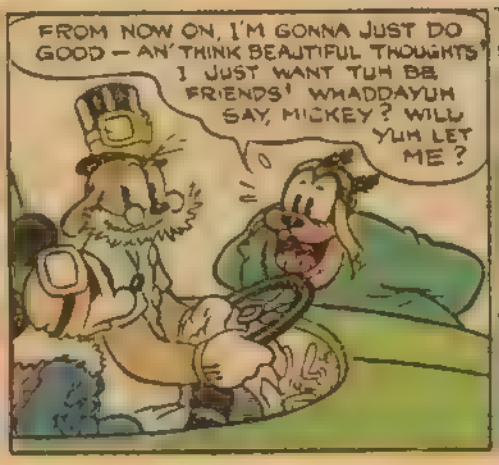

MICKEY ENTERS THE FOREIGN AGENT WHO IS AFTER DR. EINMUS' DISCOVERY — NONE OTHER THAN PEGLEG PETE!

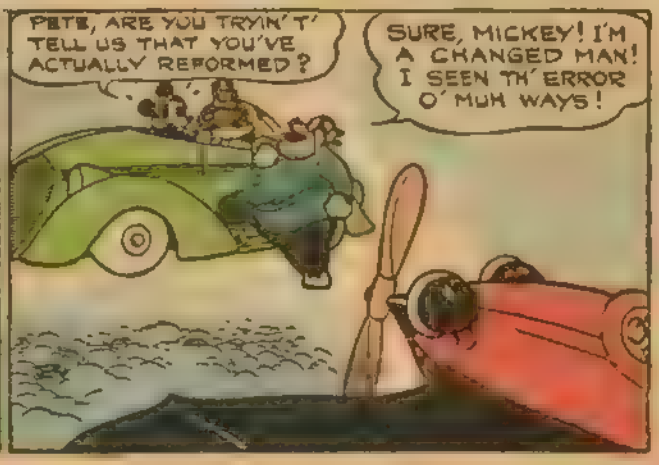
YUH KNOW DOC TH MORE I THINK OF IT, TH MORE I FEEL THAT YUH GOT SOMETH N' HERE!


DON'T PAY ANY ATTENTION TO HIM, DR. EINMUS! HE'S — HE'S A CRIMINAL!
MICKEY, MUH BOY— YUH WRONG ME!

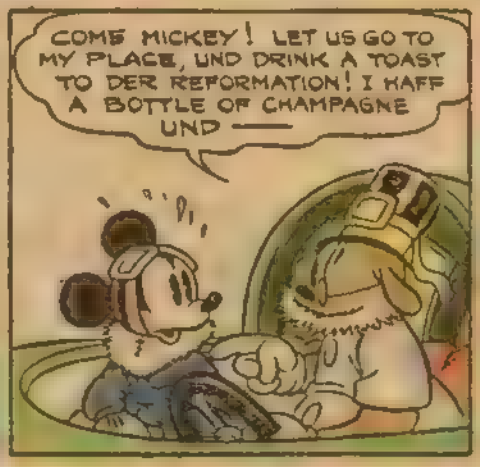

I WAS A CRIMINAL ONCET— BUT I'VE REFORMED! YOU DONE IT FOR ME! YOU'VE SHOWED ME THAT CRIME DON'T PAY!

SO I'M HERE TUH TELL TH' DOC I'M SORRY I BEEN PESTERIN' H M ABOUT HIS INVENTION! I AIN'T GONNA DO IT NO MORE!

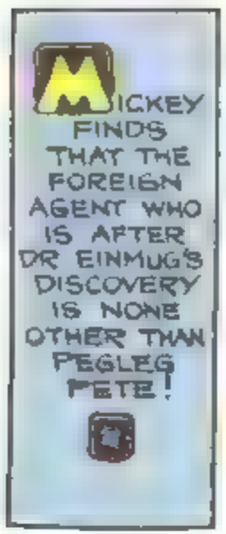

FROM NOW ON, I'M GONNA JUST DO GOOD — AN' THINK BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS! I JUST WANT TUH BE FRIENDS! WHADDAYUH SAY, MICKEY? WILL YUH LET ME?

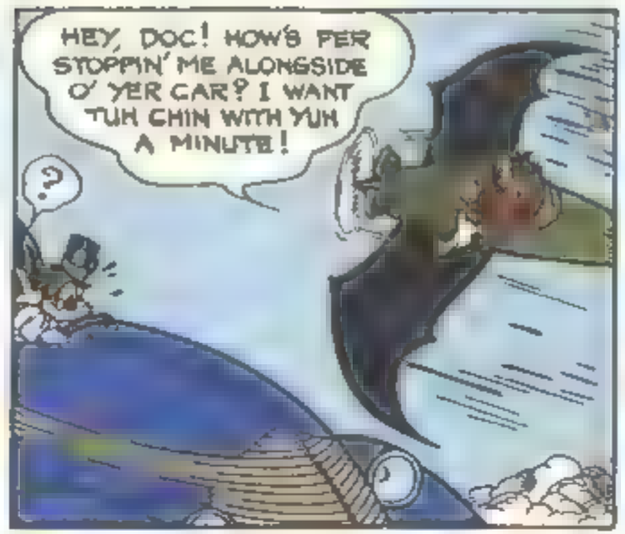

PETE, ARE YOU TRYIN' T' TELL US THAT YOU'VE ACTUALLY REFORMED?
SURE, MICKEY! I'M A CHANGED MAN! I SEEN TH' ERROR O' MUH WAYS!

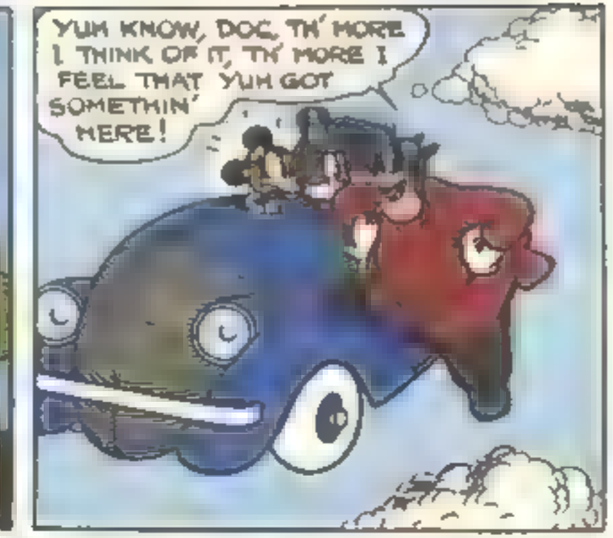
I FERGIVE YUH FER ALL TH MEAN THINGS YUH DONE TUH ME — SO TH LEAST YUH K'N DO IS FERGIVE ME TH' FEW LITTLE THINGS I DONE TUH YOU!


COME MICKEY! LET US GO TO MY PLACE, UND DRINK A TOAST TO DER REFORMATION! I HAFF A BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE UND —

NIX, DOC! I'LL DRINK WITH YUH — BUT NUTHIN' STRONGER'N GRAPE JUICE! WHEN I REFORMS, I REFORMS CLEAN THROUGH!


MICKEY FINDS THAT THE FOREIGN AGENT WHO IS AFTER DR EINMUG'S DISCOVERY IS NONE OTHER THAN PEGLEG PETE!


HEY, DOC! HOW'S FER STOPPIN' ME ALONGSIDE O' YER CAR? I WANT TUH CHIN WITH YUH A MINUTE!
?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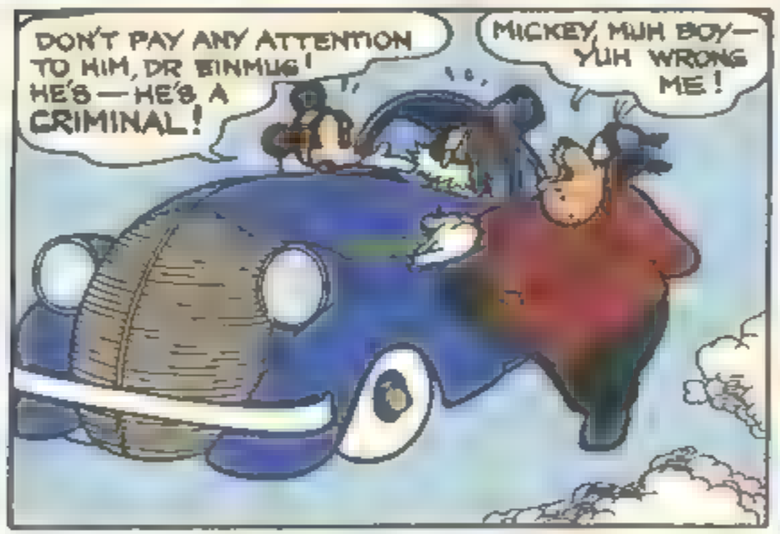
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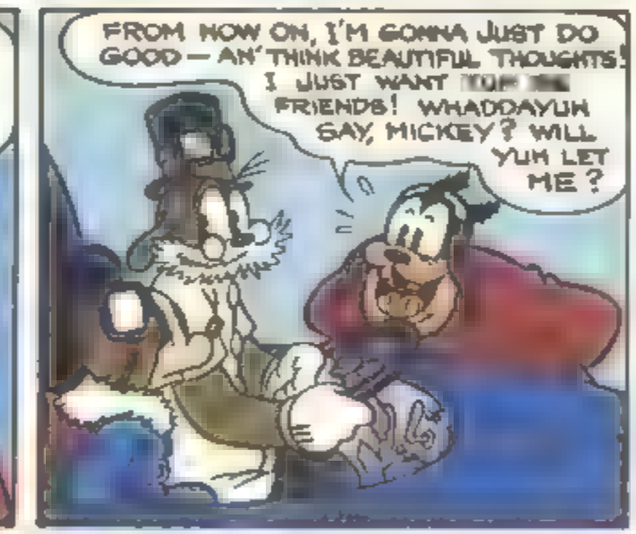
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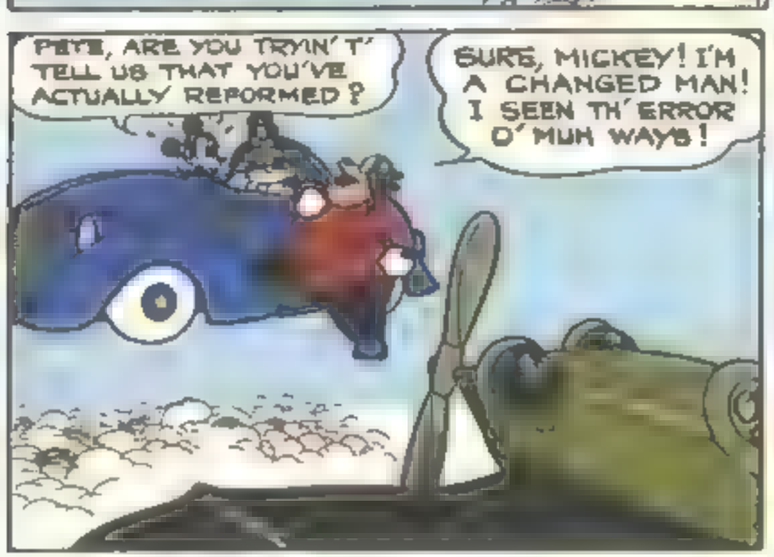
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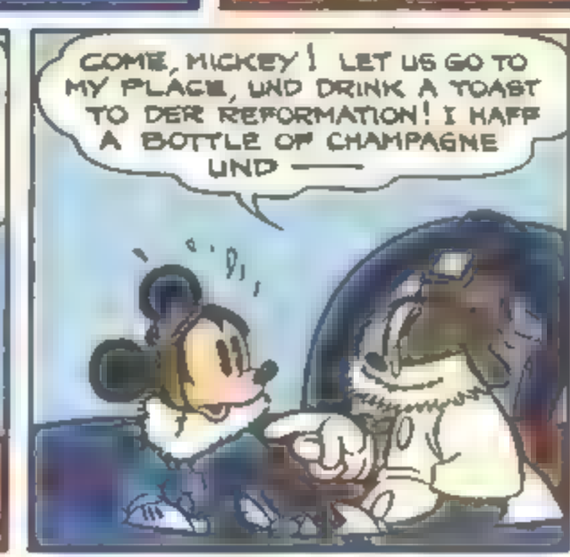
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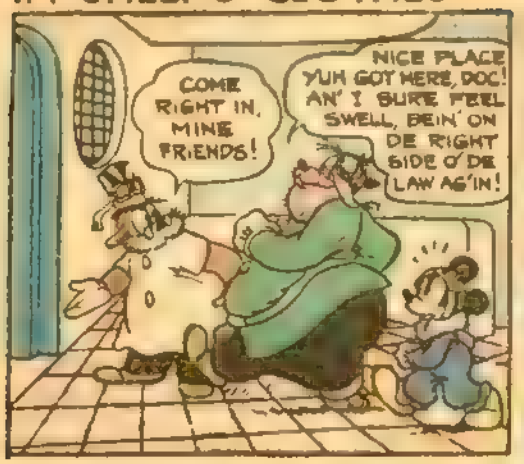
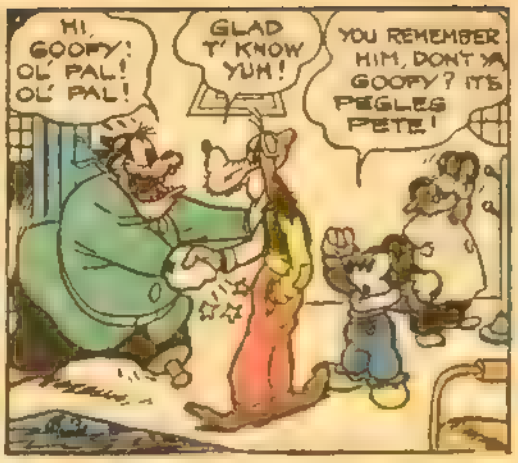
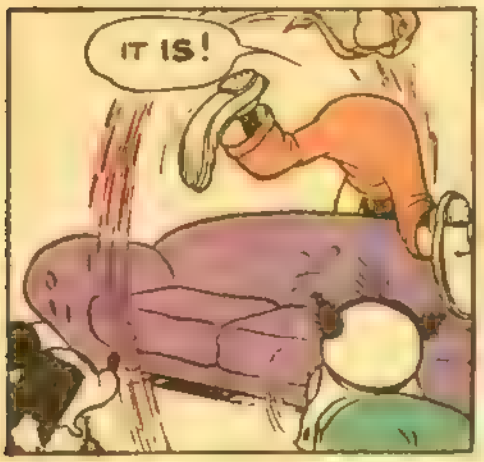
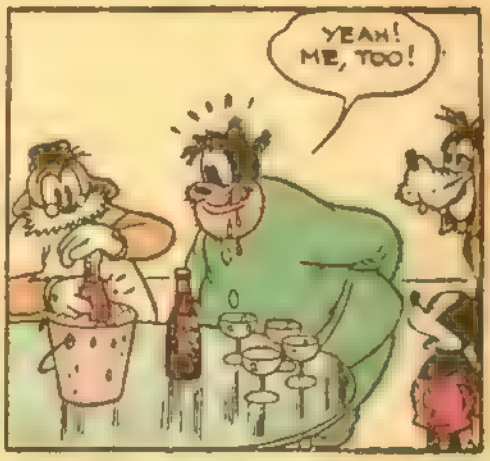
NIX, DOC! I'LL DRINK WITH YUH — BUT NUTHIN' STRONGER'N GRAPE JUICE! WHEN I REFORMS, I REFORMS CLEAN THROUGH!

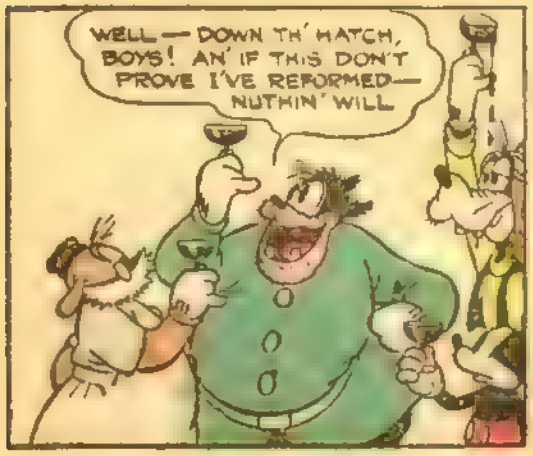
IN SHEEP'S CLOTHES

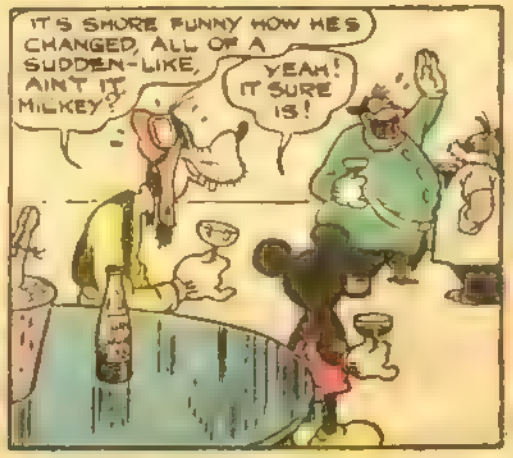


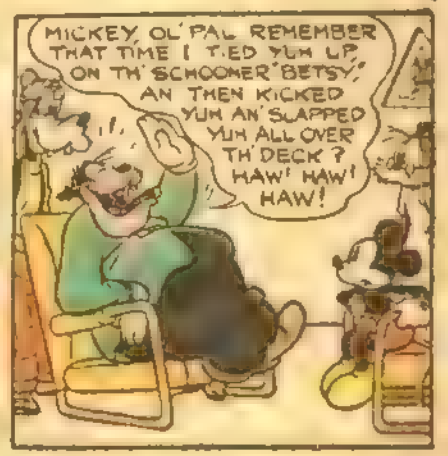


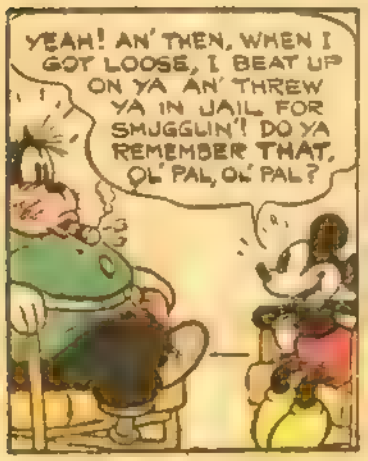


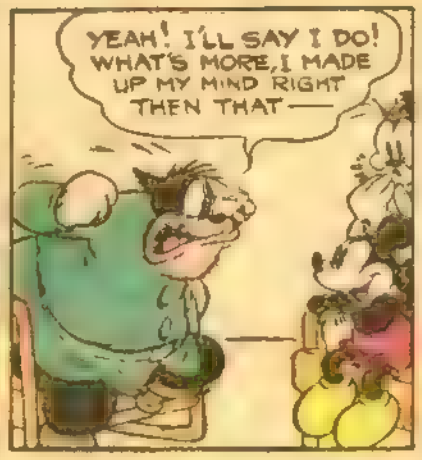


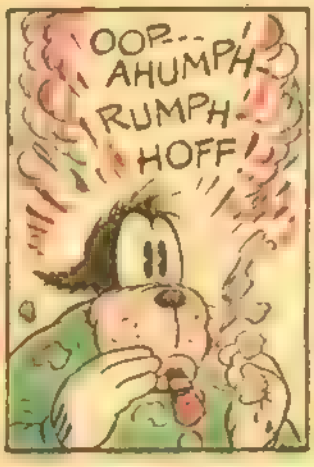




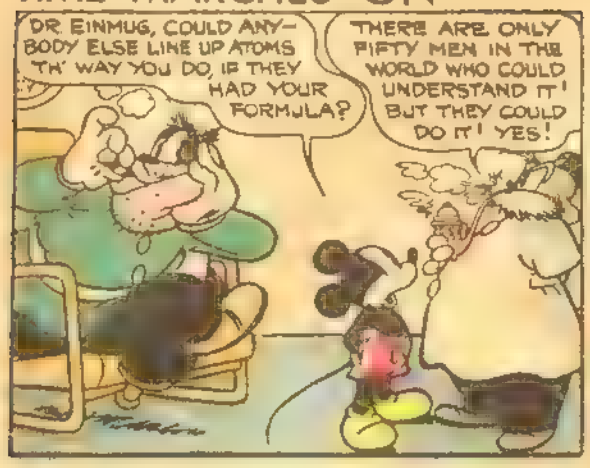


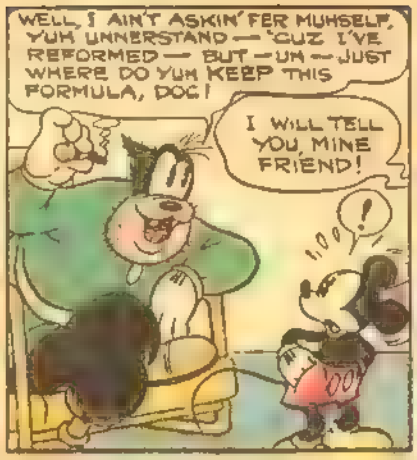


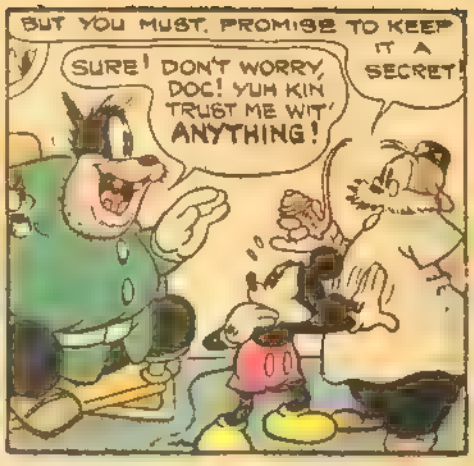


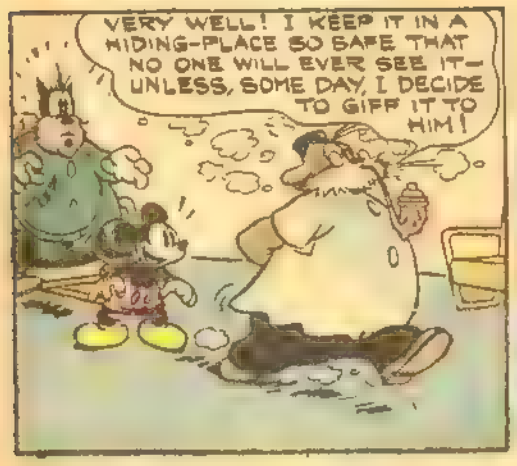


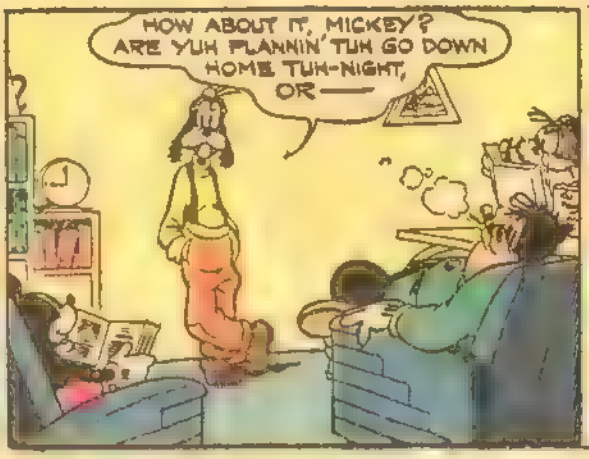
TIME MARCHES ON

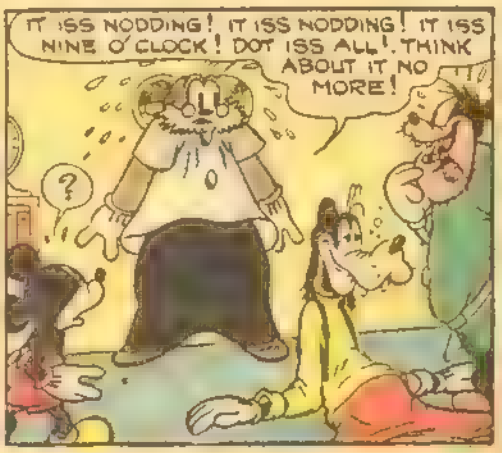


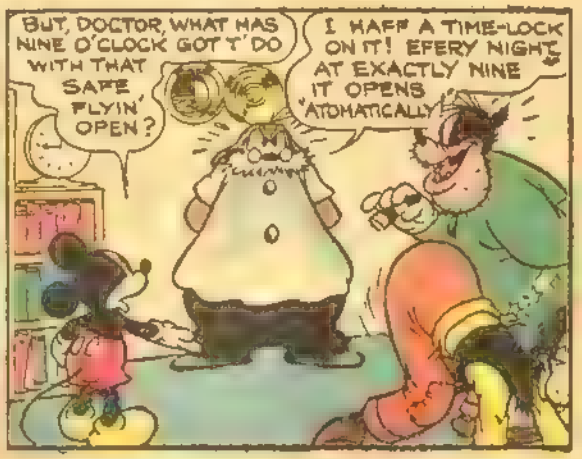


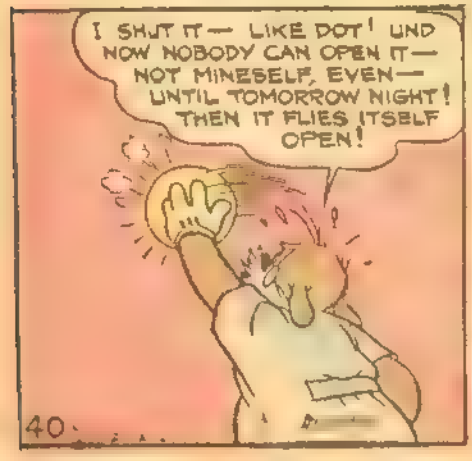


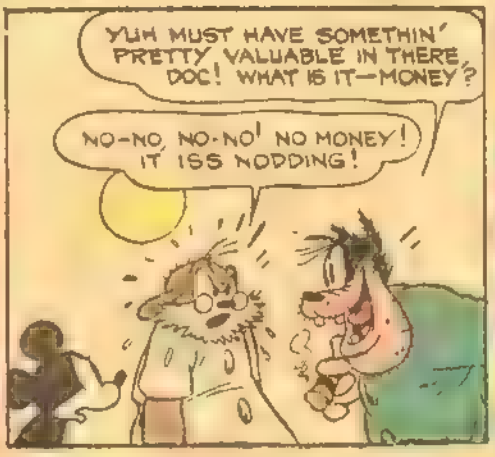


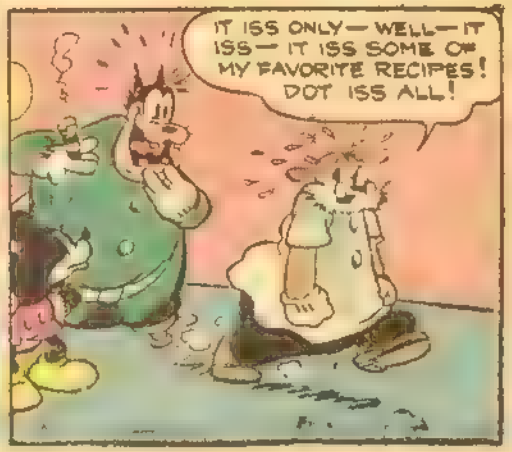




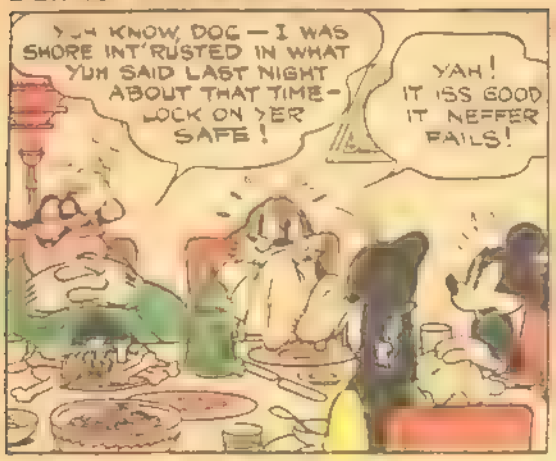


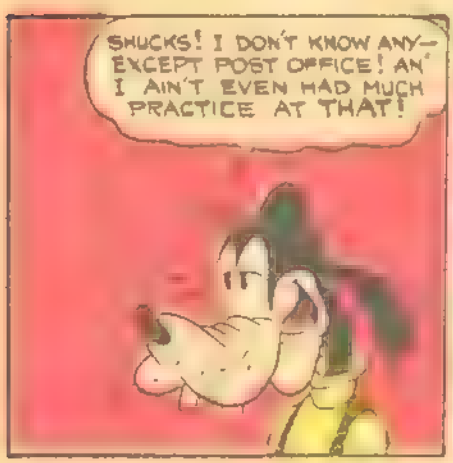


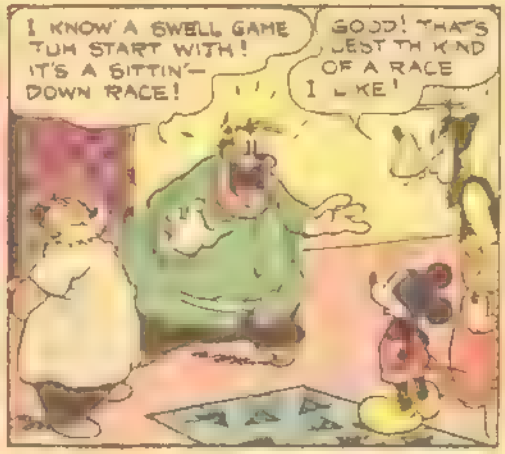


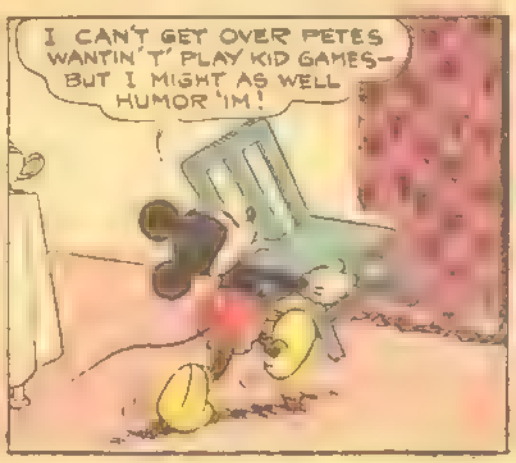


BLIND MAN'S BLUFF









MICKEY'S HINTS

"At the table, pals, I feel,
You'll act your best at every meal,
So 'please' and 'thank you' and 'excuse'
Are words you'll very often use."

"And you'll remember, too, I know,
It's more polite to take it slow,
And talking with your mouth full's worst
So take my tip—and swallow first."

Answers to
I BITE—DO YOU?
on page 23

1.—Your name.

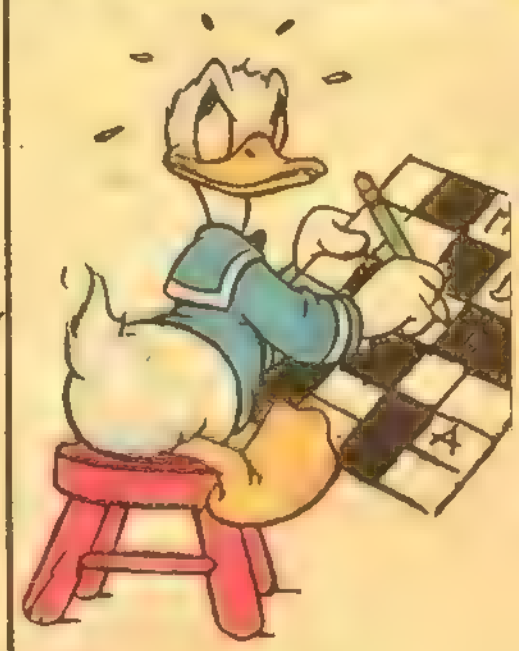
2.—An old five dollar bill. A new "One" is worth only $1.

3.—With a spoon.

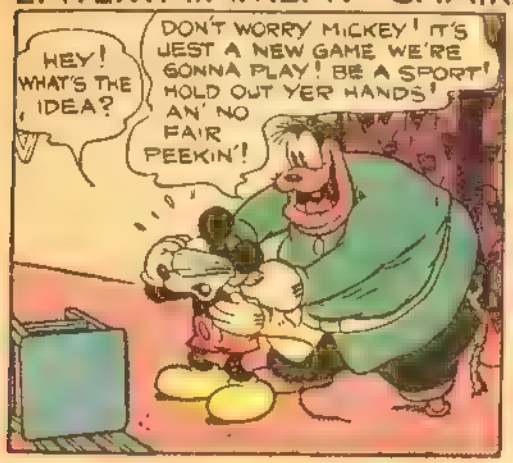
4.—Flypaper.

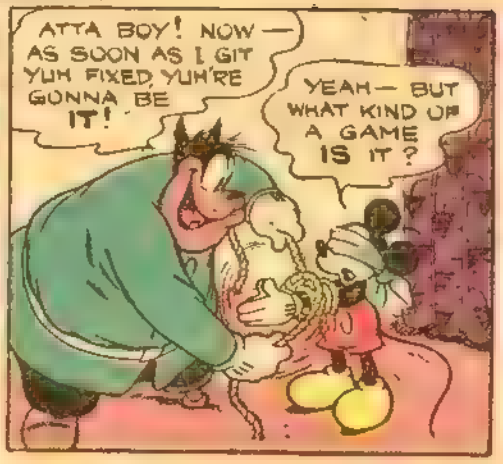
5.—A stepfather.

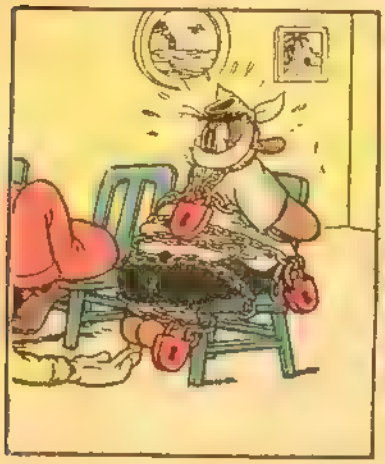
Answer to puzzle on
page 33

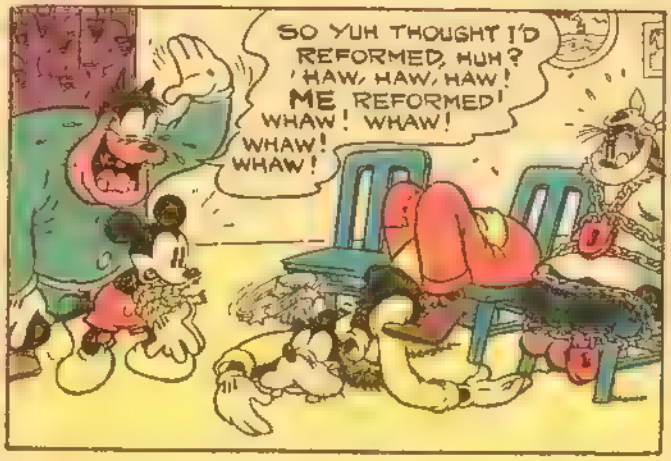


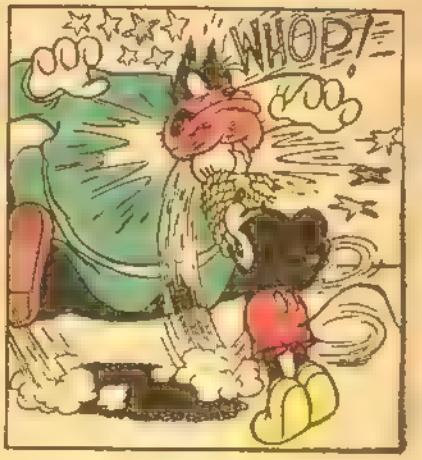
ENTERTAINMENT CHAIRMAN

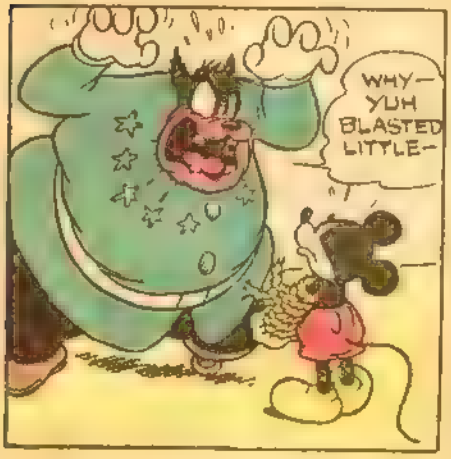


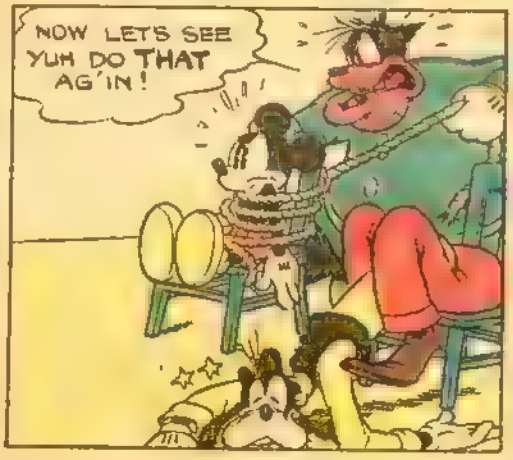


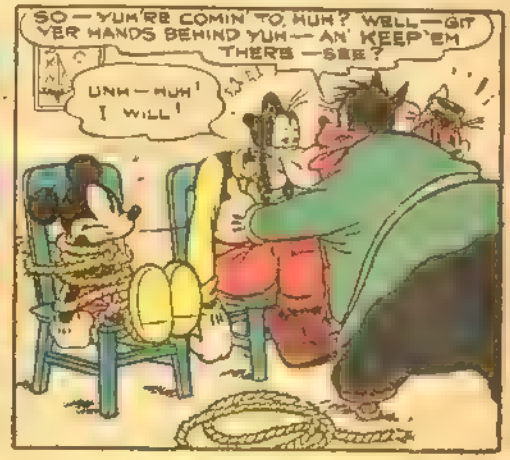


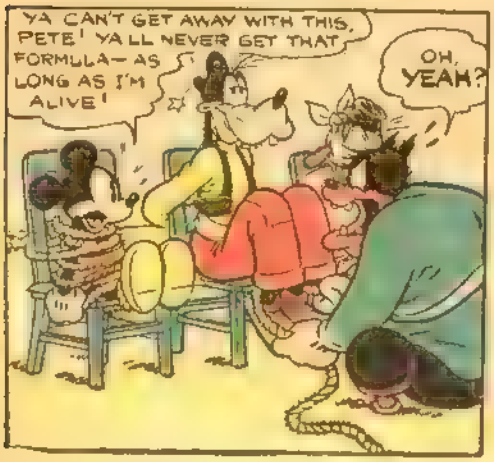


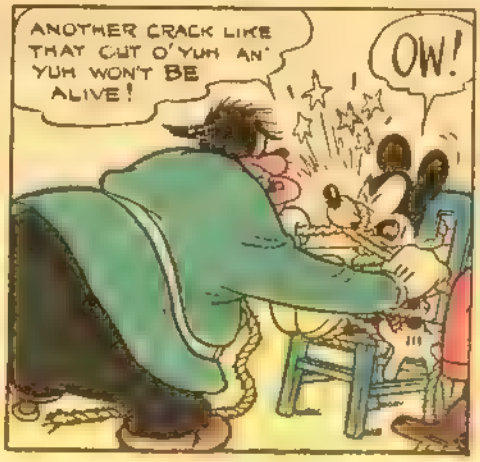


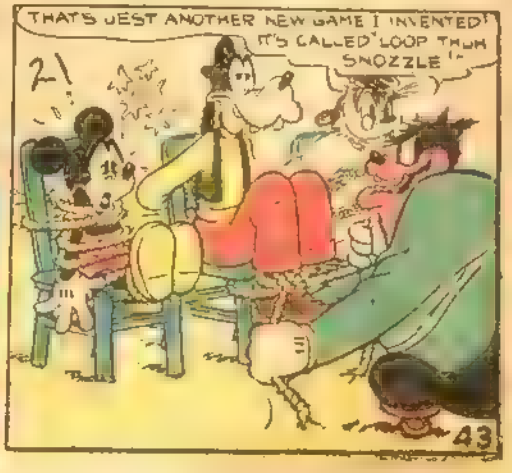




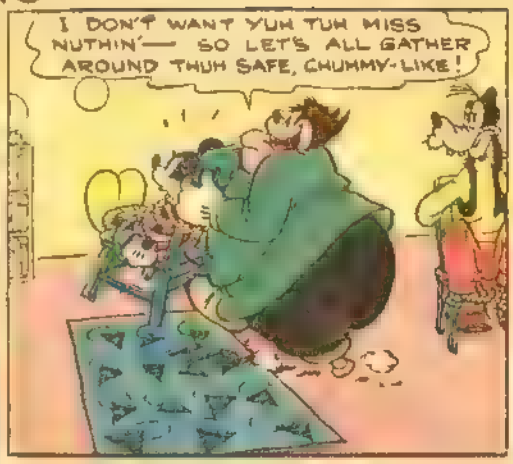


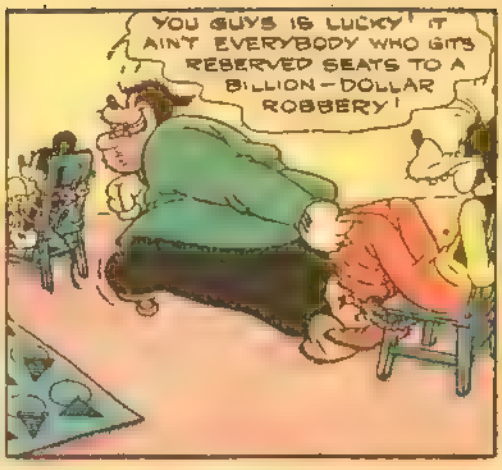


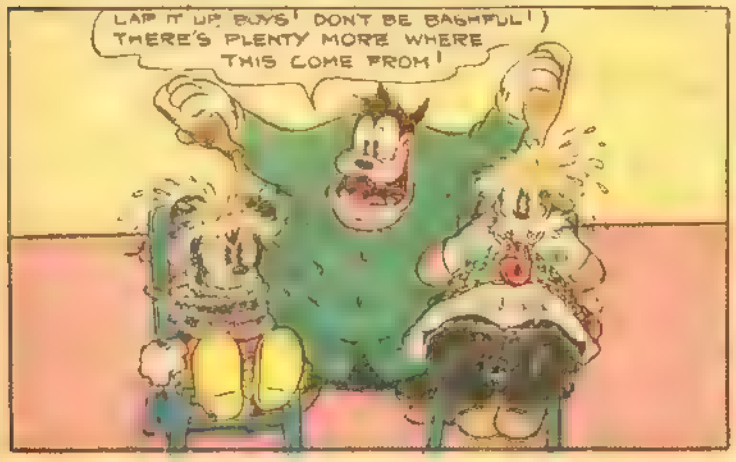




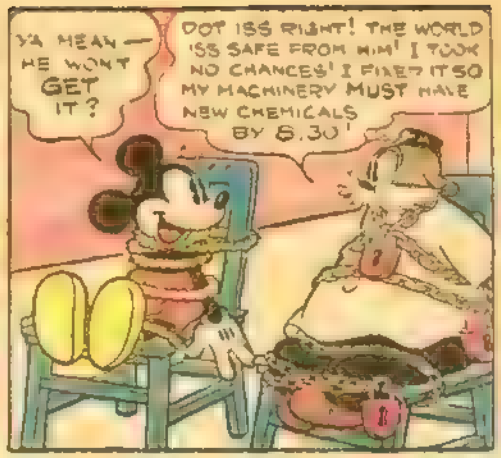
ANY PORT IN A SONG

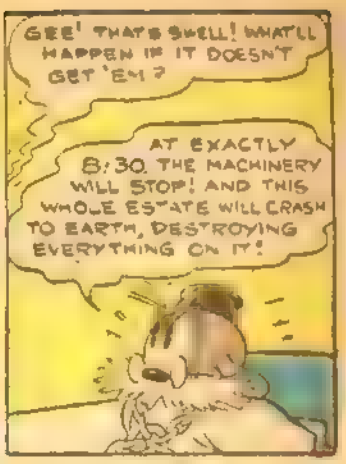


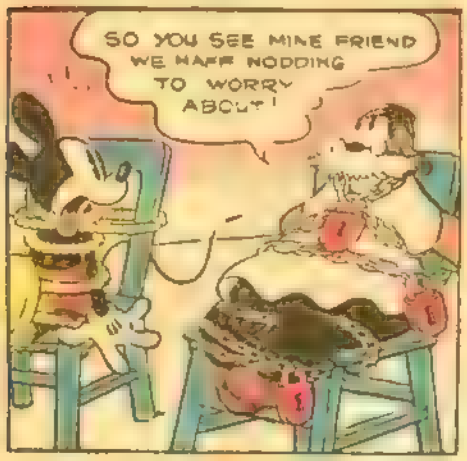


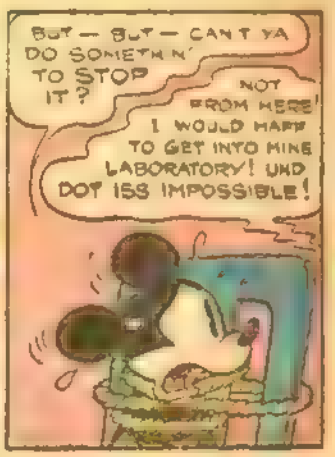


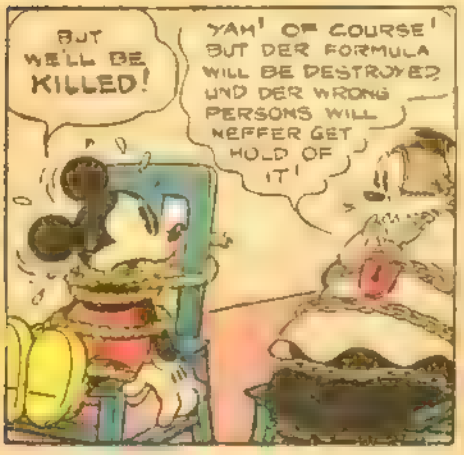
GIDDYAP NAPOLEON

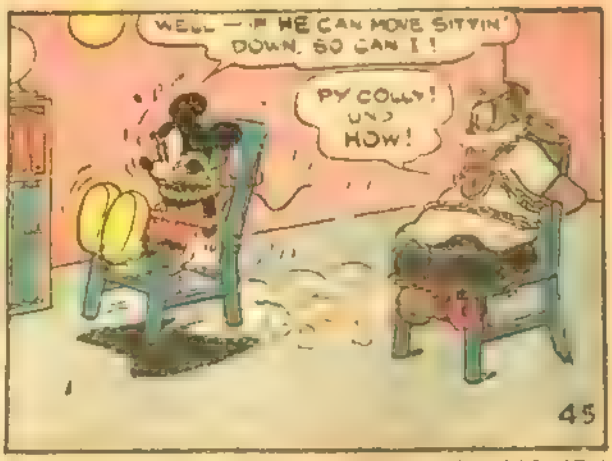






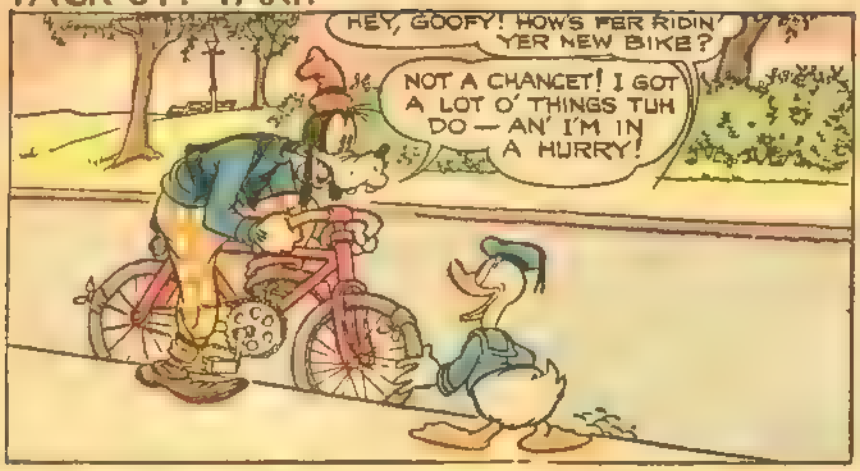


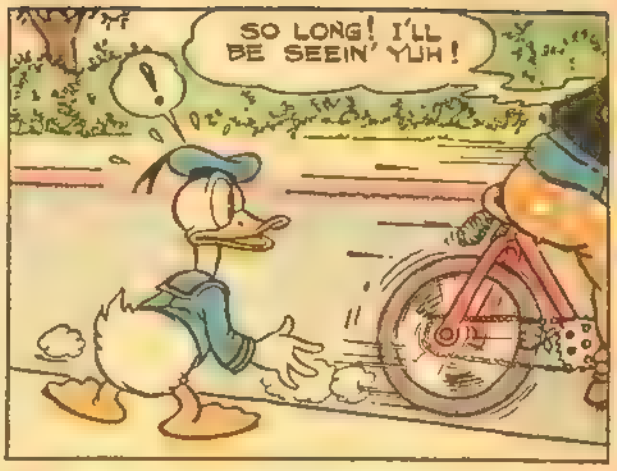


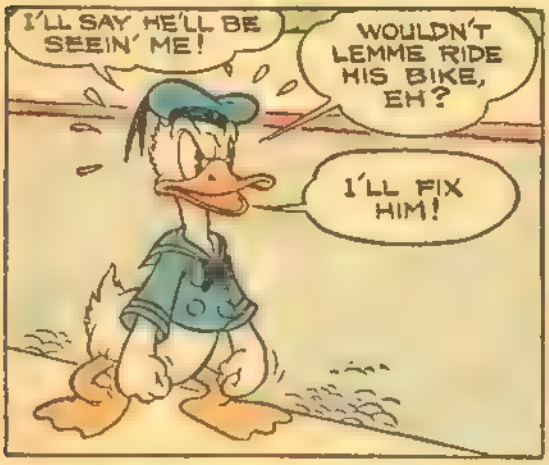


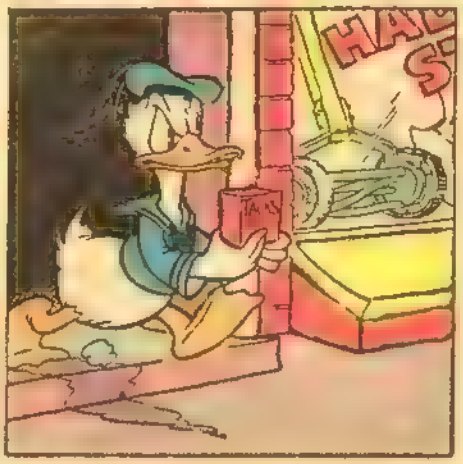
CONTINUED NEXT MONTH

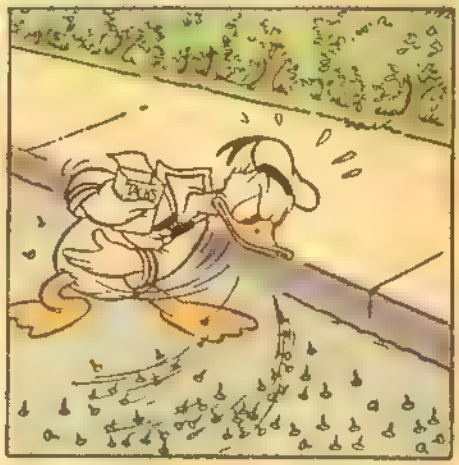
TACK-SY! TAXI!

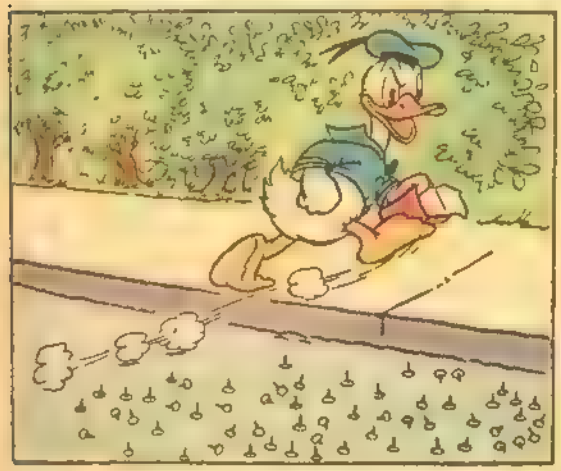

HEY, GOOFY! HOW'S FER RIDIN' YER NEW BIKE?
NOT A CHANCE! I GOT A LOT O' THINGS TUH DO — AN' I'M IN A HURRY!

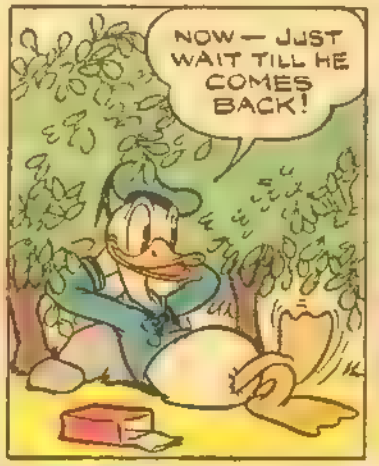

SO LONG! I'LL BE SEEIN' YUH!
!

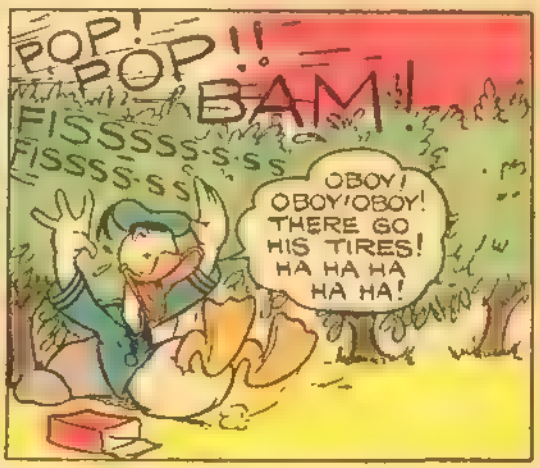

I'LL SAY HE'LL BE SEEIN' ME!
WOULDN'T LEMME RIDE HIS BIKE, EH?
I'LL FIX HIM!

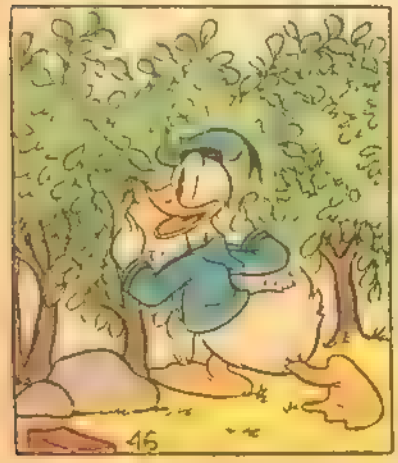


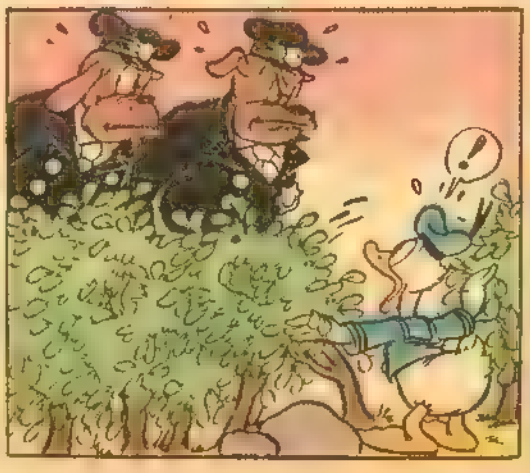





NOW — JUST WAIT TILL HE COMES BACK!


POP! POP!! BAM!
FISSSSS-S-S-S
FISSSS-S-S
OBOY! OBOY! OBOY! THERE GO HIS TIRES! HA HA HA HA HA!

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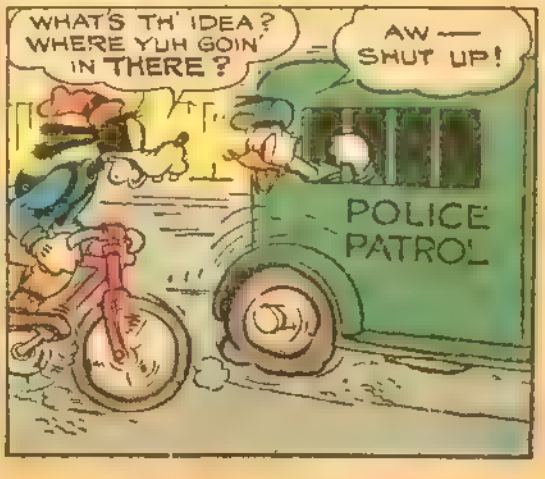
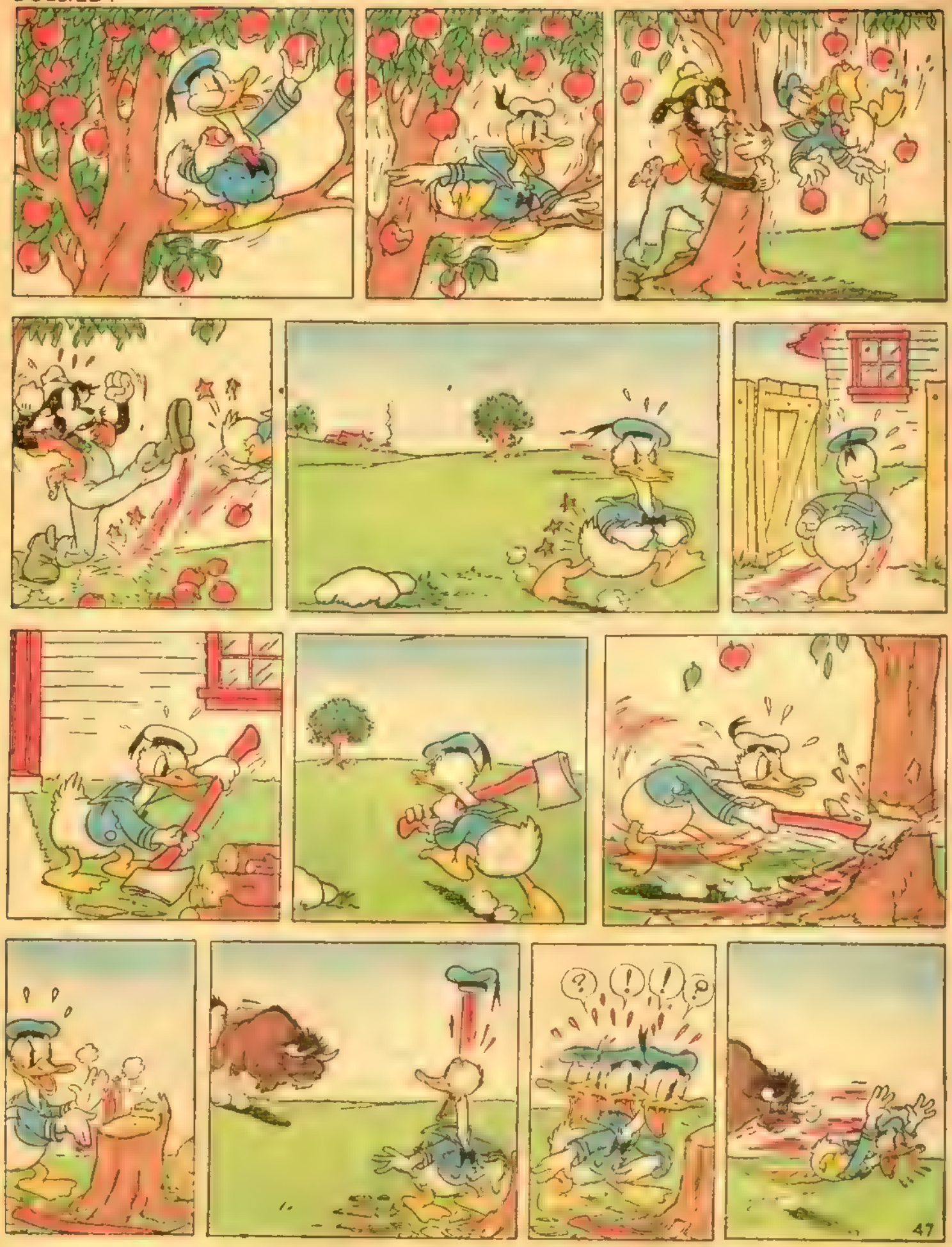
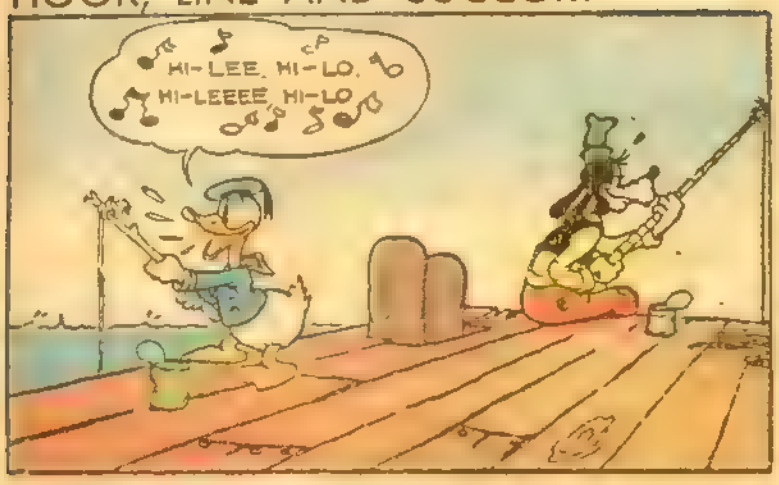
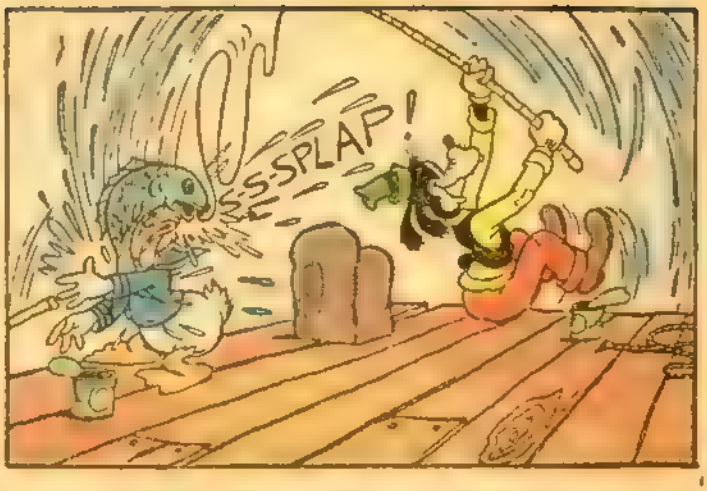

WHAT'S TH' IDEA? WHERE YUH GOIN' IN THERE?
AW — SHUT UP!
POLICE PATROL

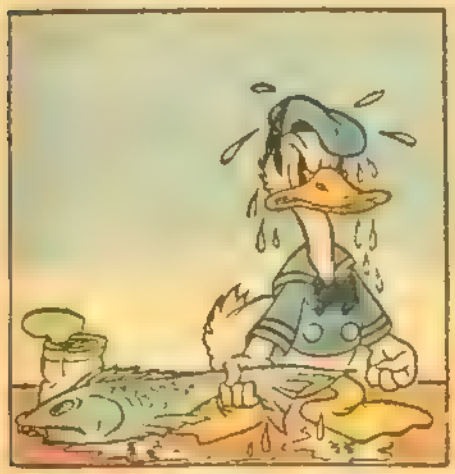
BULLIED!

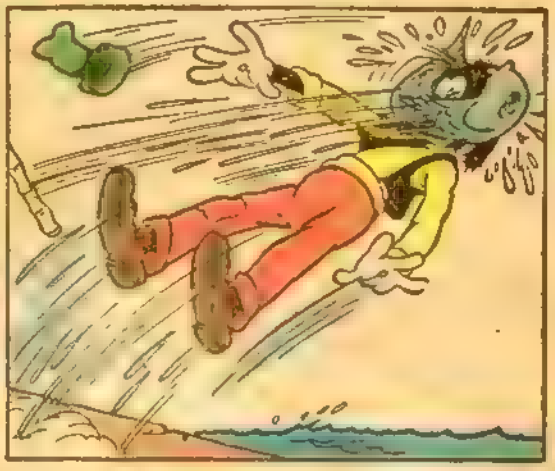


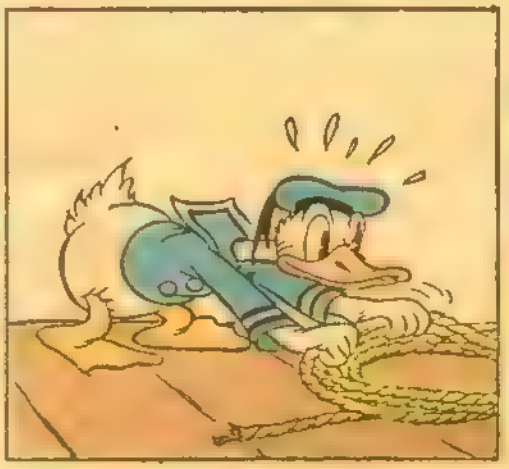
HOOK, LINE AND SUCCOR!

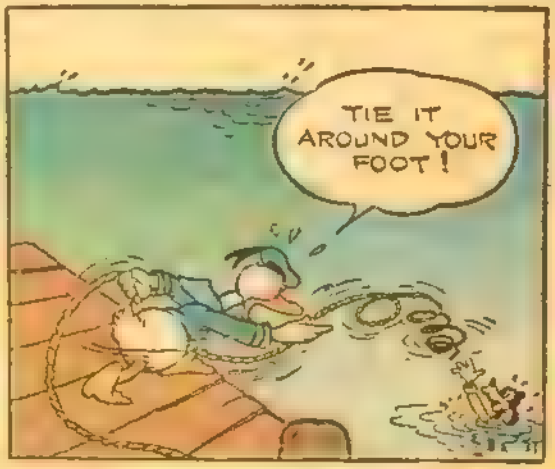


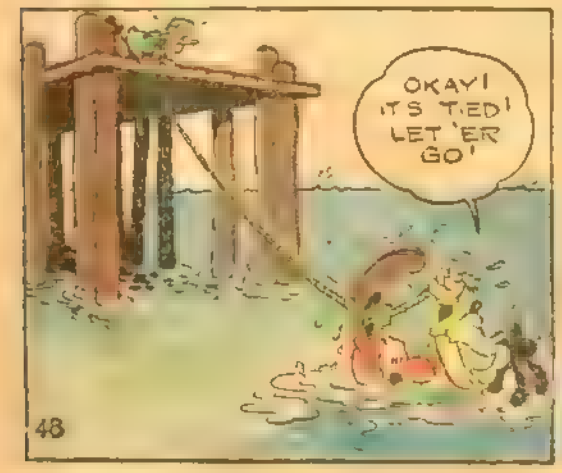


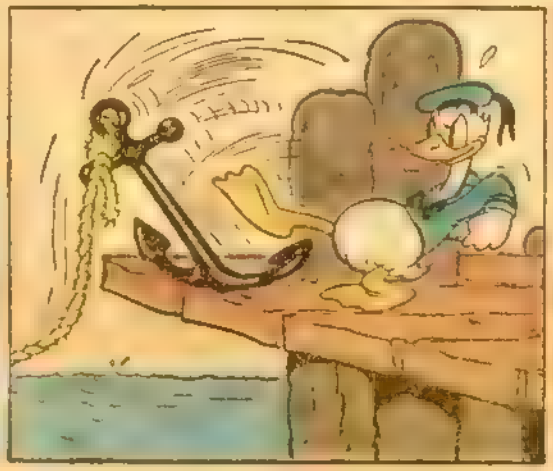


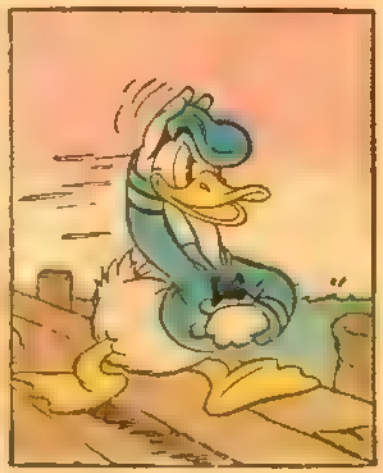




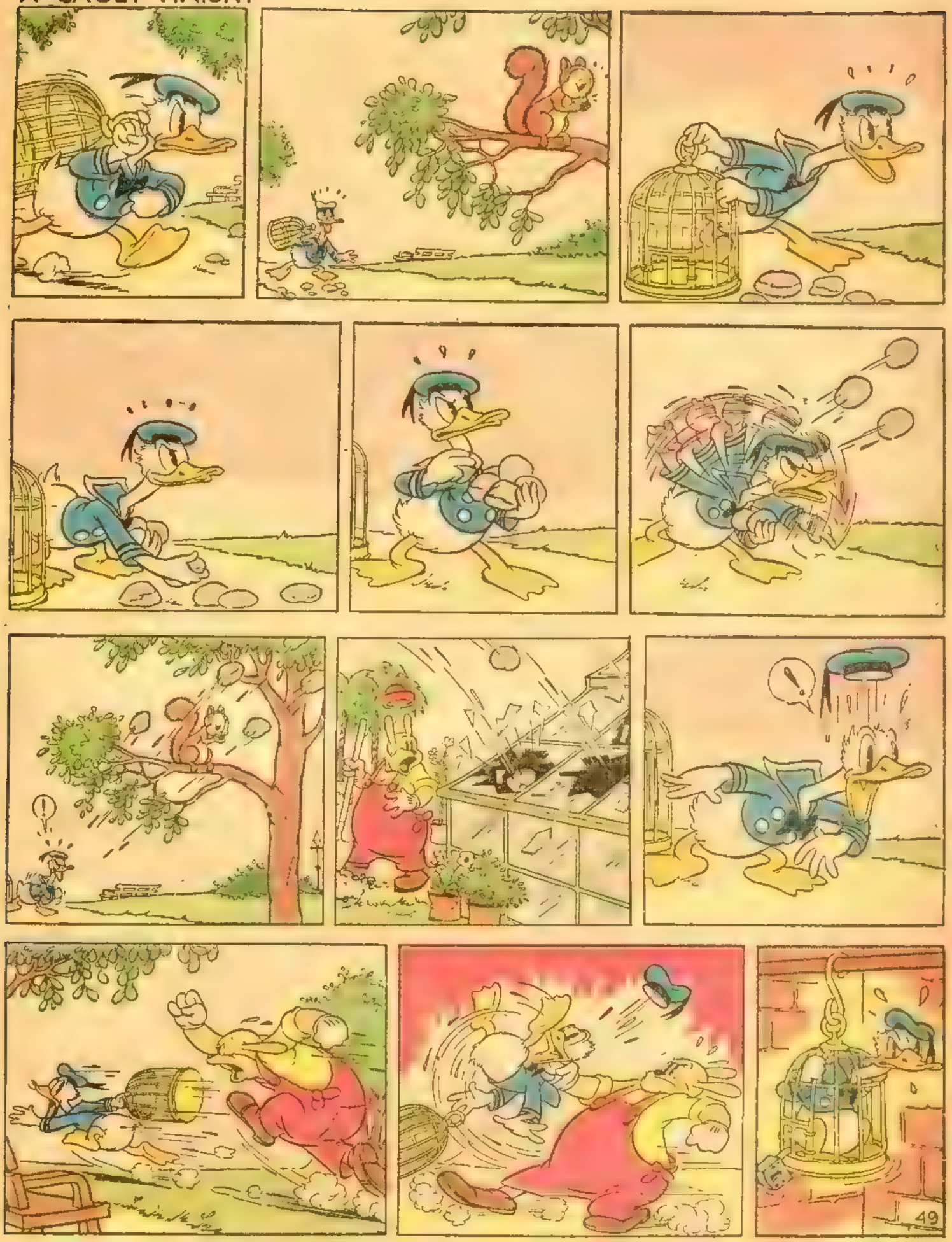








A CAGEY FINISH!



THIS WAY TO TRAINS
- NO DOGS ALLOWED
TRACK
5
TICKET
CAR
5
M.M.
©W.D.P.
5c

Mr. Mouse Takes a Trip

"Let's see, now," said Mickey. "Have I got everything I want to take? Suitcase? yes; ticket? yes; Pluto? yes. Guess I'm all set."

Mickey was going to Pomona to attend an important meeting that night. He was taking Pluto along because Pluto got so lonesome when he was left behind.

Mickey picked up his suitcase and, with Pluto at his heels, walked down the platform toward his train. It was almost time for the train to pull out of the station and Mickey did not want to be late getting on.

"Is this the train for Pomona?" he asked the conductor.

"This is it," the conductor told him, "and you'd better get on because we're ready to go."

"O. K." said Mickey, and he climbed the steps into the train, with Pluto right behind him.

"Hey!" the conductor yelled. "Get that pooch out of here. We don't allow dogs on this train!"

"Oh, this dog won't hurt anything," Mickey explained. "I'll keep him quiet and . . ."

"Don't argue with me," the conductor roared. "No dogs allowed on this train!" And he picked Pluto up and tossed him back on the platform. Then he glared at Mickey as though he would do the same thing to him if he put up any argument!

Mickey did not know what to do. He just *had* to get to Pomona on that train and still he did not want to leave Pluto behind. Then Mickey had an idea. Perhaps he could fool the conductor and take Pluto along after all. So Mickey jumped off the train and whistled for Pluto to follow him.

They went down the platform and when they were out of sight behind the station, Mickey opened the suitcase and called to Pluto. Pluto went over to him ve-e-ery slowly. He seemed to think there was something coming which he would not like.

And there was!

"Come on, Pluto," Mickey called. "You're going to Pomona with me, all right." Pluto wagged his tail happily. "You're going to ride in this suitcase!" Pluto backed away. He did not want to ride inside that suitcase.

"Come on," Mickey repeated, "it's the only way we can get you there, Pluto."

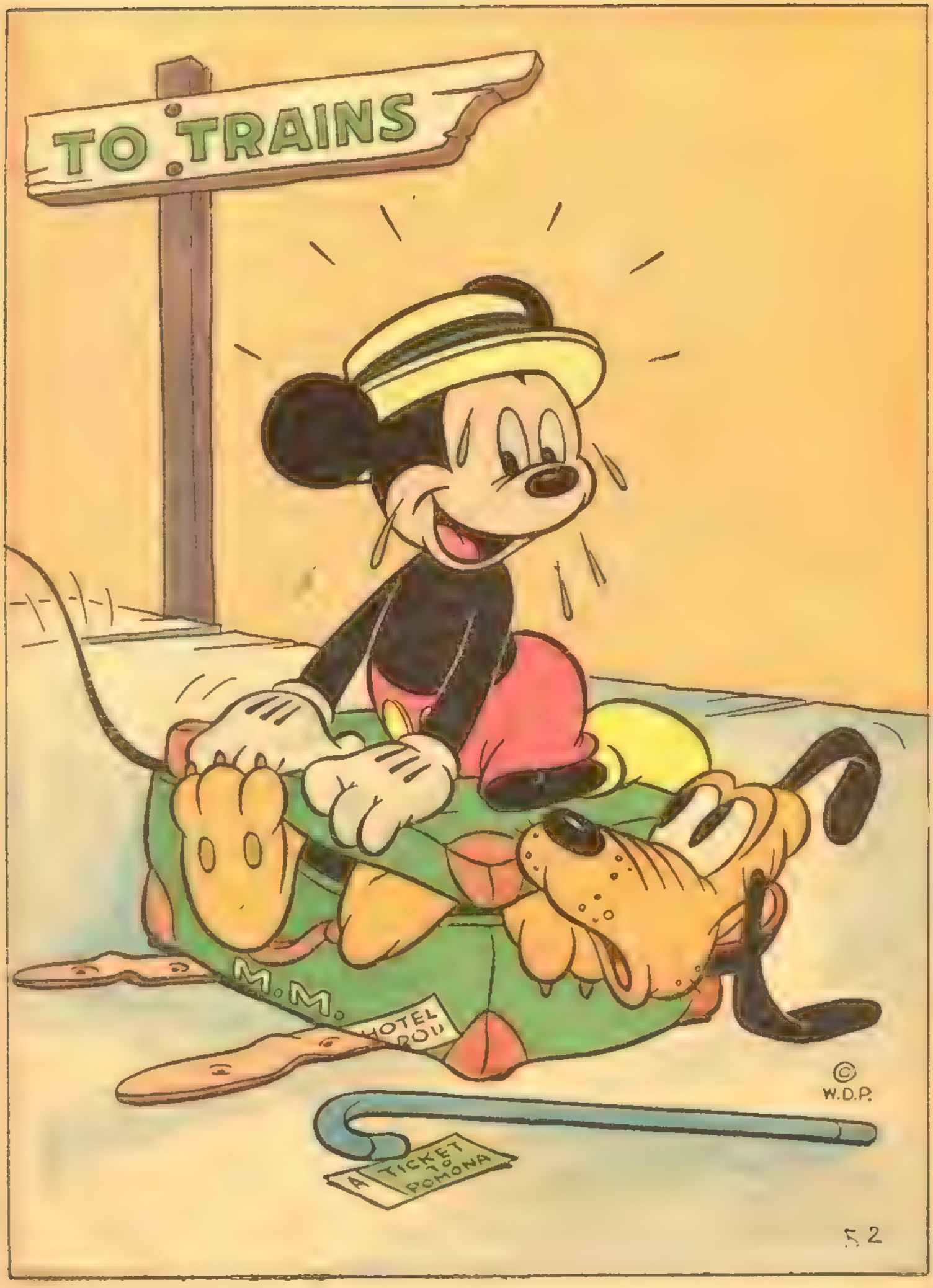
So Pluto very reluctantly got in the suitcase and curled up. If he had been an inch longer or a pound heavier, he could not have made it, but as it was, Mickey managed to shut the cover of the suitcase and pick it up.

"Now remember, Pluto," Mickey said to him through the suitcase, "whatever you do, don't make a sound, or we'll both be thrown off the train, and I've just *got* to get to Pomona."

Mickey staggered back to the train, carrying the heavy suitcase.

"A-a-a-a-a-all aboard," the conductor hollered, and Mickey got on and took a seat in the train. He put the suitcase at his feet. Pluto was quiet as could be.

In a minute the train started. Mickey drew a sigh of relief. He thought his troubles were over. Pretty soon the conductor came


TO TRAINS
M.M.
HOTEL
A TICKET TO POMONA
© W.D.P.

through the train to collect the tickets. He took Mickey's ticket. Then he noticed the suitcase at Mickey's feet.

"I'll put this out of your way," the conductor said, and he bent over to pick it up.

"O-o-o-oh, th-th-that's all right where it is. D-d-don't bother," Mickey told him.

"No bother at all," the conductor said, jovially. "I'll put it up here on the rack." And he gave the suitcase a toss onto the rack, where it landed with a bounce.

"Yip!" barked Pluto. He did not like such rough handling.

The conductor turned with a flash.

"What was that?" he asked Mickey. "Sounded like a dog!"

"I-it w-w-was m-me," Mickey explained. "You see, I'm a ventriloquist and er-er-a-a—well, I was practising throwing my voice up there on the rack." He barked a couple of times to show what he meant. The conductor looked at him suspiciously. He was not quite satisfied with that explanation.

"I'll soon see about that," he told Mickey. And he meowed like a cat! Sure enough, just as he had thought, Pluto started barking when he heard that cat. He tried so hard to get out of the suitcase that he broke the cover and jumped through.

"Oh, oh," said Mickey, and he ran out of the car and into the next one, which happened to be a Pullman sleeping car. The porter was getting the beds ready for the night and it was pretty dark there. Mickey grabbed Pluto, who had followed him, and they hid behind one of the curtains. Then the fun began. The conductor knew very well they were in that car, but where, he did not know. He searched all over, grabbing innocent passengers and upsetting everything in general.

"I'll find him and his dog if it's the last thing I do," the conductor muttered. He asked the passengers if they had seen a little runt and a dog, but no one had. There was an Indian squaw on the train, with a papoose strapped on her back. The conductor asked her if she'd seen them but she just shook her head. The conductor turned away, just as the papoose *barked!* The squaw was Mickey with an Indian blanket wrapped around him as a disguise . . . and the papoose was Pluto, in another blanket!

"Aha," screamed the conductor. "I see who you are. You can't do this to me!" He lunged at Mickey. Mickey backed up so quickly that he pushed Pluto out of the window behind him. The train was not going very fast so Mickey thought he had better jump out too, while he had a good chance. He did not know *what* might happen if the conductor caught him now!

So there they were, sitting by the tracks, watching the train roll away.

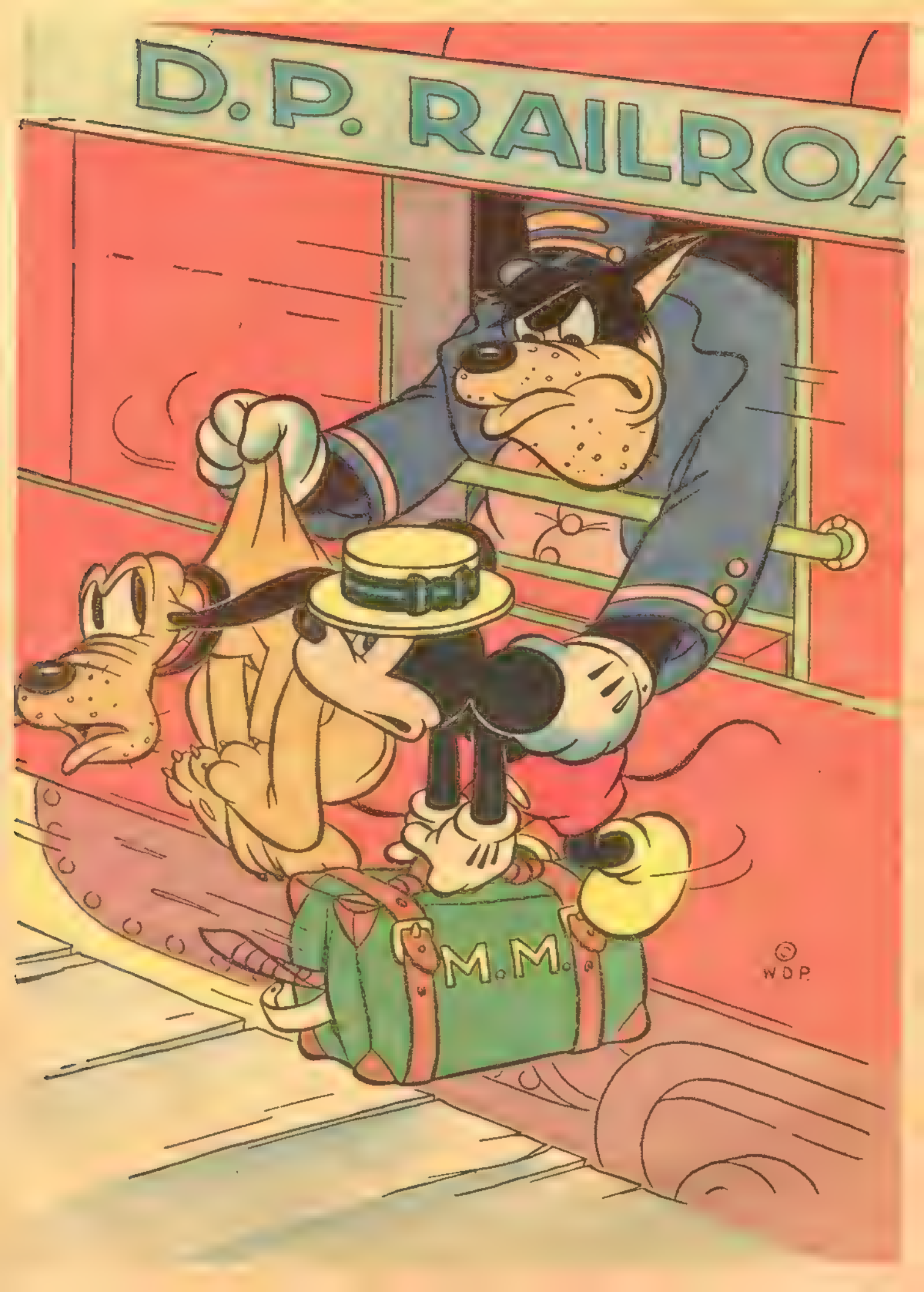
"Now what am I gonna do?" Mickey asked himself. He was rather dazed from his jump from the train but he had not forgotten that he must get to Pomona.

"Guess we'll just have to hike the rest of the way, Pluto," Mickey sighed. "Wonder how far it is to Pom . . ."

Mickey stopped right in the middle of the word. He had just noticed a building a short distance down the tracks. Above the building was a big electric sign that flashed at them, "WELCOME TO POMONA." It was the Pomona railroad station!

"Gosh, Pluto," Mickey yelled joyfully, "we're here!"

Mickey's train-troubles were over at last!


D.P. RAILROA
M.M.
© WDP

-donald's got a girl!

—and Donna thinks that HE'S just dandy
Because his heart is full of—candy!

MICKEY'S HINTS

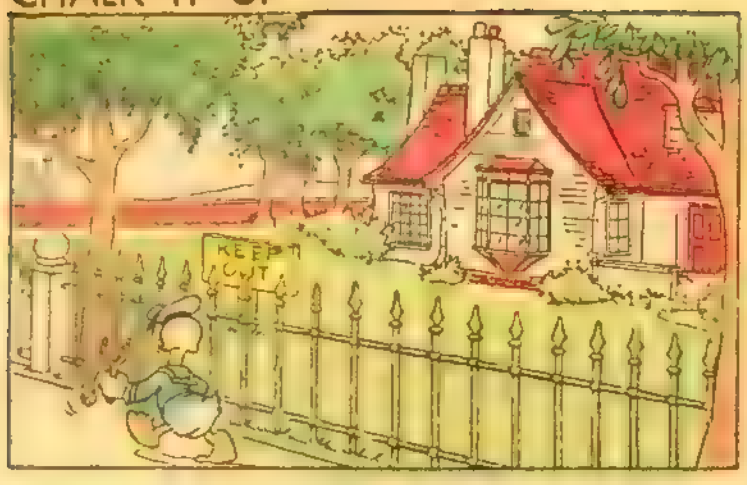
Says Mickey, "It takes so
little time,

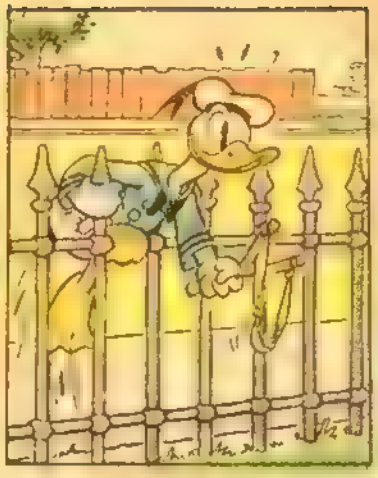
To give your shoes a
nice bright shine,

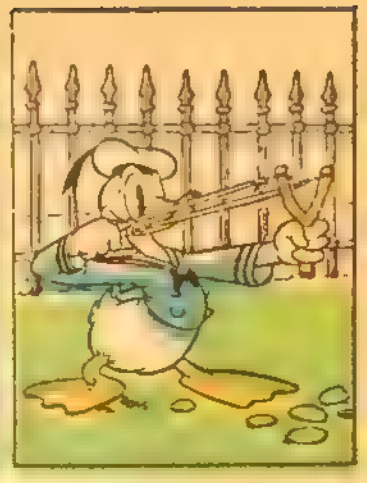
It keeps 'em looking just
like new,

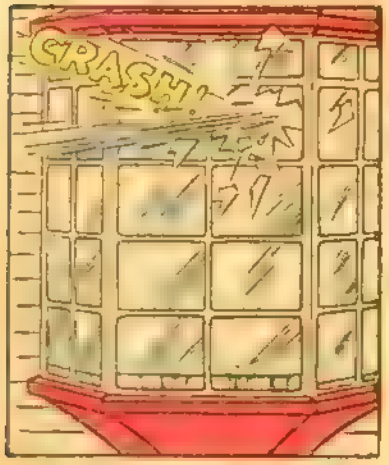
And makes your folks
so proud of you."

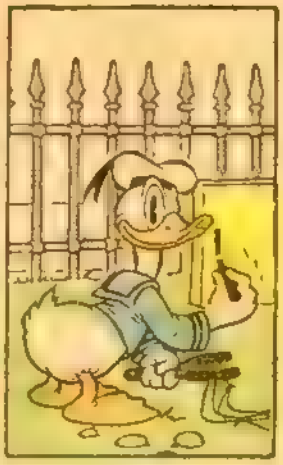
CHALK IT UP

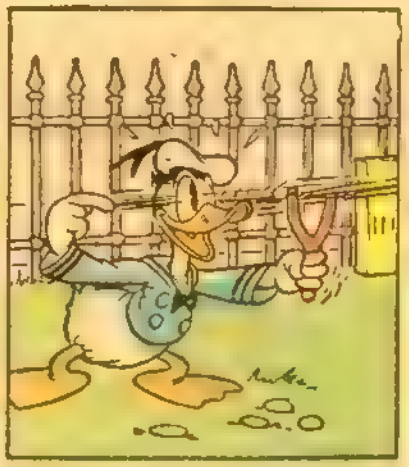


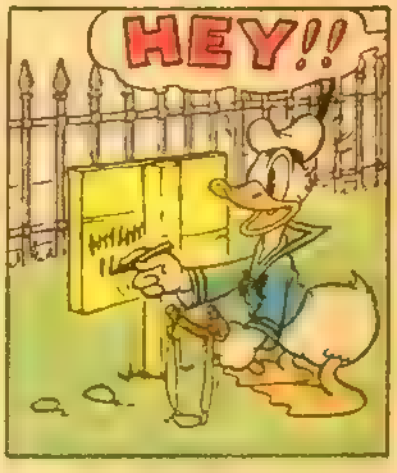


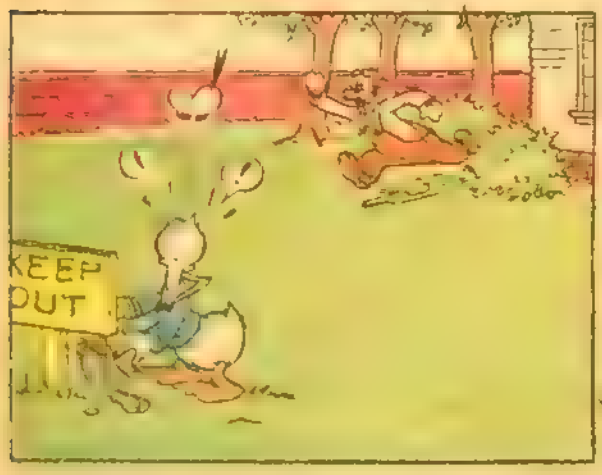


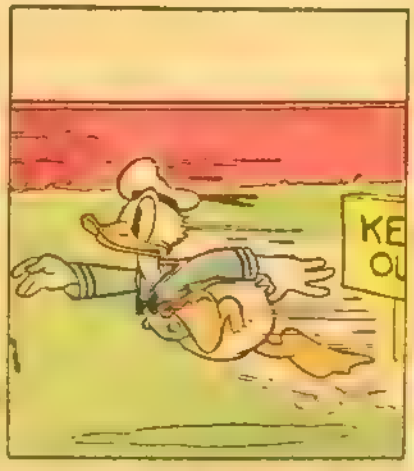


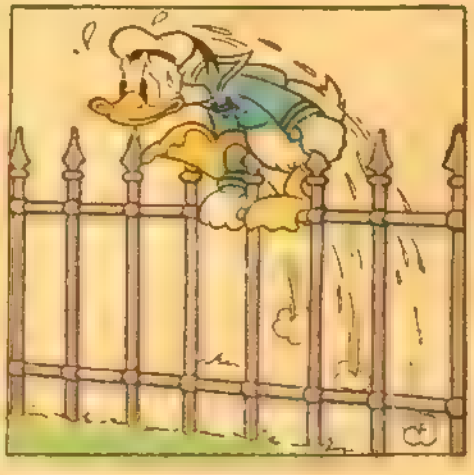


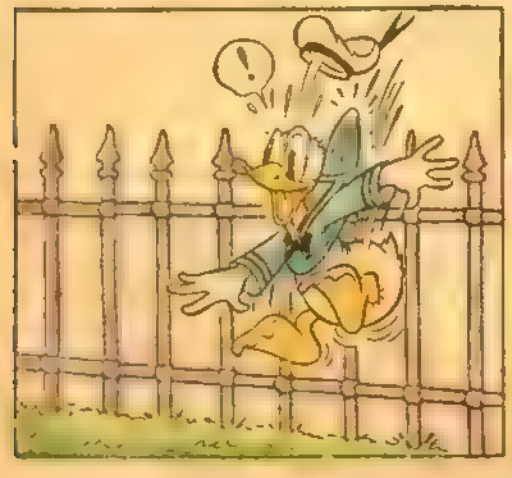


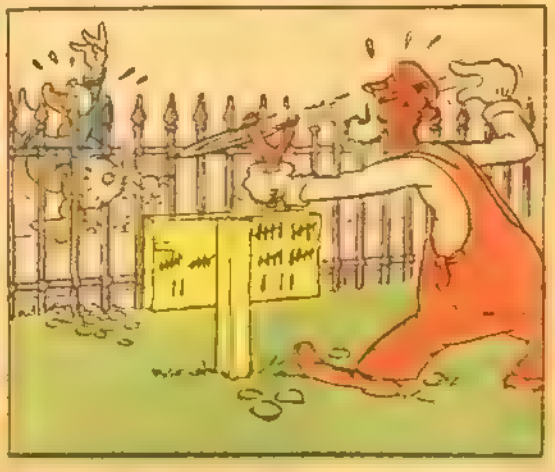




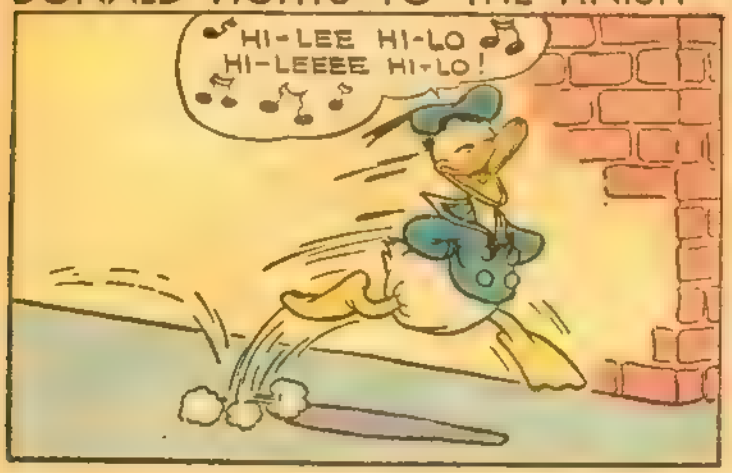


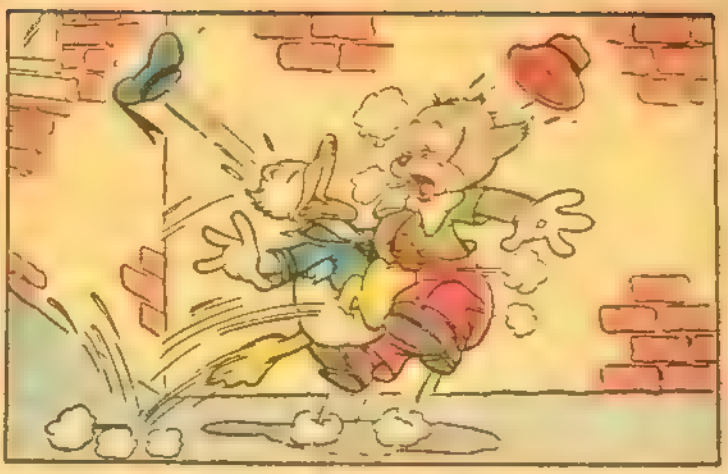


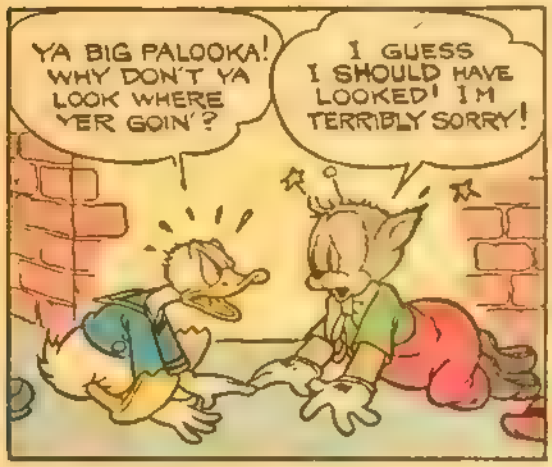


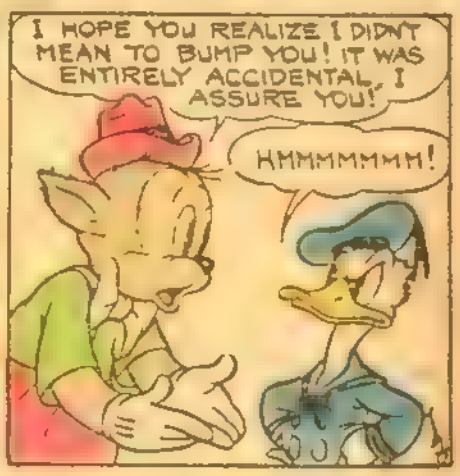


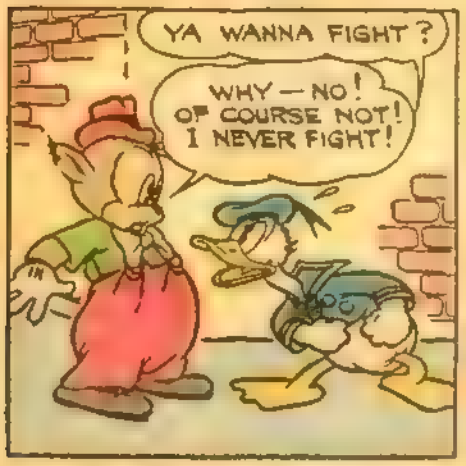
DONALD FIGHTS TO THE FINISH

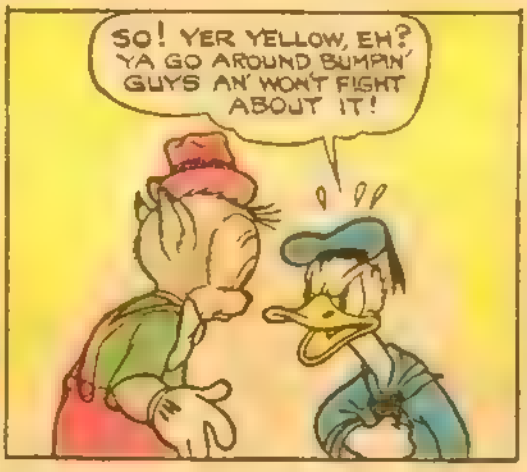


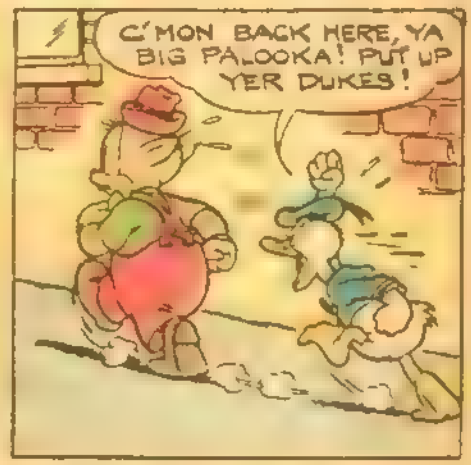


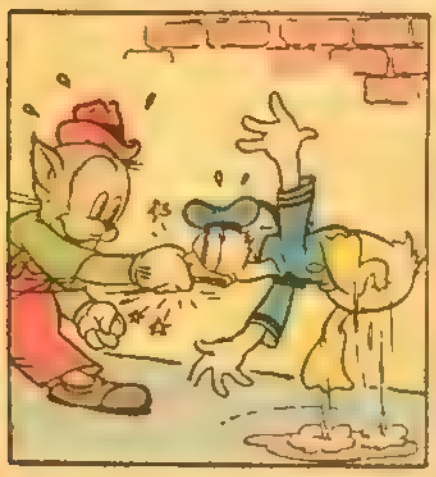


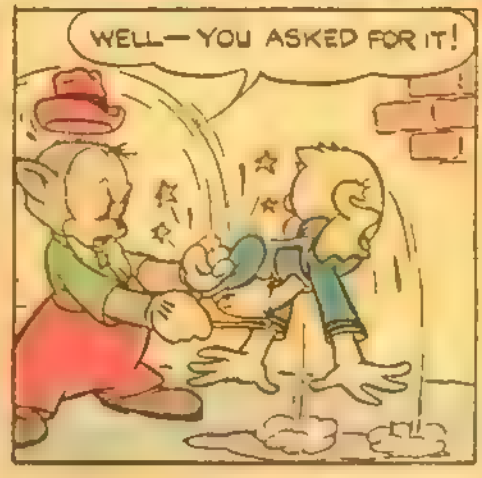


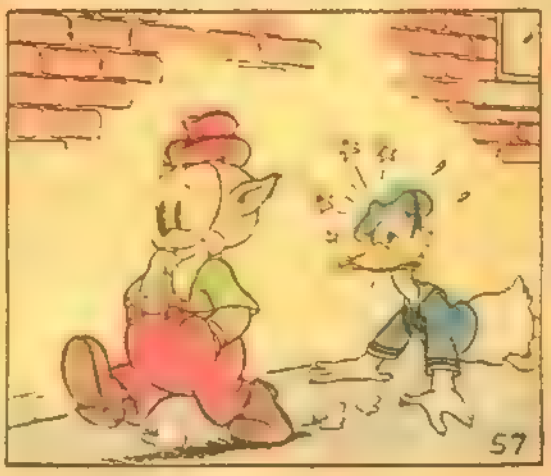




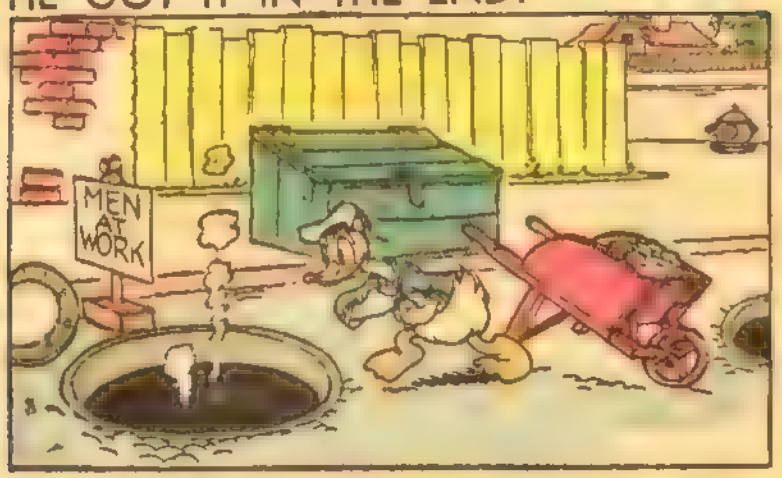


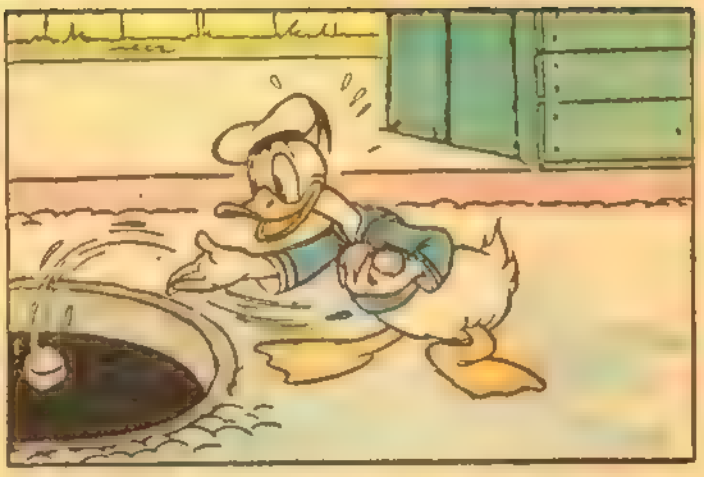


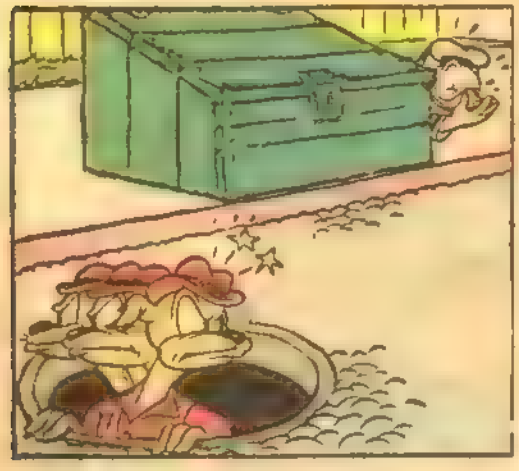


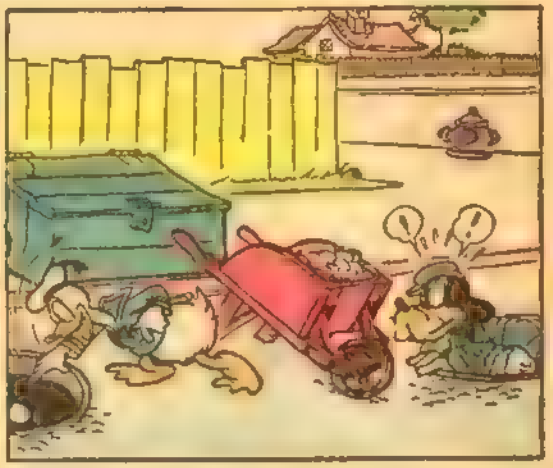


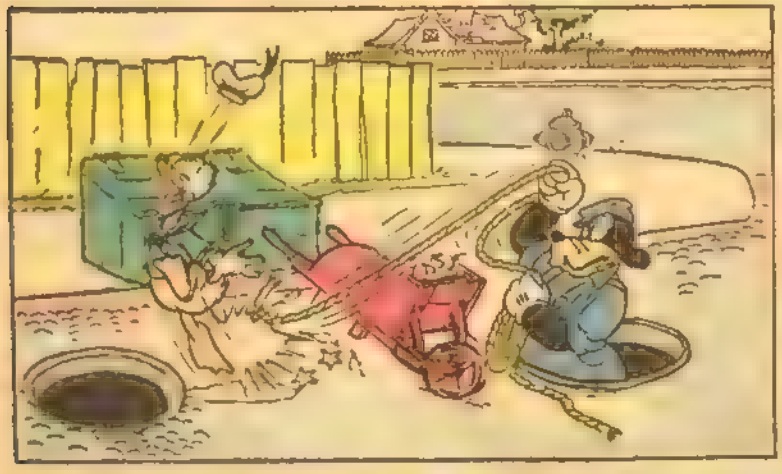
HE GOT IT IN THE END!

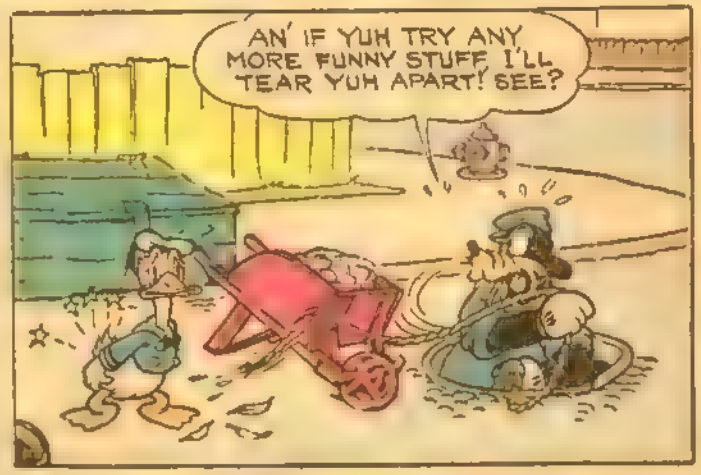


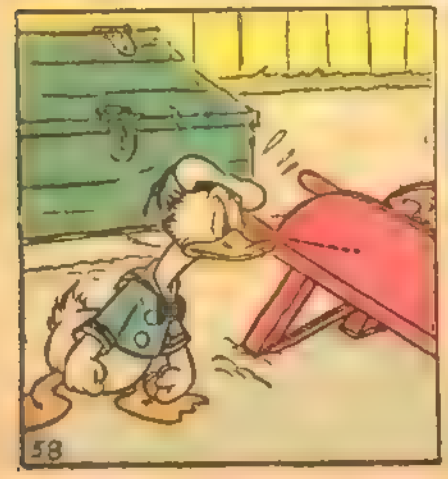


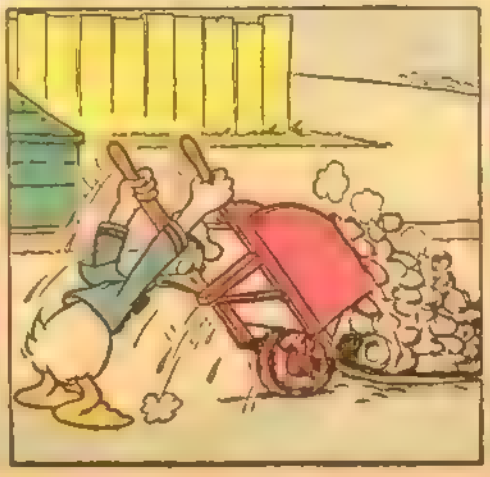


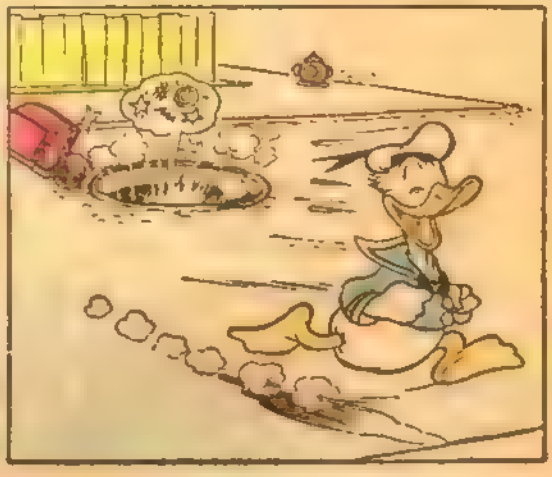




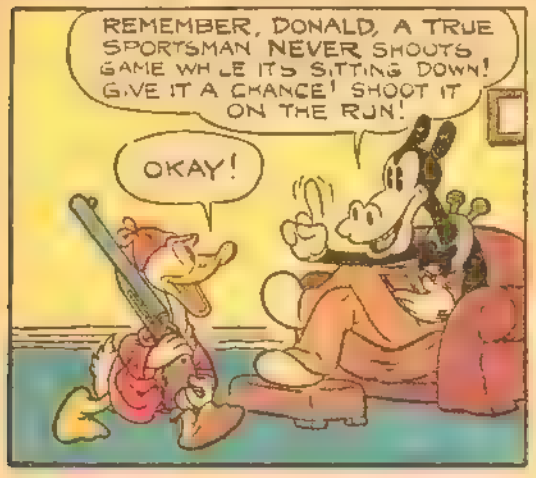


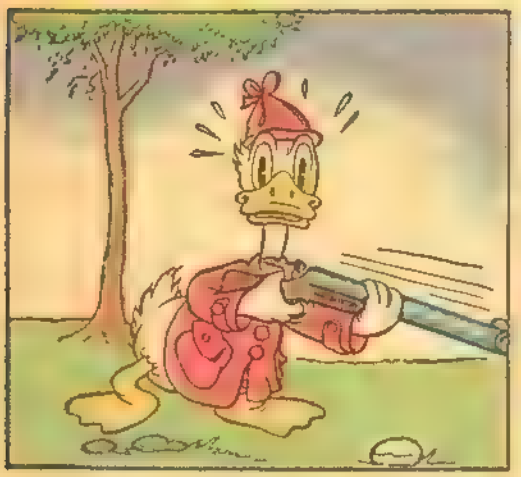


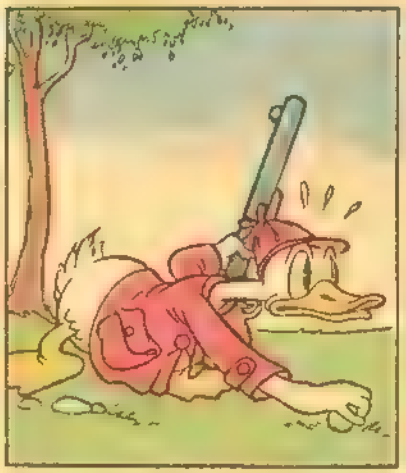


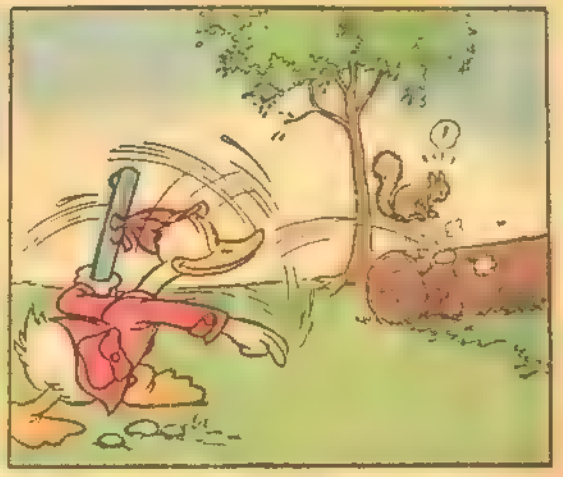


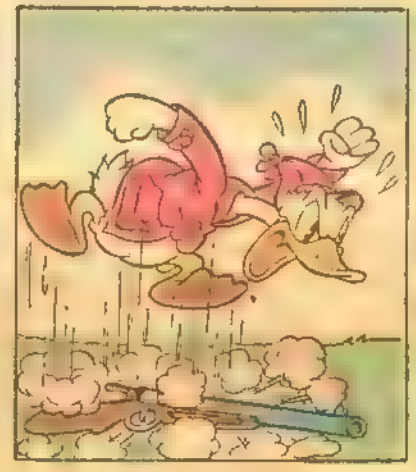
DONALD WAS GAME—SO WAS HORACE!

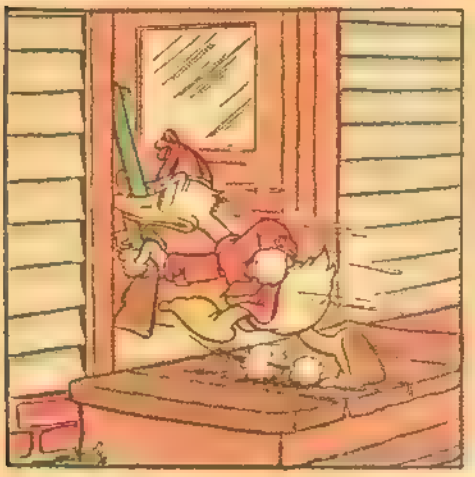


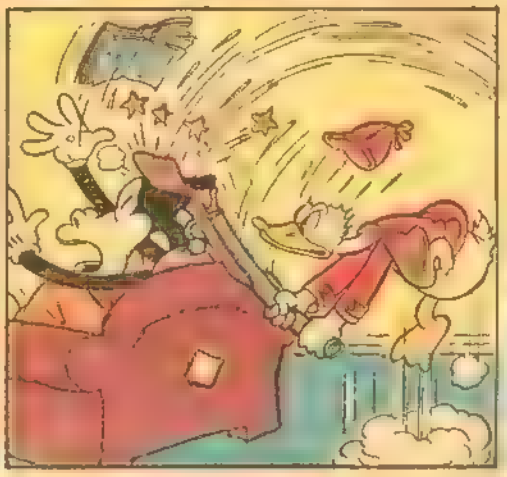


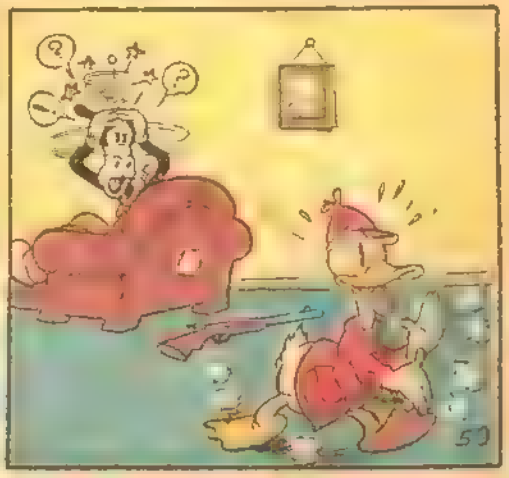












ROBINSON

WITH THE AID OF FRIDAY'S TRAINED PARROT AND SOME ODDS AND ENDS, MICKEY HOPES TO GET CRUSOE OUT OF HIS PERILOUS PIX!

YO MEAN YO GOT A PLAN TO HELP MISTAH CRUSOE W'D HEZEK AH?

YEH— DO Y' THINK HE COULD FLY INSIDE A SACK?

BOSS DAT FOWL AM SO DEXT'ROUS HE KIN FLY INSIDE A SOAP BUBBLE!

GOOD! WE'LL DOLL HIM UP. THEN!

?

BOY-- THIS IS JUST THE TICKET! WE CAN TIE IT TO HIS FEET!

Y-YASSUH --WE KIN-- BUT WHUT FO?

LAWZY BOSS-- WUFFO' ALL D' WATAH?

JUST PART OF THE PLAN!

YOW!!

SORRY FRIDAY! HAFTA DAMPEN Y' A LITTLE!

SPLOOF -- POOF -- MIMPF -F- FF!!

SWELL -- YOU'LL DO NOW TO FIND SOME TIN CANS---!

LAN SAKES! WHUT AM DIS?

NIGHT FALLS, AND IN THE CANNIBAL VILLAGE THE NATIVES PREPARE A SUMPTUOUS FEAST!

BRING ON D' MEAT LO'SE!

COMIN UP, YO MAJESTY!

LIGHT UP D' FAH!

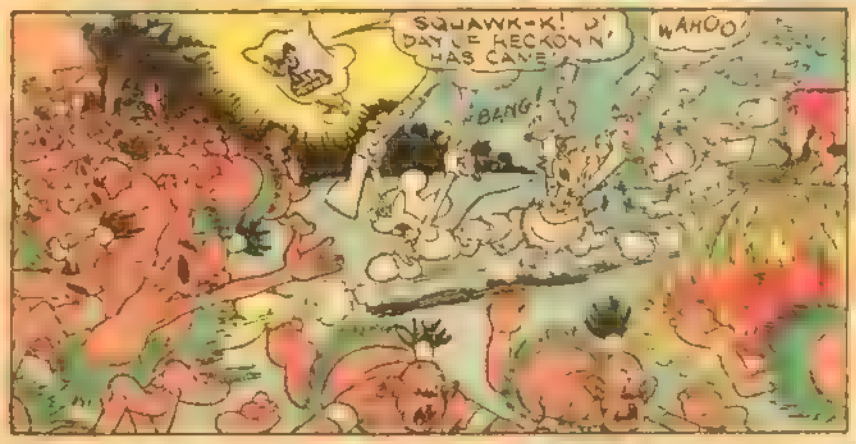
YOWSAH, YO' MAJESTY!

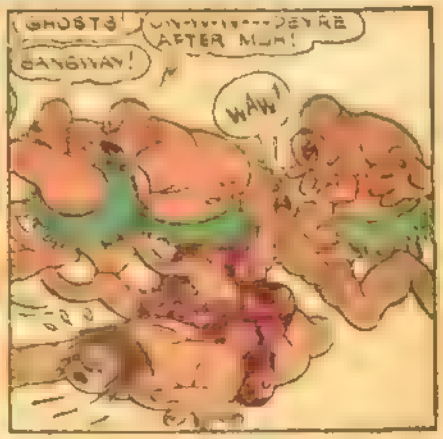
YIPPEE! HOO-RAY!

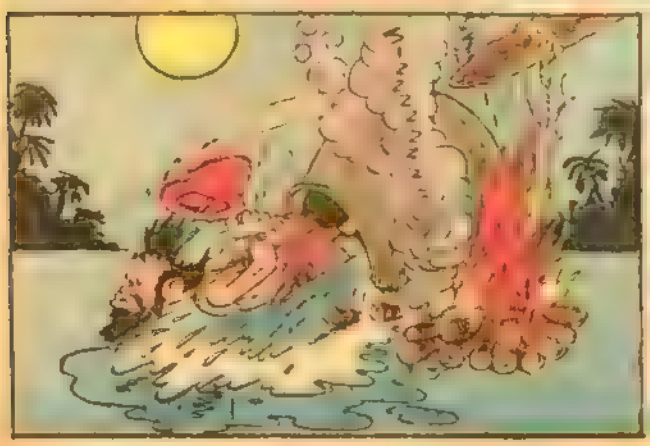
OH, GREF! OH WOE ALL IS LOST!

CRUSOE Jr.

FRIDAY'S TRAINED PARROT AND THE WEIRD GET-UP OF MICKEY AND FRIDAY ARE ENOUGH TO SCARE THE CANNIBALS OUT OF THEIR WITS!







THE THREE FUGITIVES SPEED THROUGH THE JUNGLE, INTENT ON ESCAPING IN FRIDAY'S CANOE BEFORE THE CANNIBALS RECOVER FROM THEIR FRIGHT!

LOOKEE! DAR GO D' GHOSTS!
GHOSTS. MAH EYE ---DEY GOT OUR DINNAH!
DAT'S RIGHT-- GHOSTIES DON'T EAT NUFFIN'!

C'MON! AFTER 'EM!
DON'T LET ALL DAT FOOD GIT AWAY!

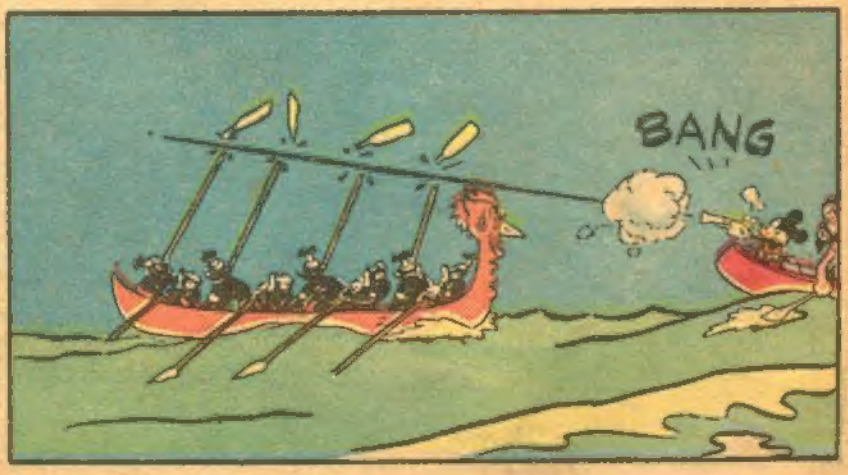
MY GOSH! HERE THEY COME!

STOP! OR WE'LL PERFOLATE YO!
TRY AN' STOP US, BIG BOY!

GAD! ARE WE ACTUALLY SAFE?
YES, SIR! WE'RE OUTA RANGE, NOW
HOT DAWG!

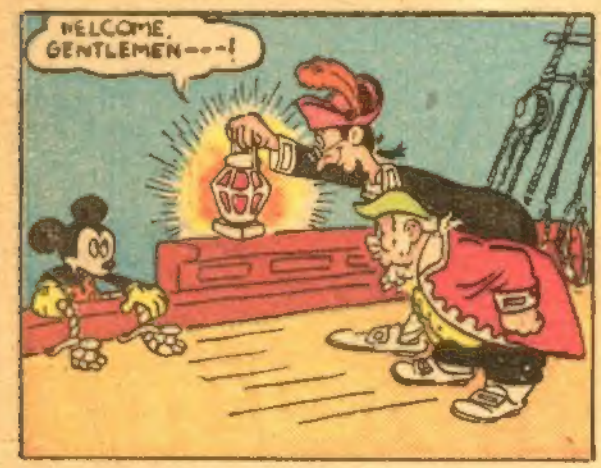
GREAT GUNS! WE'RE LOST AGAIN!

JUST AS MICKEY'S PARTY THINK THEY ARE SAFE, A HUGE CANOE SUDDENLY APPEARS! HEAVILY MANNED, IT GAINS QUICKLY ON THE LITTLE BOAT!
LAWZY---WE'S GONERS!
THERE'S JUST ONE CHANCE---!


BANG

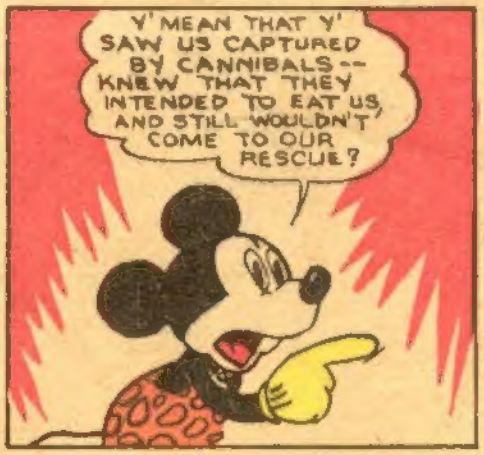
HOT DOG! THEY WON'T GET FAR THAT WAY!
BRAVO! WELL SHOT, MICKEY!
YASSUH, AH NEVAH HEERED NO MUSIC SO SWEET AS DAT 'ERE BAM!

FINALLY ESCAPING FROM THE LAST OF THE CANNIBALS, MICKEY AND HIS COMPANIONS HEAD FOR THE MYSTERIOUS SHIP!
SHIP AHOY! WE WANT TO COME ABOARD!
AHOY! RIGHTO--WE'LL LOWER A LADDER!


WELCOME, GENTLEMEN---!

WELCOME, IN THE NAME OF THE QUEEN!
AND CONGRATULATIONS! YOU HAVE MADE OUR SCIENTIFIC VOYAGE A COMPLETE SUCCESS! BRAVO!

I MAY SAY THAT THE EVENTS OF THE PAST SEVERAL WEEKS ON YOUR ISLAND HAVE BEEN, AH--MOST FASCINATING!
!
INDEED YES! OUR SPY-GLASSES WERE ON YOU CONSTANTLY!


Y' MEAN THAT Y' SAW US CAPTURED BY CANNIBALS--KNEW THAT THEY INTENDED TO EAT US, AND STILL WOULDN'T COME TO OUR RESCUE?

WHY, FOR ALL YOU DID WE'D BE DEAD MEN RIGHT NOW!
AH, VERY TRUE! BUT HAD WE INTERFERED OUR OBSERVATIONS AND RECORDS WOULD HAVE MEANT NOTHING!

BUT TO SEE WHETHER YOU COULD EXTRICATE YOURSELVES---THAT WAS OF EXTREME SCIENTIFIC IMPORTANCE TO OUR EXPEDITION!
AND THE INGENIOUS WAY YOU DID IT--- REMARKABLE! WE HAVE ENJOYED EVERY MOMENT!

THESE CRAZY SCIENTISTS WOULDN'T HELP US WHEN WE NEEDED 'EM, BUT THEY SURE TREAT US SWELL, NOW!
AYE! OUR TROUBLES ARE INDEED OVER!

AH, GOOD MORNING, MY DEAR SIRS! ARE YOU READY TO RETURN WITH US TO CIVILIZATION?
MOST ASSUREDLY!
HOW ABOUT YOU, FRIDAY?

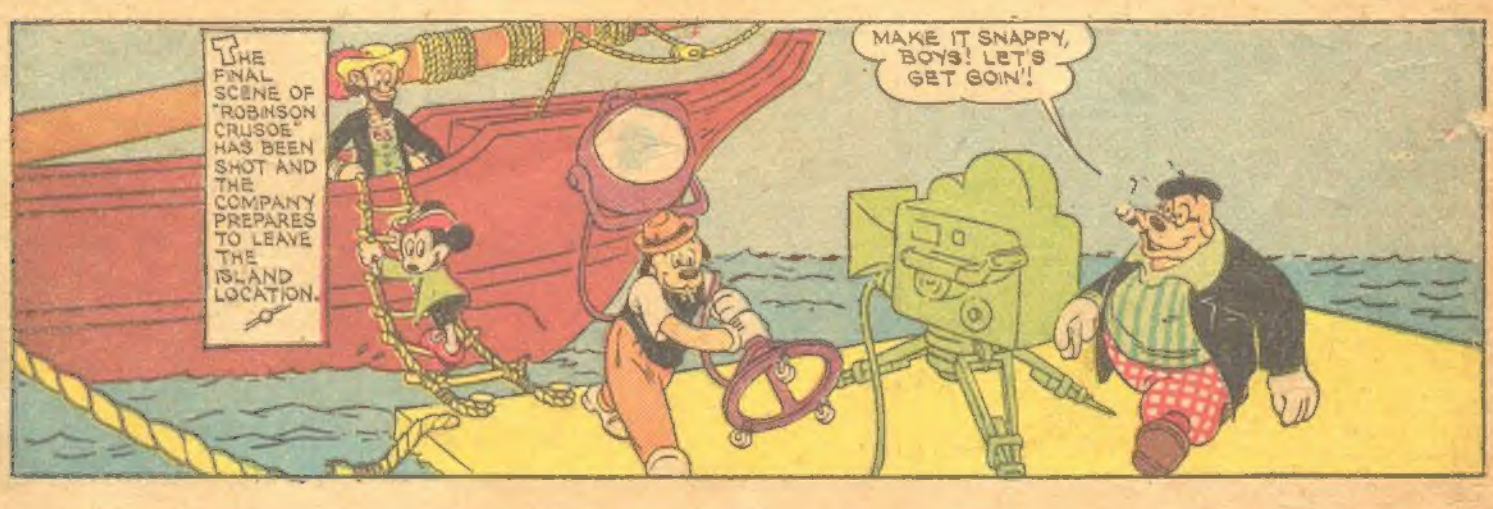
HM-M-M---WHAR AT DIS CIBIL-I-ZASHUN? KIN YO GIT PLENTY TO EAT DAR?
SURE---IF YOU'RE WILLIN' TO WORK!

OH, I'SE MIGHTY WILLIN' BOSS---BUT JES' DRAP ME OFF SOME PLACE ELSE!

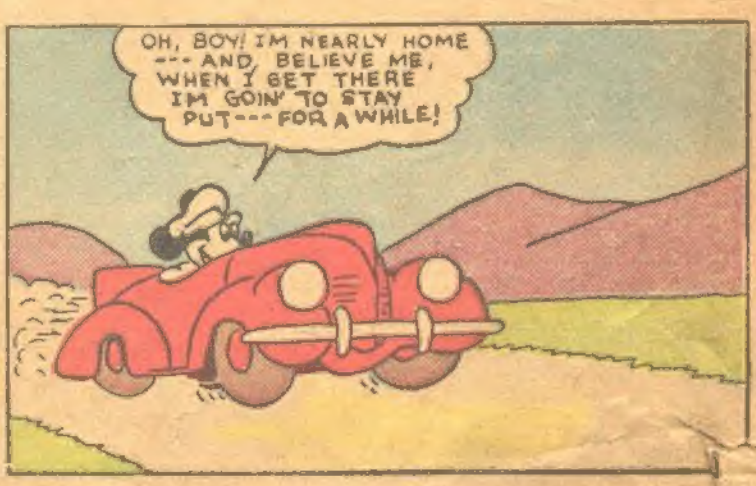
IT'LL SURE SEEM GOOD TO BE HOME AGAIN!
INDEED, IT WILL! ONLY I WISH I KNEW HOW TO EXPLAIN MY LONG ABSENCE TO MRS. CRUSOE!

MY GOSH---SHIPWRECKED ON A DESERT ISLAND AND CAPTURED BY CANNIBALS! DOESN'T THAT EXPLAIN IT?
WELL, YES---

---BUT, ALAS---SHE'LL NEVER BELIEVE THAT!
and so HOME


THE FINAL SCENE OF "ROBINSON CRUSOE" HAS BEEN SHOT AND THE COMPANY PREPARES TO LEAVE THE ISLAND LOCATION.
MAKE IT SNAPPY, BOYS! LET'S GET GOIN'!

HOW'D I DO, MAC?
Y' DID ALL RIGHT, SON! IT SHOWS THAT A CLASSY DIRECTOR CAN GET RESULTS OUT OF ANYBODY!


OH, BOY! I'M NEARLY HOME---AND, BELIEVE ME, WHEN I GET THERE I'M GOIN' TO STAY PUT---FOR A WHILE!

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